Nov. 28, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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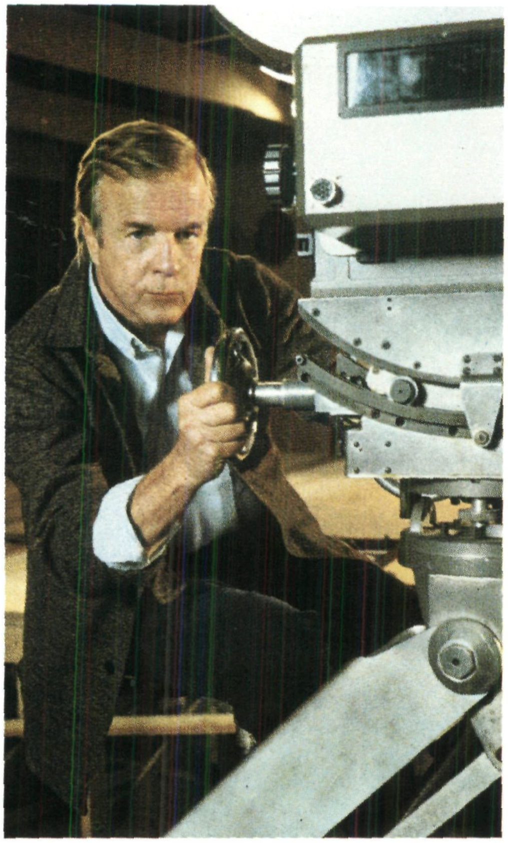
Franco Zeffirelli prefers the timeless classics. Including the watch he wears.



For Film Director Franco Zeffirelli, no creative challenge is too formidable.

It was said that Shakespeare would never be a popular success on the screen, but Zeffirelli responded with the widely acclaimed "Romeo and Juliet."

Opera was considered equally impossible, but his film "La Traviata" opened to rave reviews in America and Europe. Zeffirelli's protean talent extends to costume and set design, and his grandiose stagings for "La Bohème" are considered classic.

If there is a common thread in all of his work, it is that Zeffirelli sees things as a painter. And he likes to work in full, dramatic canvasses, giving careful attention to the slightest splash of color.

It is no coincidence that Zeffirelli, the truly Renaissance man, should have been born and classically educated in Florence. "But you don't have to go to school in Florence to learn about art and civilization," he says. "It is all around you."

Franco Zeffirelli's taste for the classics extends to the watch he wears: the Rolex Oyster Chronometer in 18 kt. gold. "I chose this watch because it is above fashion. It simply sets the standard."

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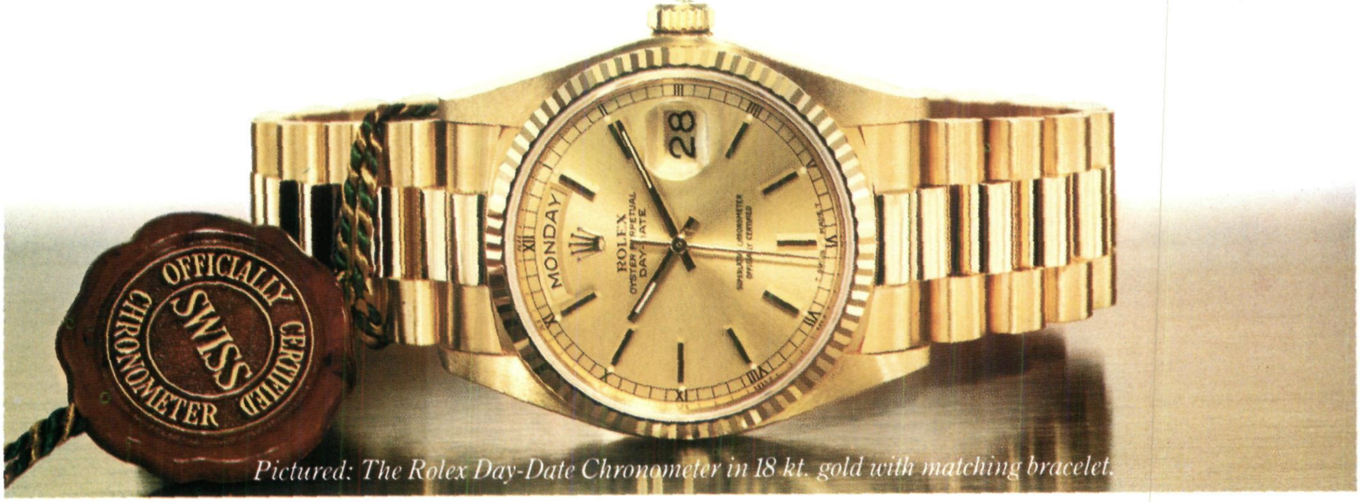

Pictured: The Rolex Day-Date Chronometer in 18 kt. gold with matching bracelet.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amen Corner—Rhetta Hughes plays the pastor of a small church in Harlem, beset by problems more vexing than she deserves. A rather sad little musical, based on a play by James Baldwin. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/21/83.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet that depicts the perplexities—sometimes cruel, sometimes touching, and often surprisingly funny—of three sorry souls in the lower depths of Chicago. Superbly enacted by Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston, under the direction of Arvin Brown. (11/7/83) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor-Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Blue Plate Special—The country music of Harris Wheeler and the presence of Gretchen Cryer (as a grandmother!) should be more than enough for an evening's entertainment. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Chekhov's THE SEAGULL, translated by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Preview Wednesday evening, Nov. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 24. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 730-9393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Company—Frederick Neumann in a return engagement of the monologue adapted by him and Honora Fergusson from Samuel Beckett's narrative work. With music by Philip Glass. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Doonesbury—Garry Trudeau wrote the book and lyrics for this musical based on his comic strip. Elizabeth Swados composed the music. The director is Jacques Levy. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about ma other matters as well. Will Patton and Kat Whitton Baker have the leading roles. M Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertor Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., a Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 30, to the Douglas Fairbank Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St., 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays a 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday at 8; Friday at 8 and 10:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

The Glass Menagerie—Jessica Tandy, Amanda Plummer, John Heard, and Bruce Davison in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. The direction is by John Dexter. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 1. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 30, and Saturdays at 2.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap

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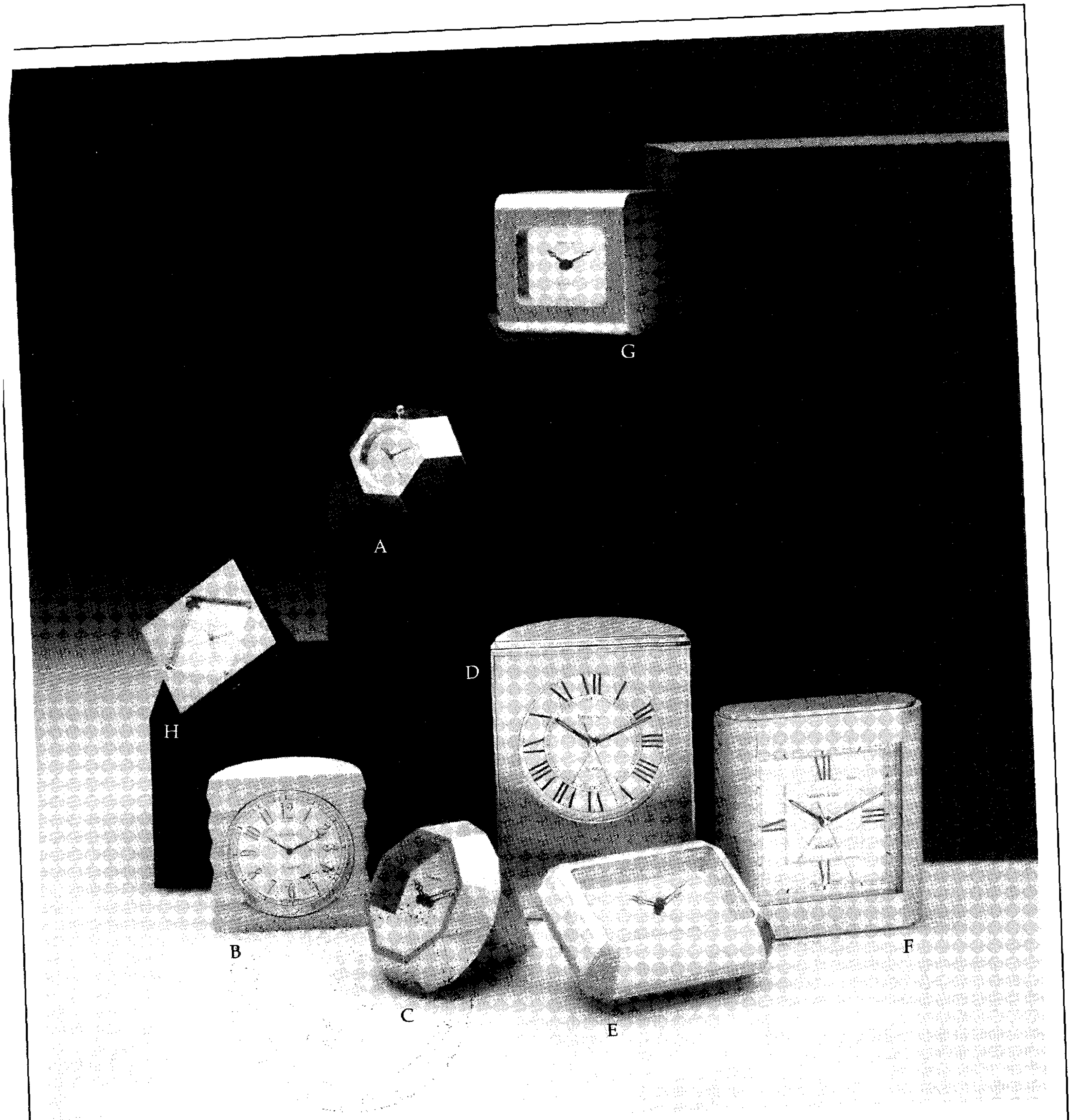
The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LIX, No. 41, November 28, 1983. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1983 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. Cynthia Dozier will fill in for Miss Cronyn for three weeks starting Tuesday, Nov. 29. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Last of the Knucklemen—A play by John Powers, with Kevin O'Connor. (11/7/83) (American Theatre for Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Leftovers—This evening, composed of the improvisations by three fat women—on diets, daydreams about food and sex, and related subjects—is a bore, but Marcia Kimmell, the fattest of the women, is a talented actress. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—*Through Sunday,* Dec. 4: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Marilyn an American Fable—Alyson Reed portrays Marilyn Monroe in a musical with a book by Patricia Michaels and music and lyrics by Jeanne Napoli, Doug Frank, Gary Portnoy, Beth Lawrence, and Norman Thalheimer. Staged by Kenny Ortega. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (10/24/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

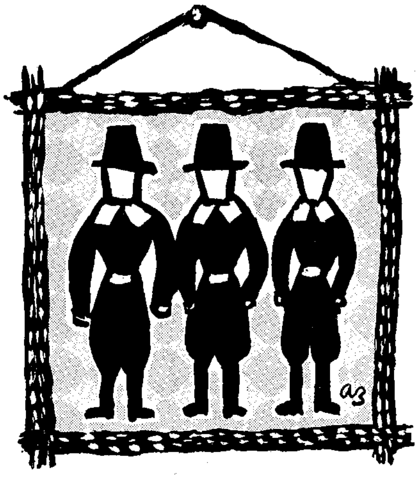
Negro Ensemble Company—Pearl Cleage's **PUPPETPLAY** is the first production of the season. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Painting Churches—A return engagement of a play by Tina Howe. With George N. Martin, Elizabeth McGovern, and Marian Seldes. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

A Private View—The American première of Czech playwright Vaclav Havel's autobiographical work. Lee Grant is the director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays, *except Thanksgiving,* at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Secret Honor*The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon—A play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, with Philip Baker Hall in the leading role. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy, based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (11/21/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Tallulah—Helen Gallagher has the title role and Russell Nype plays Congressman Bankhead in this musical by Tony Lang (book), Arthur Siegel (music), and Mae Richard (lyrics). (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

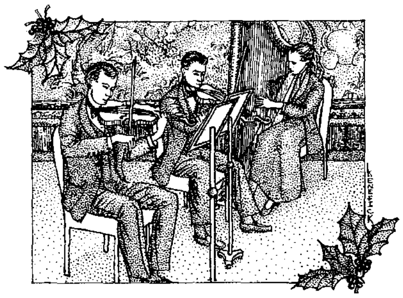
To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman, dead for two years, continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized grief, and eventually to straighten him o The play, by Michael Brady, despite son good lines, may prove too sweet for mo palates, but the performance is commenc able. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—Eddie Albert and an army of others in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

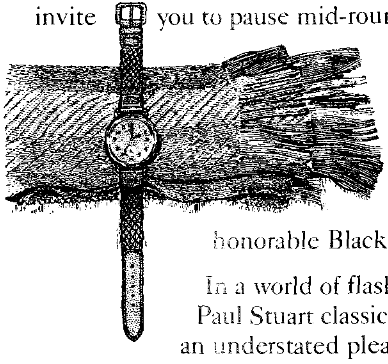
Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

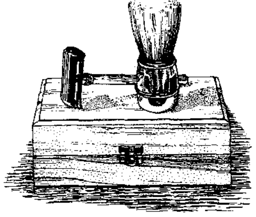
Long Runs—**CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,808 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 25, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them ab-



CIVILIZATION WHILE YOU WAIT

WHETHER you're dashing in for a decisive purchase or strolling in for a considered browse, we invite you to pause mid-rounds to savor the sounds of our resident string trio. A few measures of their harmony should restore a measure of harmony to your own holiday rounds. So should these suggestions from our well-edited gift list:





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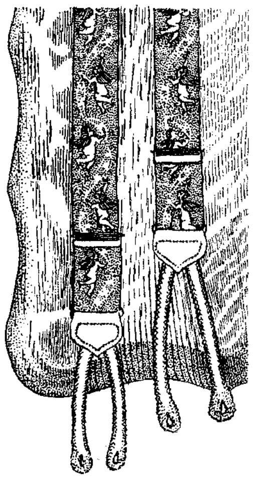

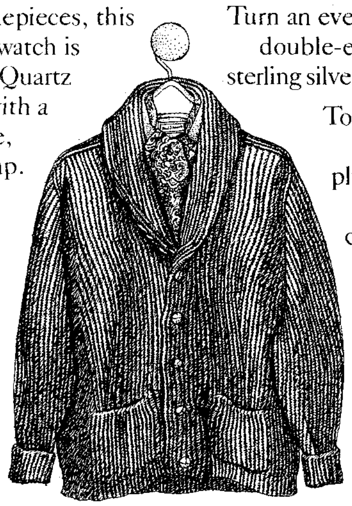

Turn an everyday act into an enjoyable ritual with this double-edged razor and hand-tufted shaving brush, of sterling silver in a neat pine gift box. Made in Italy. $125.

To warm up chilled winter bones, wrap him in a shawl-collared cardigan of beefy, three-ply real Shetland, hand-framed in Scotland. (That means it's in limited supply.) In mid-charcoal, black, or natural, S-M-L-XL. $185.

If ever there is a time to wear an ascot, it's the holidays. Try this Italian ancient madder gum twill paisley in silk, pleated in back. $42.50.

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Any of these suggestions will fit in harmoniously with a gentleman's ensemble.

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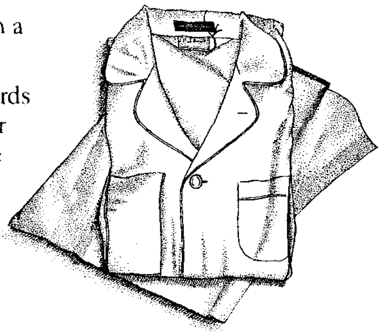

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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jectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Nov. 25, and Sunday, Nov. 27.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 11 and 2:30; Thanksgiving at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, Nov. 25, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 11 and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 27, at 12:30 and 4; Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 11; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and three elephants will be some of the attractions. Opens Friday, Nov. 25, and will run through Monday, Jan. 2. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 25-27, at 1 and 4; Monday, Nov. 28, at 7:30; Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, at 11:00 and 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4, at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Episodes," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Calcium Light Night," "Other Dances," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Concerto Barocco," "Calcium Light Night," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Concerto Barocco," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 27: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Episodes," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 27: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 1; Friday evening, Dec. 2; and Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 3: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 18—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: A benefit program, including the New York première of "Blueshift;" for tickets, call 921-8977. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Landscape," "Portrait of Billie," "Love Songs," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Streams," "Fever Swamp," "Pas de Duke," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Night Creature," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Fontessa and Friends," "Precipice Solo," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Galaxy" (première), "The Time Before the Time After," "Portrait of Billie," "Love Songs," and "The Stack Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

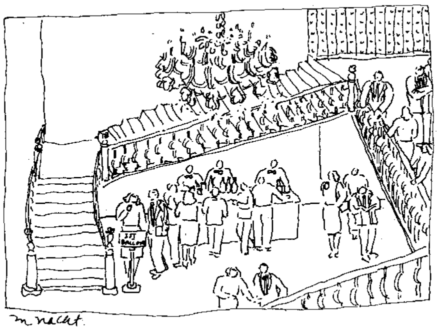
BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A brief engagement by this company of fifty-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

BILL CARTER AND RUTH MAYER—Fifteen dancers in a program of new works choreographed by Mr. Carter and Miss Mayer. Tuesday, Nov. *29, at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 8; and Sunday,* Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Elysian Reverie," "Gift of Passage," "Suite Español," "Bilitis Esseulée," and "Turning Pages." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Gypsian," "Echoes," "Concerto Solaire," "Riffs," and "Turning Pages." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYERS PROJECT:** Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8. . . . **BALLETFORE:** Performances of "The Magic Nutcracker." Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2 and 7. . . . **ZE'EVA COHEN AND DANCERS:** Wednesday, Nov. 30, and Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano singing batches and batches of surefire Gershwin tunes for his devoted audiences in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical bar and restaurant—it sort of feels like the Mayflower with jazz. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** will head a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here doing concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. The **LIONEL HAMPTON BIG BAND** will be onstage through Sunday, Nov. 27; Monday, Nov. 28, will belong to Bob Casanova, Kitty Margolis, and the Judy Steele trio; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 29, bassist **RAY BROWN,** vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON,** and their quartet will take charge. Music from nine-thirty. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Roots Radics and the Itals; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III,** the clever, gyrating singer-songwriter, and Shawn Colvin; Thursday, Dec. 1, flamboyant drummer Ginger Baker's band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, jazz-funk keyboardist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

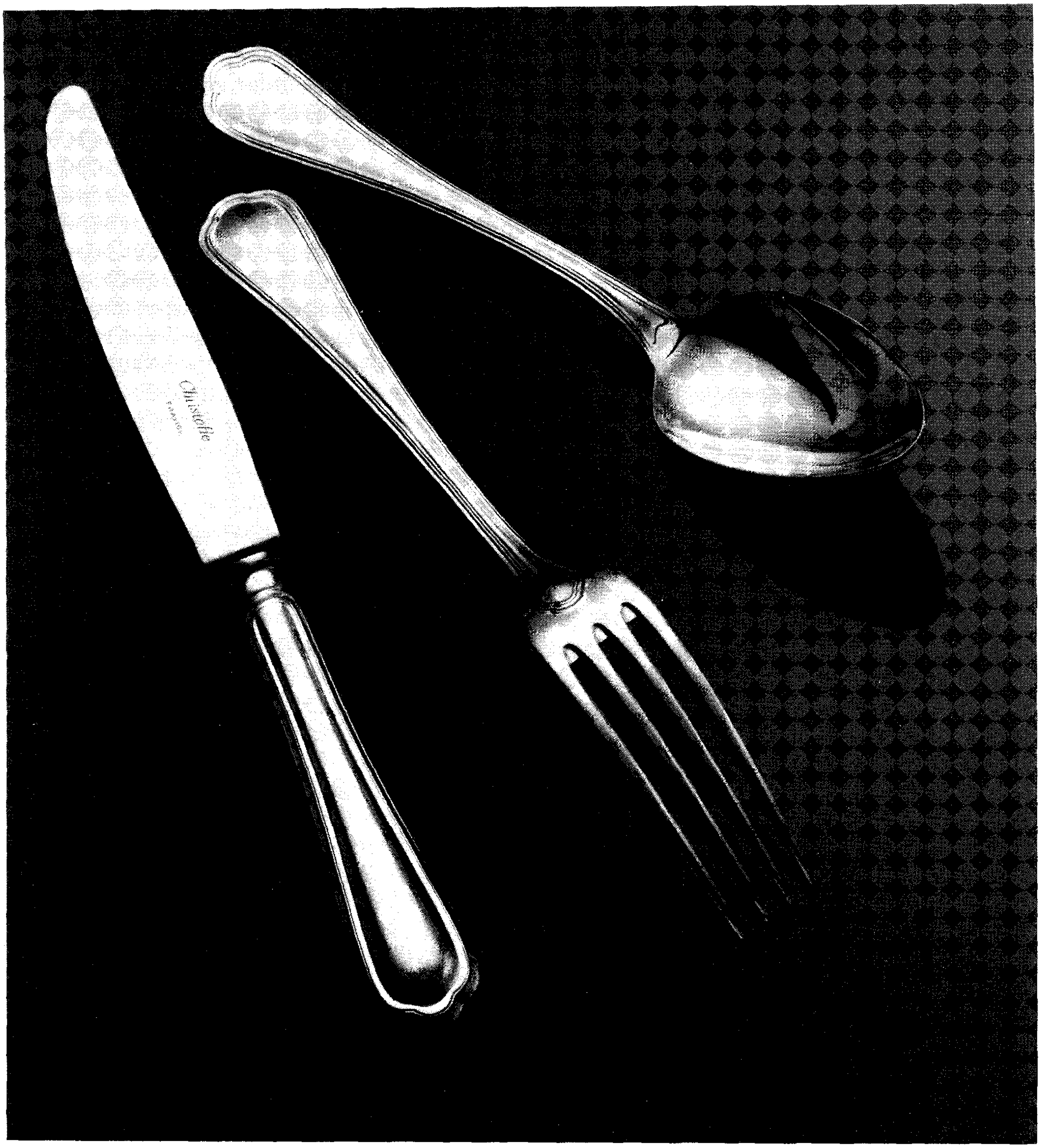
BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **EDDIE GOMEZ** through Saturday, Nov. 26; Sunday, Nov. 27, **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and beginning Monday, Nov. 28, **JOHN O'NEIL** and **CHARLIE HADEN.** Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle—nowadays, a prized visitor—is back, vigorously paying his respects to Coward, Porter, Gershwin, and company, as his ardent followers vigorously pay him theirs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has moved back into this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Kraut, U.S. Chaos, and Borscht; Thursday, Nov. 24, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan and the Invisible House; Friday, Nov. 25, the Drongoes, Pinhead, the Toasters, and L.E.S.R.; Satur-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Nov. 26, the Del Lords, Mondo Boffo, the Wild, and the Baxters; Sunday, Nov. 27, the Urban Guerrillas; and Tuesday, Nov. 29, the Gladiators and the Bag People. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings bluesy songs she wrote in the twenties and the seventies, as well as a lovely version of "Let the Rest of the World Go By" and other standards. Miss Hunter performs Wednesdays through Saturdays, at nine-thirty. Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty are now the property of singer Laura Theodore. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Joan Madden and John Nolan; Saturday, Nov. 26, the Neon Valley Boys; Wednesday, Nov. 30, Norman Kennedy; and Saturday, Dec. 3, the Mac Benford Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Nov. 27, will be given over to **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a big-voiced, swing-era-style tenor saxophonist, and his quintet. On Mondays, **BOB WILBER & THE BECHET LEGACY** are on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio and Jay Leonhart co-pilot a quartet. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A spiffy downstairs jazz room. Pianist **MC COY TYNER,** intense and rhythmic as always, heads up his band Tuesdays through Sundays. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Nov. 23, the 3 O'Clock, the Vipers, and the Malkotians; Friday, Nov. 25, Frank Maya; Saturday, Nov. 26, the Bermuda Triangle; Sunday, Nov. 27, Jane Brucker; Wednesday, Nov. 30, Certain Generals and Urban Guerrillas; Friday, Dec. 2, guitar specialists **JOHN FAHEY** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN;** and Saturday, Dec. 3, Kinky Friedman. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: Patricia Barber and Michael Arnopol through Thursday, Nov. 24; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Sunday and Monday, Nov. 27-28, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER;** Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

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GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist Matt McErlean's trio can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, pianist Emme Kemp is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride pianist, moves on out Tuesdays through Saturdays. **DICK HYMAN** owns the dining-room grand on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald drops by on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Thanksgiving.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **DR. BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, National Public Radio personality, and jazz professor, works with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** through Saturday, Nov. 26; Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 3, will be claimed by singer-pianist-actor Michael Moriarty and bassist Marc Johnson; and the Sunday and Monday guys are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. Wednesday, Nov. 23, Chicago-blues musicians **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and Karen Kraft; Sunday, Nov. 27, an evening of Doo-Wop; Monday, Nov. 28, the Ventures and the Spencers; Tuesday, Nov. 29, Pure Prairie League and Steel Angel; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and Urgence. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 23, singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, **JOE LEE WILSON,** the bluesy, gutbucket jazz singer who ought to be famous; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD'S** quintet; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 1-4, Kilimanjaro. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), is here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at nine-fifteen. Comedian **MORT SAHL,** who believes the newspaper is mightier than the sword, stands up Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Bird Cage Room, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Rahmlee; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 28-29, Marc Sadane; Wednesday, Nov. 30, Gary Brown; and Thursday, Dec. 1, Darryl Foster. Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and, lately, more-than-occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Stevie & the Riffs, Bachelors of Art, and the Next; Thursday, Nov. 24, the Uptown Atomics and Shirley Stewart & the Triple X-tra; Friday, Nov. 25, Elayne Boosler and Marci & Michael; Saturday, Nov. 26, Elayne Boosler and School Girls; Sunday, Nov. 27, Rob Stoner; Monday, Nov. 28, Broadway Station, Max, and the Feelines; Wednesday, Nov. 30, the Shakes, the Silent Men, and the One; Thursday, Dec. 1, J'zzing, the Nults, and the Minx; Friday, Dec. 2, Spellbound, Pep in the Cat, and the Tapes; and Saturday, Dec. 3, Maiden America and the Walk. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

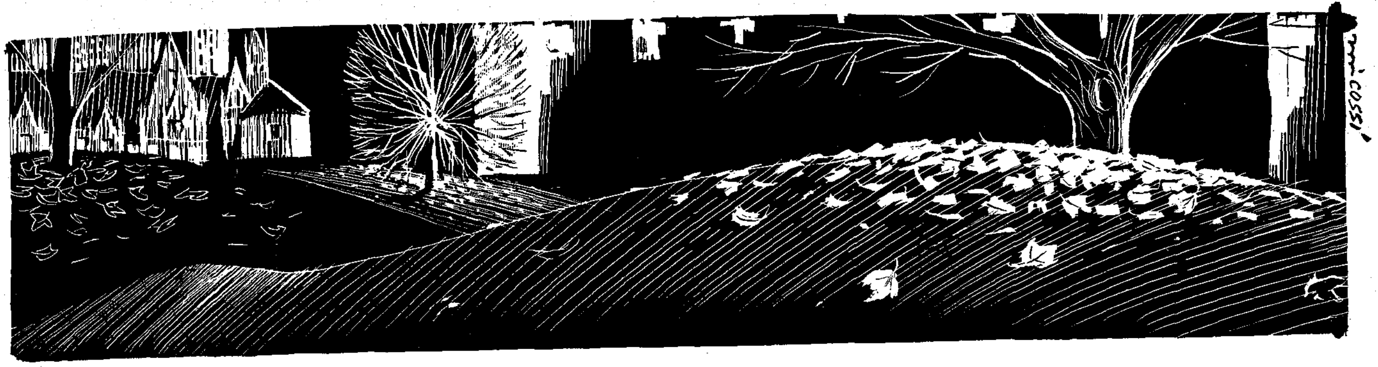
PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

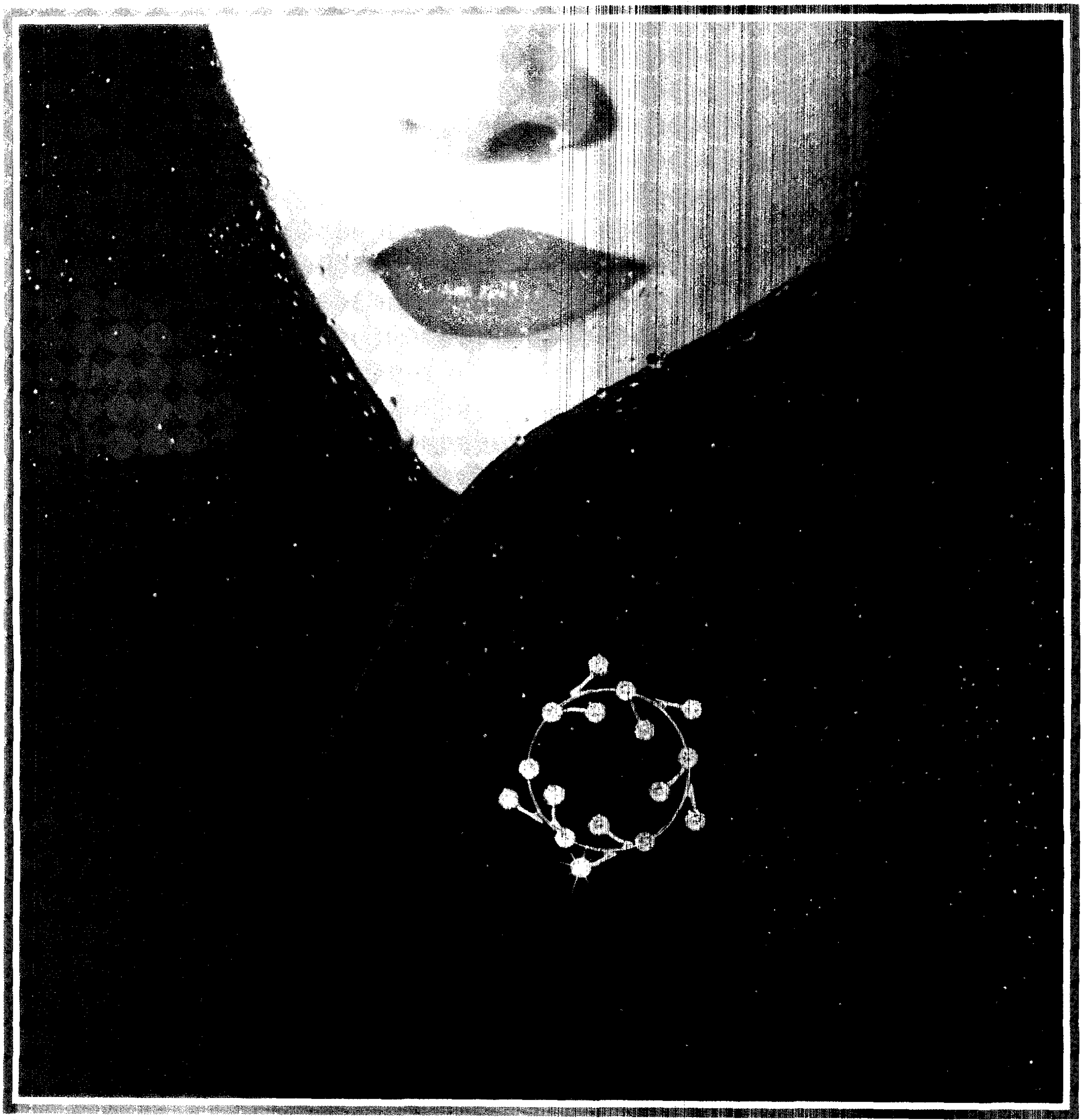
PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Nov. 25, Translator; Saturday, Nov. 26, Pretty Poison; and Saturday, Dec. 3, E.S.G. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the Bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday and Thanksgiving, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect,





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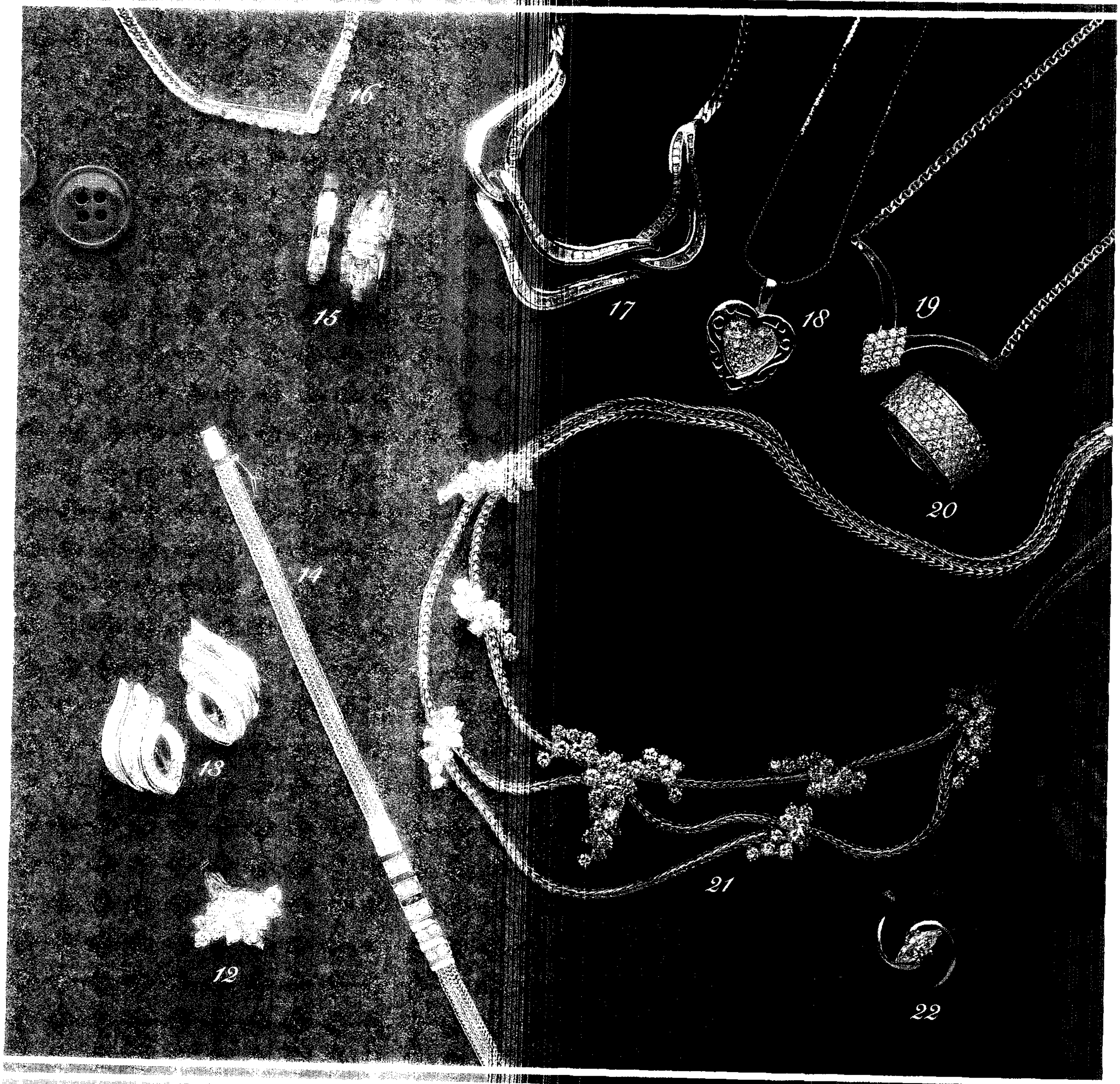
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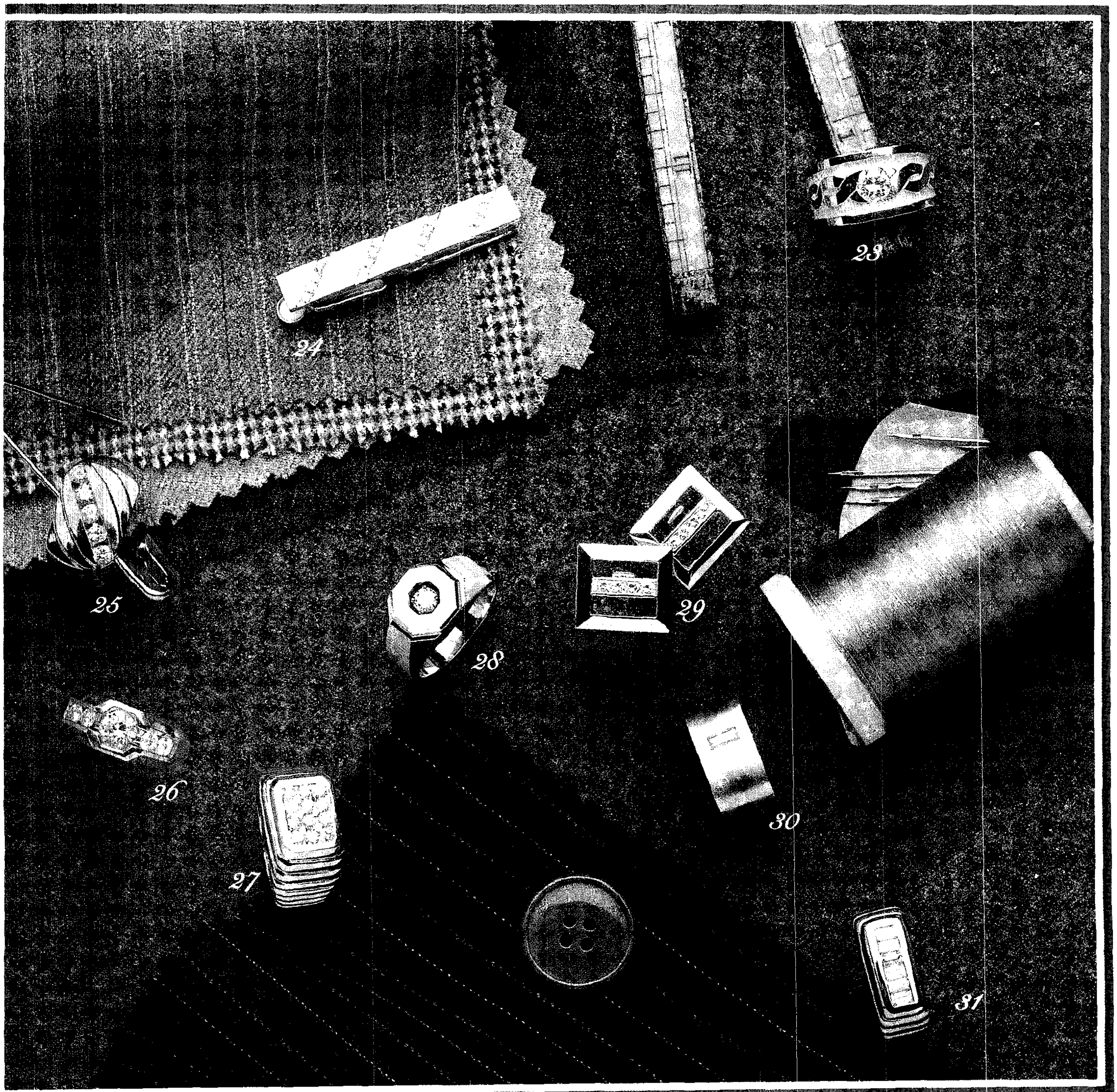

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3. $20,800 8. $3,500 13. $4,000 18. $670 23. $2,200 28. $950
4. $6,100 9. $3,375 14. $920 19. $908 24. $1,195 29. $2,500
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Nov. 23, the **B-52's**; Friday, Nov. 25, Huey Lewis and the News; Saturday, Nov. 26, Kissing the Pink; Thursday, Dec. 1, UB40; and Saturday, Dec. 3, the Romantics. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Ross Levinson's Plan B; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, saxophonist **JEAN FINEBERG,** trumpeter **ELLEN SEELING,** and their R. & B. band, **DEUCE;** Sunday, Nov. 27, Mark Morganelli's All-Stars; Monday, Nov. 28, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN & THE LIBERATION ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, Nov. 29, Line Drive; and starting Wednesday, Nov. 30, drummer **ART TAYLOR,** bassist **RON CARTER,** trumpeter **CLARK TERRY,** and saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS.** Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 23, Frank Ferrucci; Friday, Nov. 25, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Saturday, Nov. 26, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTERAMERICAN BAND;** Thursday, Dec. 1, Kimati Dinizulu and **LOREMIL MACHADO;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy cornettist and witty raconteur, is in charge of a crisp hard-bop quintet, which features altoist **SONNY FORTUNE,** through Saturday, Nov. 26; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT'S** quintet will come in. Sundays belong to **HOWARD JOHNSON'S** buoyant, lively tuba band, **GRAVITY,** and Mondays to **DAVID MURRAY'S** lively, not-to-be-missed big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Buster Poindexter (a *nom de guitare*) & the Banshees of Blue hold forth Mondays through Wednesdays. Music after nine. Closed Thanksgiving.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Nov. 28, El Gran Combo and Los Rodriguez will share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI.** The **BUDDY RICH BAND** will drop by to perform on Saturday, Nov. 26, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And starting about nine out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play duets Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** guides a quintet through Sunday, Nov. 27; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** takes charge. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **DAVE FRISHBERG** is at the keyboard singing his kooky songs through Sunday, Nov. 27; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** will move in. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Saturdays, Tom Charlap. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans through Saturday, Nov. 26; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 28-29, Ram Ramirez and Arnie Lawrence; and Wednesday, Nov. 30, bassist Tommy Palmer's trio. Sundays are the property of pianist **DICK KATZ.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A roster of duos: pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Nov. 26; pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON** on Sunday, Nov. 27; and **JACK WILKINS,** a dazzling guitarist, and pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** starting Monday, Nov. 28. Music from eight. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Barry Harris Trio—With C-Sharpe. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 23-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Don McLean—With the Jordanaires. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, and Oscar Peterson—With Joe Pass. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 10:30.)

The Kinks—With Huey Lewis & the News. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

The Band—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8.

Daina & the Tribe—With Jeremy Steig. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Friday, Nov. 25, at 9.)

Daniel Poncé & Jazzbata—Soundscape. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 9.

Troggs and **Swinging Madisons**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 11:30.

Klezmorim—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7 and 10.

Michael Franks—With Flora Purim. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.

Spyro Gyra—With Tania Maria. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

James Newton—With Frank Wess, Henry Threadgill, and Lloyd McNeill. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

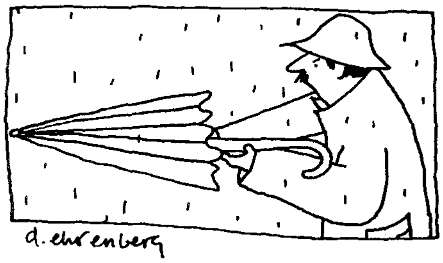
Benefit Concert—Pete Seeger and Jane Sapp, accompanied by a sign-language interpreter, in a concert benefitting the Highlander Center of Tennessee. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Baribeau / Rosamond Berg—Abstract paintings incorporating the artist's dream house. / Boxes in which tiny cloth sacks, neatly tied up, are arranged in multiple rows. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)



Hannelore Baron—Small antique boxes and boxes made of found components are filled with delicate monoprints and collaged materials. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Childhood memories of rural North Carolina are captured in these new works, done in oil with collage, a new procedure for this veteran artist. Through Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. / Close to seventy paintings by an American modernist. Through Dec. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Bernard Cathelin—New paintings. Through Dec. 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

C. K. Chatterton (1880-1973)—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper which includes oils of Ogunquit, Maine, where the artist spent his summers. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present, some of which were presented to his special favorites among them. Through Dec. 31. (Feigen, in a new home, at 113 E. 79th St.)

Edwin Dickinson (1891-1978)—Several of his penetrating self-portraits are included in a retrospective of paintings and works on paper. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Yun Gee (1906-63)—Paintings from the twenties and thirties which are linked stylistically with Synchromism. Through Dec. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven new sculptures (five of them very big), and eight large-scale drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

David Hockney—Impressions of America in paintings and drawings from the sixties and seventies. Through Dec. 10. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays.)

Rolf Iseli—Recent works. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Hard-edge abstractions in brilliant colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morton Kaish—Views from the artist's Manhattan studio, flower still-lifes, and other paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Harriet Korman—Abstractions in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Michael Mazur—Wetland flowers and other vegetation depicted in seven-foot-tall monotypes—probably the largest ever made—some of them worked over with pastels. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Mathes, in a new location at 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Two shows of works from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso (drawings at Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St., through Saturday, Dec. 3; and prints at the Brooklyn Museum), and a third exhibit highlighting the artist (thirteen oils and a bronze) but also representing a number of his peers—Braque, Léger, Archipenko, and others—at Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; through Dec. 23.

George Rickey—Kinetic sculptures from the past three decades, including one new large-scale piece set up in the adjacent sculpture garden. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Hugo Robus (1885-1964)—Figure sculptures in bronze. Through Dec. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Antonio Segui—Paintings of Paris, with a car-

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icature of the artist prominent in every one. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jaune Quick-To-See Smith—Collage paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **COLNAGHI**, 26 E. 80th St.: Nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings by French, Italian, and German artists. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A tiny but detailed sketch of gamblers at the table, by Rowlandson, and several portraits of children by Gwen John are included in this show of English watercolors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings and watercolors—primarily landscapes and figures—by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English artists (Turner among them) and nineteenth-century French artists (Harpignies). Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An early Feininger watercolor is included in a show of recently acquired works. Through Dec. 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jake Berthot—Paintings and etchings. Through Dec. 8. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Paintings of the Aegean Coast. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Seven oil paintings executed in the mid-seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Russell Cowles (1887-1979)—A memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who experimented with a number of styles. Through Dec. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstractions in oil. Through Dec. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Brad Davis—Mural-size landscapes and riverscapes, based on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Chinese paintings of the passing seasons. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Early, pre-abstract paintings dated 1913-19. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A couple of Davis's later, more familiar works, and paintings in styles related to his (by Lichtenstein and Sugarman, for instance), are on view at the downtown Washburn gallery, 113 Greene St.

José de Rivera—Abstract stainless-steel and bronze sculptures with revolving bases. Through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Martin Disler—Semi-abstract figurative paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joellyn Duesberry—Landscapes, chiefly of wetlands in Dutchess County and of Mount Desert in Maine. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barry Flanagan—Huge, frolicsome rabbits done in bronze and a life-size horse inspired by the San Marco originals are among the works by this British sculptor. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco / Richard Nonas—Abstract watercolors with strips of wood glued on in low relief. / Sculptures in wood and metal, plus some drawings. Through Dec. 10. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1882-1946) / **Abraham Walkowitz** (1878-1965)—Portraits of family and friends from the twenties. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elisabeth Frink—Works by this British sculptor, including colossal bronzes of stern visages as impassive as the Easter Island monoliths. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—New works. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Hogarth (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St.)

Donald Judd—Early works, mostly, including paintings that show his bent toward sculpture, and the first box piece he constructed. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Peter Loftus—Naturalist oils of the craggy coastland of Northern California. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leo Manso—Collage paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tom Otterness—Drawings by a sculptor. Through Dec. 17. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—New, brilliantly colored abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Reed / Richard Devore—Six new abstract paintings / Abstract ceramic works. Through Dec. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin / Richards Jarden—Geometric patterns painted on canvases to which corresponding designs in welded steel are added. / Collages and colored-wax reliefs by an artist who says that his work describes television. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—More shaped-canvas paintings, a number of them inspired by Grand Kabuki performances. Through Dec. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Paintings of Greek ruins and fishing boats, Scottish hills, Swiss alps, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Steven Singer—Large, droll, nicely simplified figures cut out of heavy steel plate. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

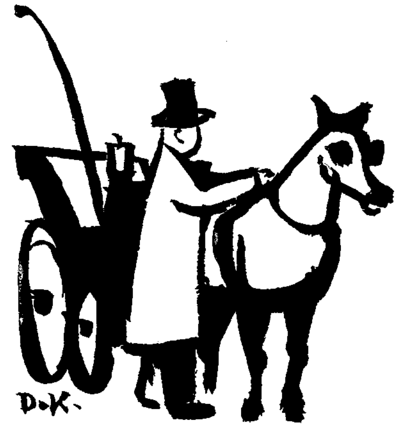
Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Openwork abstract bronzes. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. / Painted monotypes. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Valerio—Large figurative paintings of an intensely realist nature, plus related drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through Dec. 10. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Édouard Vuillard (1868-1940)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through Dec. 7. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—The Great American Nude has all but disappeared in this two-gallery show of new paintings, but suggestive clues to her presence—a breast here, the curve of a leg there, done in cutout metal, give the imagination enough to work on. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Sander, 51 Greene St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Forty etchings and drypoints of Venice in the eighteen-eighties. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Wunderlich, 41 E. 57th St.)



Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibit documenting the connection between the idealized portraits of women by American artists active between 1880 and 1917 (John White Alexander, Edward August Bell) and the prints of Whistler and *Ukiyo-e* artists. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The years 1770-1922 bracket this show of sixty paintings, largely landscapes and portraits, by such Americans as John Singleton Copley, Elihu Vedder, and William Merritt Chase. Through Dec. 30.

GALLERIES—SOHO

Mac Adams—Tableaux in which hooded figures are seen in groups of two or three; the medium is bonded bronze. Through Dec. 6. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Eleanor Antin—The artist, lately medievalist, portrays "El Desdichado" (the Unlucky One), in an installation that also consists of, among other things, a castle, a moat, and a yeoman. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Beauchamp / Joseph Piccillo—New paintings, in which the artist creates his own brand of Neo-Expressionism. / Meticulously rendered charcoal drawings, many based on turn-of-the-century photographs. Through Dec. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Ross Bleckner—New abstract paintings, predominantly black. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jonathan Borofsky—A circuslike installation in which thirteen lumpen figures, made of wood and larger than life, stand around chattering (literally, via audio devices fixed to their chins) and gawking at the artist's other new works, which include several big paintings and a kinetic ballerina with a sad clown's face. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Wall sculptures, Constructivist in conception. Through Dec. 17. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.).

James Brown—Large canvases given over to primitive figures evolved from tribal art—American Indian, African, and Oceanian. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Sari Dienes—Cigar-box constructions, assemblages, and wall sculptures, the latter a series called Magic Breastplates. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Laddie John Dill / Michael Lucero—Large abstract paintings in which cement and glass shards are among the mediums used. / Ceramic heads stacked together, totem-pole style, and painted with landscapes and other decorations. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Nancy Dwyer—Stylized drawings of contemporary figures done for the most part in cutout aluminum set on various backgrounds—carpeting, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

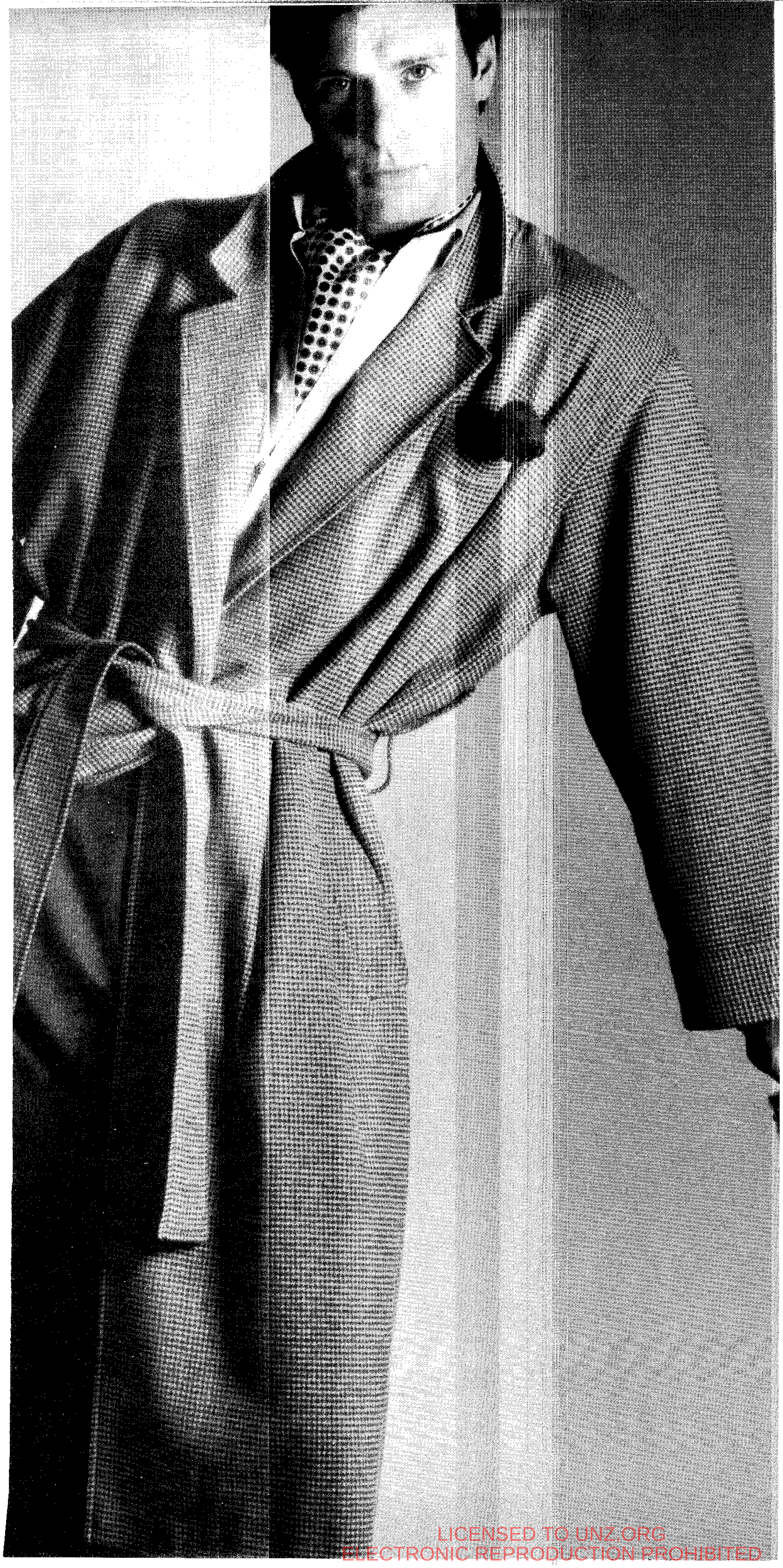
Audrey Flack—Two related exhibits: Outsize Photo-Realist portraits—of herself and of a guru named Baba—plus the usual outsize studies of beads and trinkets, and a series of dashed-off watercolors at Meisel, 141 Prince St. (through Saturday, Nov. 26) and paintings and drawings dated 1953-68 at Armstrong, a new gallery at 50 W. 57th St. (through Saturday, Dec. 3).

Samia Halaby and Suzanne McClelland—Abstract paintings—overlapping geometrical forms in bright colors by the former and studies in texture by the latter. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

Jenny Holzer—Messages (broadly didactic) spelled out on big Times Square-style electronic signs, which dominate a show that also includes paintings and plaques. Through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Arata Isozaki—Architectural drawings, many of them devoted to the forthcoming Museum of Contemporary Art, in Los Angeles. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Alain Kirili—Forged-iron sculptures, the majority of them slim upright shafts. Through Sat-



BILL BLASS ON GETTING IT TOGETHER:

"After a tough, competitive day at the office men find it hard to unwind.

"Personally, I feel it helps to have something really special to relax in, something soothing, like my checked robe.

"The wool flannel has a gentle, personal touch. I recommend it."

Bill Blass

The men's robe & sleepwear collection can be found at B. Altman's or write:
Bill Blass Robes & Sleepwear,
Suite 2212,
350 Fifth Avenue,
New York, NY 10118

urday, Nov. 26. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Leonard Koscianski / Reverend Howard Finster—Savage dogs, pouncing eagles, and frightened pigs are the subjects of these oil paintings. Through Dec. 7. / Visionary paintings and objects inscribed with such statements as "Hell is no place for nice people." Through Dec. 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Li-Lan / Hai Knafo—Paintings that are oversize, trompe-l'oeil representations of sheets of legal-pad paper, ledgers, etc. / Dollar bills—seven hundred and eighty-eight of them—folded (like origami) in such a way that the Treasury's engraving makes decorative patterns. The artist is an Israeli-American. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Mimmo Paladino—Large oil paintings that are filled with religious symbols. Also, sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Milo Reice—Large narrative paintings portraying Titania and Bottom, for instance, or Hamlet and poor Yorick's skull, or Orpheus and Eurydice. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Al Ross / David R. Huchthausen—Collages by a regular contributor to *The New Yorker.* / Glass sculptures. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Heller, 71 Greene St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Lila Ryan—Abstract sculptures in wood, metal, and stone. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

Judith Shahn—Recent paintings, drawings, and silk screens by an artist whose work frequently appears in this magazine. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Morningstar, 164 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Rough drawings, some in color, by this influential Conceptualist. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Helen Soreff / Pat Colville—Abstract drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 23. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 14. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Open until 7.)

Philip Wofford—Large, tumultuous abstract paintings in which symbols from numerous sources are mingled—Egyptian, American Indian, and pre-Columbian, for instance. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures and works on paper. Through Dec. 10. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists are represented by paintings, sculptures, and installations. Lynda Benglis, Joel Shapiro, David Saunders, Nancy Arlen, and Brice Marden, among others. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. Except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works either on or of paper by eight new artists, including Joseph Goodwin's small abstracts and Scott Sherk's striking shadow works in which paper cutouts, deployed on a transparent shelf and lighted from beneath, cast images of landscapes and still-lifes on the wall. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by David Deutsch, Neil Jenney, and Keith Sonnier, and paintings by Robert Mangold. Through Tuesday, Nov. 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Carl Andre / Mary Heilmann—Photographs and granite works in a show about Quincy, Massachusetts, where the artist was born. / Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jane Dickson—The night scene on Eighth Avenue in the low Forties, depicted in oil stick on black-painted canvas. Through Dec. 10. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

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Edward Gorey—A retrospective of drawings, lots of them. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Shigeko Kubota—Video sculpture, in which, for instance, small louvred windows open on a television screen showing a snowfall, or a midget TV set is fastened to the spokes of a Duchampesque bicycle wheel. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alfred Leslie—A *cross-country road trip led to* these landscapes done with varying shades of black watercolor on white paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Alex McFarlane—Carved-graphite sculptures and reliefs with architectural implications. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

George Peck—Richly colored abstract paintings, many of which seem to have a whirling motion. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

David Wojnarowicz—Stencilled images applied with spray paint to Masonite and to found materials such as driftwood by an artist whose themes are sex, drugs, and war. Through Dec. 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Cast-Iron Sculpture—Primarily one-of-a-kind pieces by twenty-one contemporary artists, including Jene Highstein, Jay Wholley, Robert Morris, and Beverly Pepper. Through Dec. 23. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Nov. 25.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael Halsband—Photographs of the Rolling Stones on tour. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

André Kertész—Distortion photographs taken by the artist fifty years ago for the French magazine *Le Sourire.* Through Dec. 17. (Pace-MacGill, a new gallery at 11 E. 57th St.)

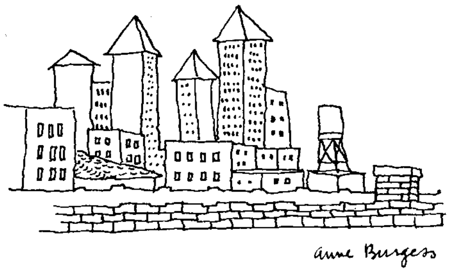
Grace Knowlton—Platinum prints that present further refinements of her subject—corners. Through Dec. 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—A variety of works, dated 1979-83, including five photo-intaglio etchings of a single cornflake photographed and enlarged a hundred times. Through Dec. 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Fifty vintage surreal prints. Through Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

Eliot Porter—Photographs of China. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ursula Wolff Schneider (1906-77)—Photographs of Germany in the thirties by a photojournalist. Through Dec. 10. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)



Cindy Sherman—Huge color photographs of the artist, who has more faces than Lon Chaney had. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—The dioramas at the American Museum of Natural History are the subjects of a series of black-and-white prints. Through Dec. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color photographs taken during the forties for the Farm Security Administration by Marion Post Wolcott, Russell Lee, Jack Delano, and John Vachon; lost for more than thirty years, the original transparencies were used to produce these dye-transfer prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St.: Surrealist photographs by seven contemporary artists, including Mac Adams, Sarah Charlesworth, and Laurie Simmons. Through Tuesday, Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SCHOMBURG CENTER,** 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.: "14 Photographers," a show with ten times that many works, which are either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Édouard Manet retrospective. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings that are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties and of the museum's collection as well. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Frank Gohlke's prints showing the region affected by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens. Through Tuesday, Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Thanksgiving, when it will close at 5—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by eleven artists from around the country who have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Dennis Oppenheim's autobiographical installation, "Lecture #1" (completed in the seventies), is set up in the lobby gallery as a theatrical vignette in which the main character is a survivor of a conspiracy to wipe out the avant-garde art world. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso,

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none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Prints by Dürer from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative fabric, puppets, looms, etc. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by close to threescore artists (Wolf Kahn, Ed Paschke, and Susan Rothenberg among them) have been mounted in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute and donated to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jack Tworkov, and sculptures by Theodore Roszak and José de Creeft. Both shows through Dec. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ A group of ornamental silver objects (many of them overlaid with a thin coat of gold) created by European goldsmiths during the Renaissance and after. From the Schroder Collection of Great Britain. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera's hundredth birthday is the occasion for a tribute that is centered on memorabilia from productions held when the company resided on Broadway (such as a Worth gown designed for "La Traviata"). (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members (such as Asher B. Durand, Thomas Eakins, and Andrew Wyeth) provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of books, maps, manuscripts, and newspapers given to the society by its founder, John Pintard, a nineteenth-century bibliophile. Of particular note is a copy of the first printed map of New York City. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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27	28	29	30	1	2	3

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and Samuel Francis Smith (you should know this one by heart). (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies by Jack Whitten. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.—Lenora Champagne (performance), Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of videotapes, photographs, and books by Peter D'Agostino. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Perry Hoberman (performance), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8:30; Tim Buckley and the Twisters (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 1-4, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Johanna Meier, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Don Giovanni," with Margarita Castro-Alberty, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "La Traviata," with Rosario Andrade, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 28: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Johanna Meier, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 29: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Gösta Winbergh; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "La Traviata," with Rosario Andrade, Dano Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, Richard Fredricks, and Gösta Winbergh; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 3: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Gail Robinson, Patricia Craig, William Lewis, and Morley Meredith; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Ernani," with Adelaide Negri, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing the first two of five performances of a medieval pageant, "Daniel and the Lions," with a French text. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4, at 4. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Friday, Nov. 25, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30 (all with Cho-Liang Lin, violin). . . . ¶ Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist on Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Brahms-Bartók-Wagner program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of baroque music, with Maurice André, trumpet, and Syoko Aki, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Charles Barker conducting an all-Copland program, honoring the composer's eighty-third birthday, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. Mr. Copland will be present. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—Joel Cohen directing a program of English and American Christmas music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Master Players Chamber Orchestra of New York—George Manahan conducting, with Phillip Evans, piano; Ralph Evans, violin; and Ko Iwasaki, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Cor Meibion de Cymru—A Welsh male choir, in its first appearance here. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 690-2977.)

RECITALS

Augstin Anievas—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 1:30. No tickets necessary.)

Joseph Porrello—Tenor. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Rodney Hardesty—Countertenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—A program of medieval music, performed by the Folger Consort. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Idil Biret—Piano, in a program including the New York première of Stravinsky's Sonata in F Sharp Minor. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Martin Mumelter—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Marguerita Oundjian and Ludwig Semerjian—A program of music for two pianos. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Nigi Sato—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Irma Costanzo—Classical guitarist, with Gerardo Levy, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Ralph Votapek—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Scott Jackson Wiley—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

William Black—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Mignon Dunn—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Martha Anne Verbit—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, a Mozart-Hindemith-Dvořák program. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Walter Ponce and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 5.)

Music from Japan—A program called "East Meets West: New Japanese and American Music," performed by the New York Quintet, the Kronos Quartet, and others. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—The third in a series of six programs, this one with Beverly Hoch, soprano; Daniel Phillips, violin; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—The first in a series of three concerts. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Dorian Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Keith Jarrett—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The third in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Syoko Aki, violin; Robert Nagel, trumpet; Paul Ingraham, horn; John Swallow, trombone; Thompson Hanks, tuba; and Joan Panetti, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The New York première of Mikhail Matiushin's 1913 Russian opera VICTORY OVER THE SUN, presented in English. Staged by Robert Benedetti. The last in a series of productions that combine music, theatre, dance, and visual effects. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 7 and 9, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2 and 7.)

A Tribute to Arthur Rubinstein—Leonard Bernstein, Jerome Lowenthal, Jeffrey Kahane, and eleven-year-old Israeli pianist Elisha Abas will perform in this benefit concert for the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:35. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7:35.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 27: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Los Angeles Raiders, at Los Angeles.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Monday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Friday, Dec. 2, at 7:35.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 24; the Nashua, Saturday, Nov. 26; and the Ashley T. Cole, Sunday, Nov. 27. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 10:30 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9. Post time will be 10:30 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day.

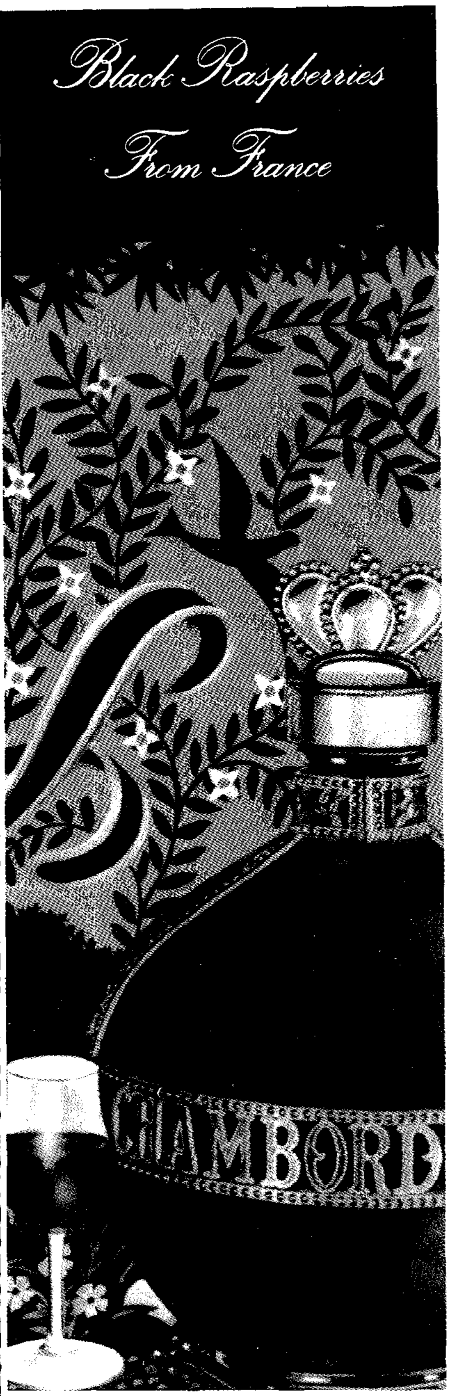
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Pablo Antonio Cuadra reading from his own works, in Spanish, with English translations. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Flower Show—An exhibition of Japanese chrysanthemums in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, from 10 to 5, and Sunday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 7.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 27, from 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7, and Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: Latin-American paintings, sculptures, and prints. Admission to the evening sale by ticket only; for information, call 794-3098. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 7: The Ben Heller collection of tribal art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 11: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 10: Chinese jades and ceramics. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: The Georges deBatz collection of Chinese ceramics. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at approximately 3: Chinese paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10 and 2: Chinese furniture, ceramics, jades, and works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Nov. 27: "Susana" (1951; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
From Nov. 29: A two-week retrospective of film dance from 1894 to 1983.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 24: "Under Fire" (†) and "True Confessions" (†).
Nov. 25-Dec. 1: "Zelig" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 30: "Educating Rita" (†).
From Dec. 1: A festival of gay films.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 3: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sleepaway Camp."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 2: "Local Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 27: "Educating Rita" (†). From Nov. 28: A program of eleven new Italian films.

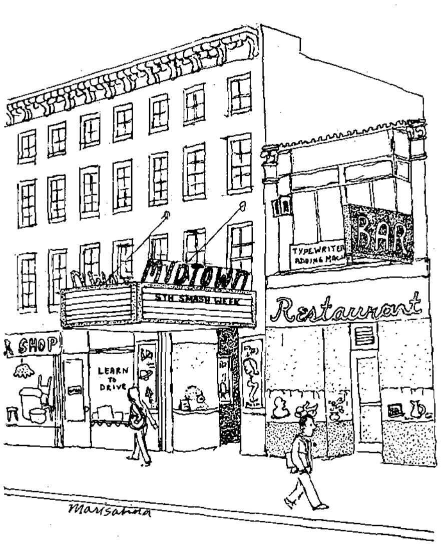
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Heart Like a Wheel" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sleepaway Camp."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Big Score."
Theatre 2: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Rockaby" (1982; directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary with Billie Whitelaw and Alan Schneider; and "Joe Chaikin Going On" (Steven Gomer), a documentary with Chaikin, Sam Shepard, and Ronnie Gilbert.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 24: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau. Nov. 25-26: "La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper;" 1962; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian); and "Before the Revolution" (1964; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Adriana Asti. Nov. 27-28: "Don Giovanni" (†). Nov. 29: "The Exterminating Angel" (†) and "Sweet Hours" (†). Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Voyage en Douce" (1979; Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin; and "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand. Dec. 2-3: "The Spider's Stratagem" (†) and "Partner" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 2: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 1 (tentative): "Heart Like a Wheel" (†). From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Boat People" (Ann Hui; in Chinese), with Lam.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Return Engagement" (Alan Rudolph), a documentary with Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy.
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

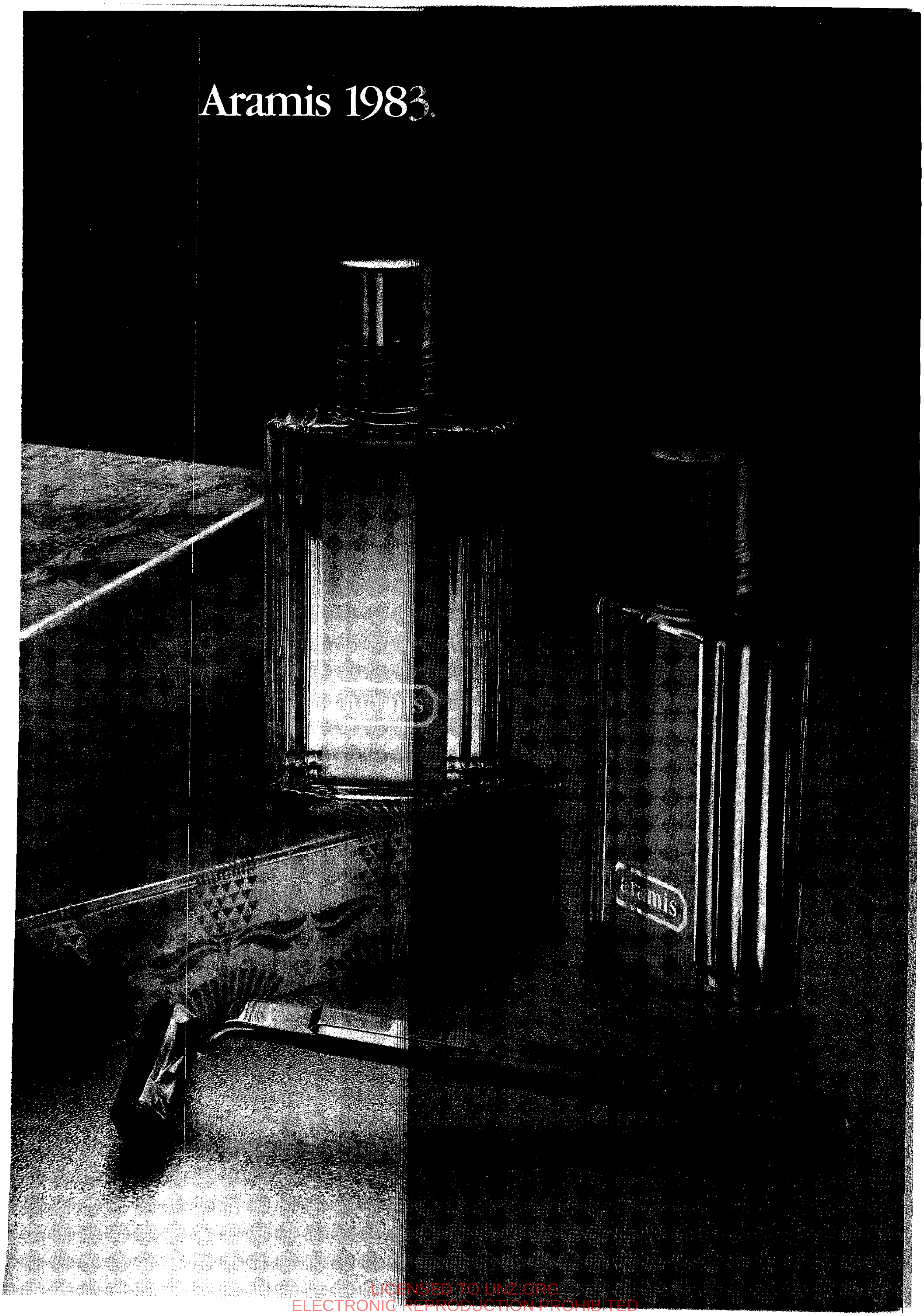
Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith. From Dec. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 1: "The Big Chill" (†). From Dec. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 1: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Dec. 2: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 1 (tentative): "Heart Like a Wheel" (†). From Dec. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film; and "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (direct-


Aramis 1983.
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Consumer Orientation
No. 25 in a Series
of Technical Papers

25

Subject: Introduction of
the new 3.2-liter Carrera.
The fastest 911 ever.

Among Porschephiles, the name Carrera is revered.

Derived from the Carrera Panamericana, the renowned Mexican road race in which Porsche scored stunning victories during the early 1950's, it is traditionally reserved for the top performing Porsche in a model range.

The following are milestones in Carrera's rich history:

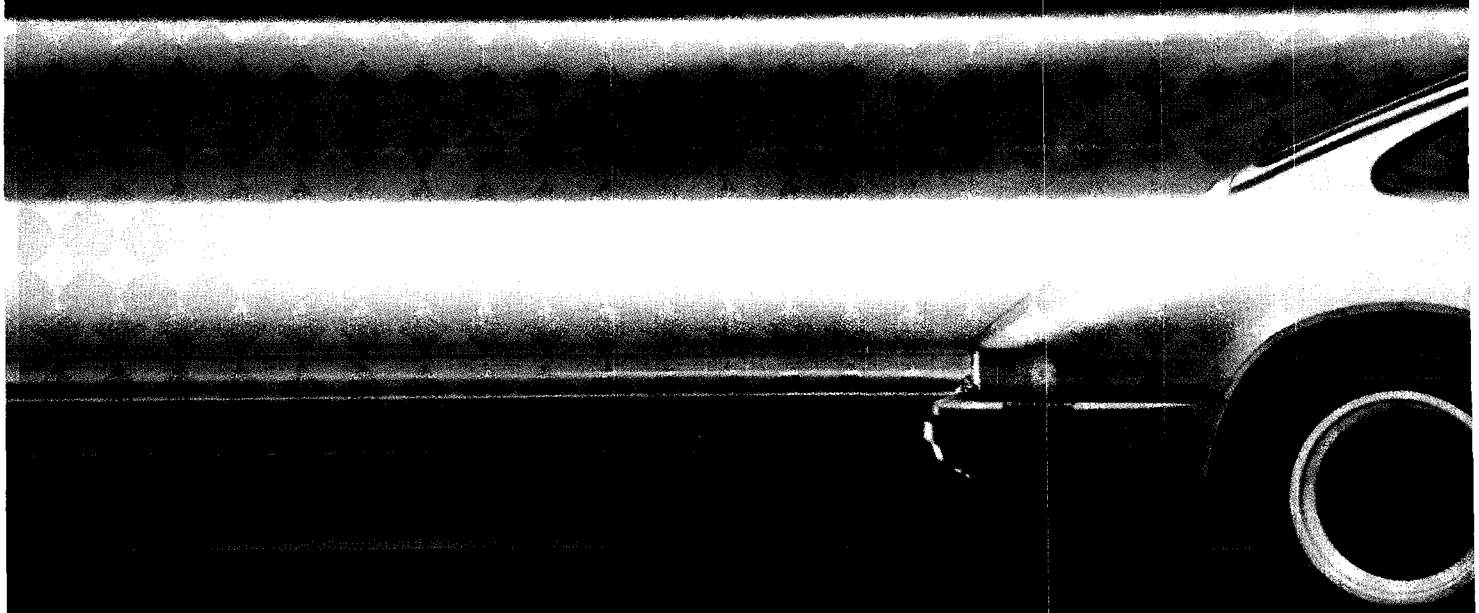
1954: The first Carrera 356 made its debut in Germany. Powered by an unconventional four-cam engine, and capable of 125 mph on the track, it was the enthusiast's car of its day.

1973: Porsche introduced the famed 911 Carrera RS. Built mainly for competition, it outperformed cars with twice the engine displacement and horsepower. That same year, the ultra-light Carrera RSR variation beat everything in sight at Daytona, swept the ISMA Camel GT series and Trans Am, and was named Europe's GT champion.

1974: A street-legal edition of the Carrera RS was introduced in the U.S. in limited numbers. It quickly established new performance standards for production sports cars.

1984: The new 911 Carrera 3.2 replaces the 911 SC. It is the classic 911 design evolved to an even higher state and the fastest 911 ever sold in America.

Its air-cooled 6-cylinder engine, refined over 19 years on the road and on the track, has been increased from 3.0 to 3.2 liters. Horsepower is up from 172 to 200. Yet, despite this added power, fuel economy has actually been increased by 25%. EPA estimated city.*



Porsche 911 *Carrera*

D.M.E. Fully Integrated Electronic Fuel Injection System, the system used in the 1983 Le Mans-winning Porsche 956, has replaced earlier components.

The resulting performance is phenomenal even by Porsche standards. On the track, the 911 Carrera accelerates from 0 to 60 mph in an astounding 6.3 seconds.** Top track speed: 146 mph. Higher torque throughout the power range allows more flexibility in gear selection.

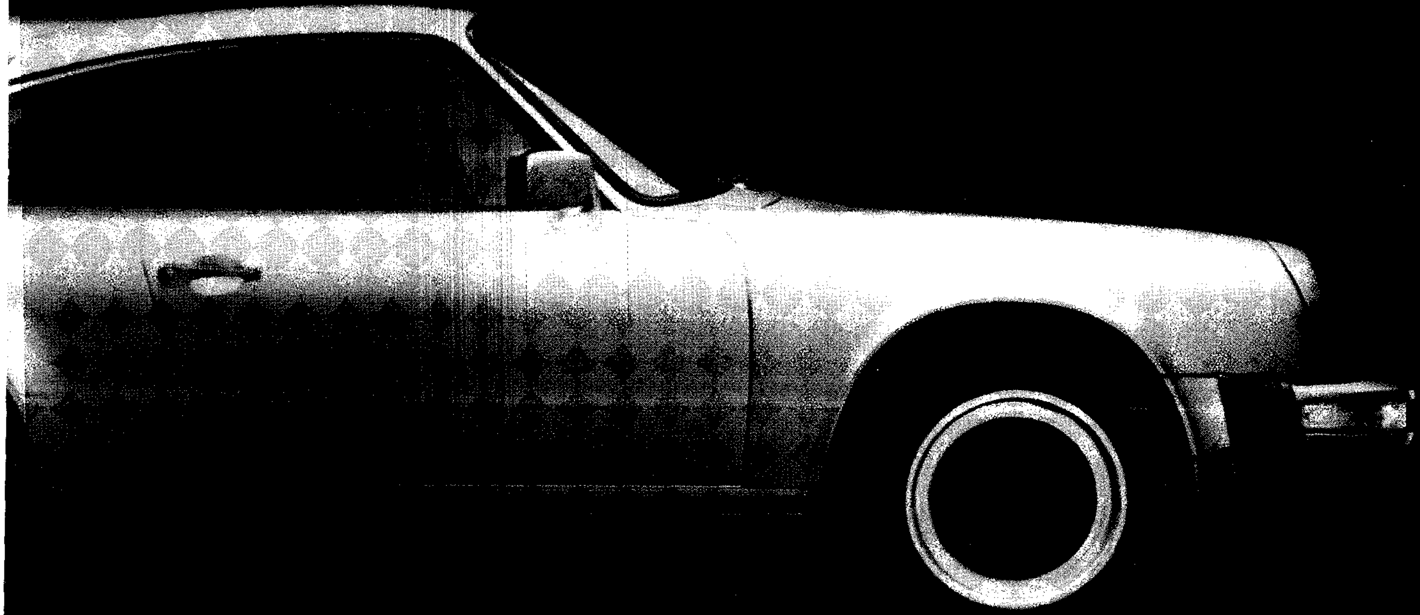
The 911 Carrera's brakes have been upgraded to match the performance of its engine. Brake discs have been made thicker and ventilation improved for better cooling. Fading of the brakes, even during repeated panic stops, is nil.

As with all Porsches, the 911 Carrera's handling and cornering are without parallel. An advanced rack-and-pinion steering system provides the driver with unmatched road feel. And all components of the independent suspension, right down to the optional forged alloy wheels shown, are precisely tuned to function together as a balanced system.

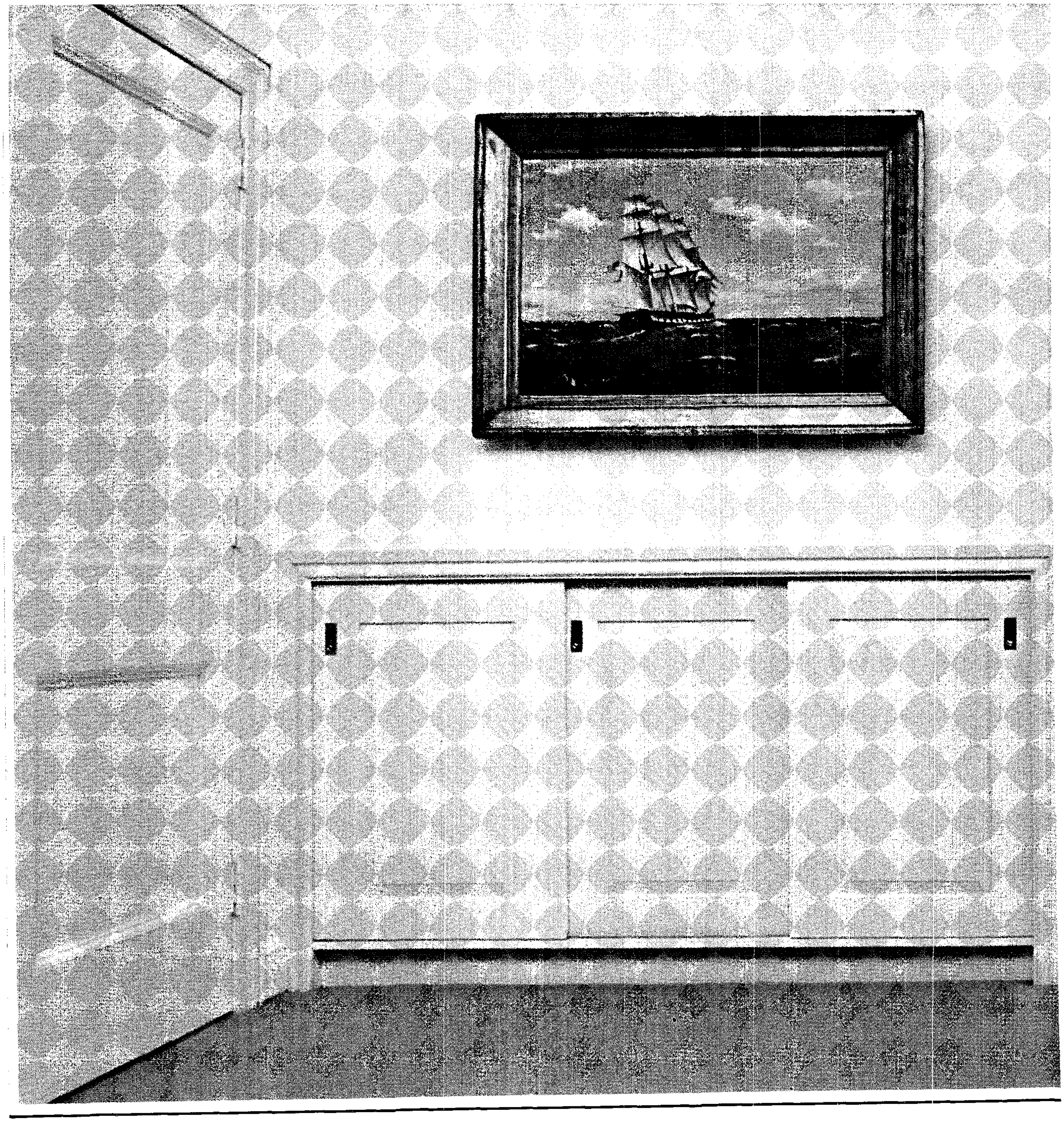
Despite its remarkable performance, the 911 Carrera is a luxury sports machine almost without equal. Its handcrafted interior is meticulously finished. And leather seats are standard.

The 911 Carrera can be ordered as a Coupe, Targa or Cabriolet. At Porsche, excellence is expected. For the name of your nearest Porsche Audi dealer call (800) 447-4700 toll-free.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE



*EPA est. 20 mpg, 32 hwy. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.) **Obey your speed laws. © 1983 Porsche Audi



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advisor or banker, but the expertise of
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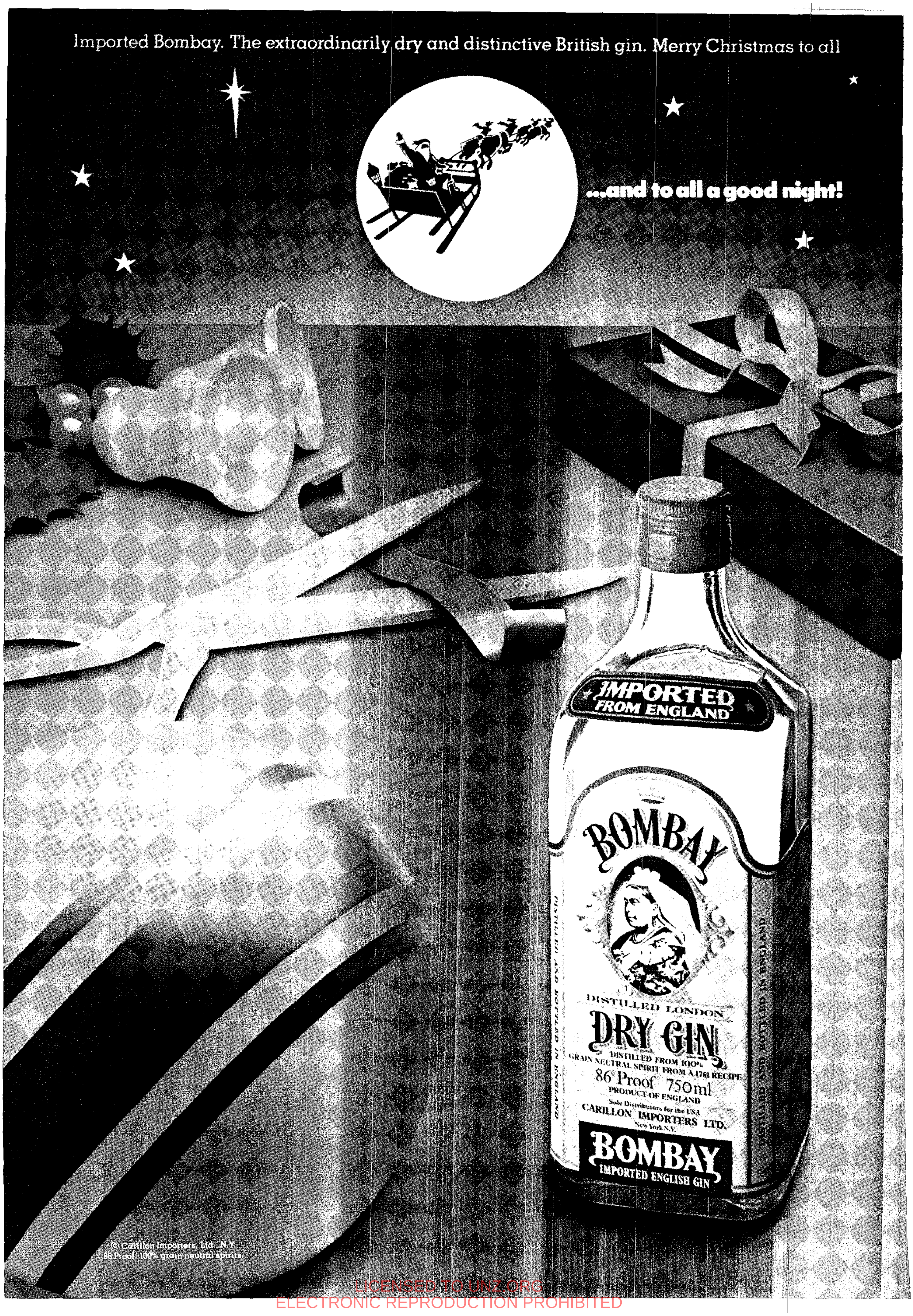
Imported Bombay. The extraordinarily dry and distinctive British gin. Merry Christmas to all
...and to all a good night!
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BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRIT FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof 750ml
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
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© Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y.
86 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 3: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.
Theatre 5: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "Under Fire" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 29: "Kung-Fu Instructor."
From Nov. 30: "The Deadly Mantis."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
A program of fourteen new Spanish films.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale.
Theatre 2: "Sleepaway Camp."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Seven Doors of Death."
Theatre 2: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Score."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)
"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
"Hillary's Blues."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Vassa" (1983; Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 24: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.
Nov. 25-29: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
Dec. 2-3: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 23: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg.
Nov. 24: "Rock Around the Clock" (1956; Fred F. Sears), with Johnny Johnston, Alan Freed, and Bill Haley and His Comets; and

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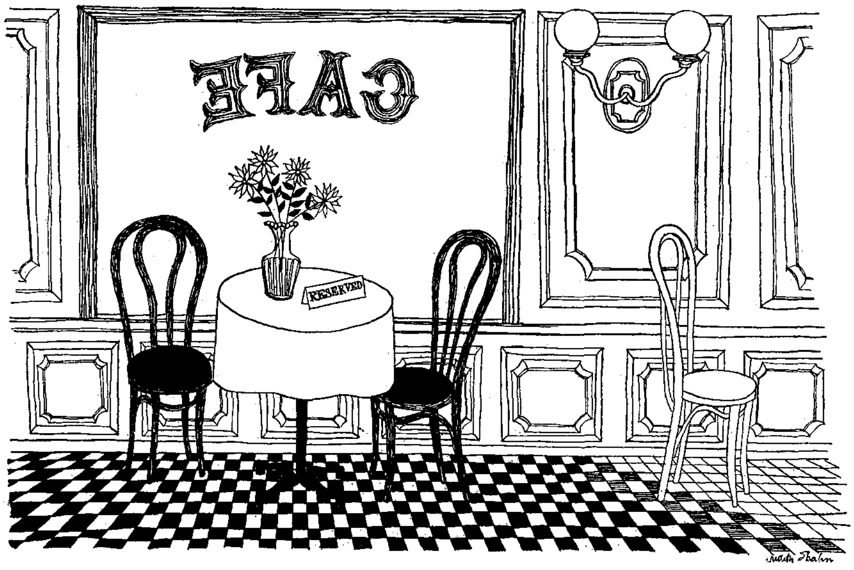
"Blackboard Jungle" (1955; Richard Brooks), with Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, and Louis Calhern.
Nov. 25-26: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Nov. 27: "From Here to Eternity" (†) and "Touch of Evil" (†).
Nov. 28: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (†); and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.
Nov. 29: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.
Nov. 30: "A Farewell to Arms" (1958; Charles Vidor), with Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, and Vittorio De Sica; and "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert.
Dec. 1: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.
Dec. 2-3: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Nov. 23: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "L'Etoile du Nord" (1983; Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.
Nov. 24-26: "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson, Nigel Terry, Paul Geoffrey, and Cherie Lunghi; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.
Nov. 27-28: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Nov. 29-30: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush.
Dec. 1-3: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "Jabberwocky" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 24: "Hello, Dolly!" (1969; Gene Kelly), with Barbra Streisand, Walter Matthau, and Michael Crawford; and "Funny Girl" (1968; William Wyler), with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif.
Nov. 25-26: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, and Teri Garr; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, and Pat O'Brien.
Nov. 27: "Maytime" (†), "Naughty Marietta" (†), and "Rose Marie" (†).
Nov. 28-29: "The Lords of Discipline" (1983; Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky; and "Taps" (1981; Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (†).
Dec. 2-3: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Nov. 23: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu; and "Before the Revolution" (1964; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Adriana Asti.
Nov. 24: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
Nov. 25: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.
Nov. 26: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.
Nov. 27: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Marlon Brando; and "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.
Nov. 28: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961;



Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Stavisky" (1974; Alain Resnais; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer.

Nov. 29: "Touch of Evil" (†); and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.

Nov. 30: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier.

Dec. 1: "The Battle of Chile, Parts I and II" (1976; Patricio Guzmán).

Dec. 2: "WarGames" (1983; John Badham), with Matthew Broderick, Dabney Coleman, and Ally Sheedy; and "Blue Thunder" (1983; John Badham), with Roy Scheider, Warren Oates, Malcolm McDowell, and Daniel Stern.

Dec. 3: "The Story of Adèle H." (†) and "Tess" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 23: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (1964; Bryan Forbes), with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough; and "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, *Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud,* David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

Nov. 24-26: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey.

Nov. 27-28: "Dragonslayer" (1981; Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNichol, Caitlin Clarke, and Ralph Richardson; and "Clash of the Titans" (1981; Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Nov. 29-30: "The Whisperers" (†); and "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.

Dec. 1-3: "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 23: "Sword of Justice, Part II" (1972; Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese); and "Akumyo: *Notorious Dragon*" (1974; in Japanese).

Nov. 24: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

Nov. 25-26: "The Quiet Duel" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.

Nov. 27: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Nov. 28: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Eli Wallach; and "Blood on the Moon" (1948; Robert Wise), with Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Robert Preston.

Nov. 29: "Jailbait" (1954; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Lyle Talbot; "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla" (1952), with Lugosi.

Nov. 30: "Zatoichi's Rescue" (1967; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese); and "The Master Hand" (1973; Hiromitsu Horikawa; in Japanese).

Dec. 1: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), *with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.*

Dec. 2-3: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "A Special Day" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 23: "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Nov. 24-25: "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

Nov. 26-27: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Nov. 28: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (†); and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Nov. 29: "To Have and Have Not" (†); and "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmar Daves), *with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall,* and Agnes Moorehead.

Nov. 30: "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Dec. 1: "Cabin in the Cotton" (†) and "Dangerous" (†).

Dec. 2-3: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Fünf Letzte Tage" (1982; directed by Percy Adlon; in German, with English subtitles), with Irm Hermann and Lena Stolze. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Bella Donna" (1983; Peter Keglevic; in German, with English subtitles), with Brigitte Horney, Erland Josephson, and Krystyna Janda. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6: "Die Macht der Gefühle" (1983; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles), with Hannelore Hoger, Alexandra Kluge, and Edgar Boehlke. . . . ¶ Nov. *26 at noon: "The Prisoner of Zenda"* (1937; John Cromwell), with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Mary Astor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Massey, and David Niven. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Die Macht der Gefühle." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "Fünf Letzte Tage." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: "The Prisoner of Zenda." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "Milo Barus, der Stärkste Mann der Welt" (1982; Henning Stegmüller; in German, with English subtitles), with Günter Lamprecht, Horst Haspe, and Assi Reintgen. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5 and Nov. 28 at 2:30: "Humanes Töten" (1980; Muscha and Trini Trimpop; in German, with French subtitles), with Felix Auer and Michelle Klose. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Bella Donna." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "Coal-mining Women" (1982; Elizabeth Barret) and "The Big Lever: Party Politics in Leslie County, Kentucky" (1982; Frances Morton), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Kiez" (1983; Walter Bockmayer and Rolf Bührmann; in German, with English subtitles), with Wolf-Dietrich Sprenger, Katja Rupe, and Brigitte Janner. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Milo Barus, der Stärkste Mann der Welt." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "System Ohne Schatten" (1983; Rudolf Thome; in German, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz, Hanns Zischler, and Dominique Laffin. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: A program of animated films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian with English subtitles), with Nikolai Cherkasov. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: A program of animated films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "Kiez." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Primarily Speaking" (1981-83), an audiovisual environment by Gary Hill. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg *Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an* extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 1.)

Cabin in the Cotton (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naïvely socially *conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact.* Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, Hardie Albright, David Landau, Tully Marshall, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. The script by Paul Green was adapted from H. H. Kroll's novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Dangerous (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. This is the mawkish, trashy movie for which she won her first Academy Award; the award was generally considered to be belated recognition of her work the year before in "Of Human Bondage," but terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes it with an intensity that frequently makes you sit up and stare. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress (possibly modelled on Jeanne Eagels) who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, as in her scene with Alison Skipworth ("I don't want any of your greasy food; give me a drink"), but nobody could do much with the sequences in *which she's required to renounce her true* love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealymouthed husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a *result of her enraged, suicidal driving. (He's* such a crawly masochist that she seems to have done him a favor by mutilating him.) Alfred E. Green directed, without much control over the tone, so that certain scenes seemed ludicrous even when the picture first came out. Written by Laird Doyle; with Margaret Lindsay, Dick Foran, and Richard Carle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Don Giovanni (1979)—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies

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you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. In Italian. (Film Forum; Nov. 27-28.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a two-character play—a duet—"opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who signs up for literature tutorials in the Open University and is assigned to him. She wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Julie Walters' performance may be too "set" for the camera (she played the role on the London stage), but her inflections are funny in unexpected ways. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. You can see the professor's impotence in his pink-rimmed, blurry eyes; he's crumbling from within. Caine lets nothing get between you and the character. You don't observe his acting; you just experience the character's emotions. You feel his smirking terror. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 30.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Nov. 29.)

Fitzcarraldo (1982)—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Though the shots are lovely, they're held too long and they don't have the ghostly, kinky expressiveness of the great images that sustain one through the dragginess of "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. In some shots, the boat looks so fake it has to be the real thing. The sight that we wait for turns out to be a bust: when the ship is poised at the very top, it looks like a big toy. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Cinema Village; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—Prewitt, the bugler hero of James Jones' Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, is a soldier who loves the Army (he's committed to be a thirty-year man), yet he believes that "if a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'." The conflict between his status and his determination to have his rights is the mainspring of the action. Jones' bulky book does such an honest job of storytelling that it triumphs over its pedestrian prose; the movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann's lean, intelligent direction, and by the superlative casting. Montgomery Clift's bony, irregularly handsome Prewitt is a hardhead, a limited man with a one-track mind, who's intensely appealing; Clift has the control to charm—almost to seduce—an audience without ever stepping outside his inflexible, none-too-smart character. Burt Lancaster as Sergeant Warden has a role that's just about perfectly in his range, the man's man who's also a ladies' man (the lady is Deborah Kerr); Frank Sinatra, in his first straight acting part, surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio, who loses his life because of his high spirits; Ernest Borgnine is the smiling, innocently murderous Fatso; Donna Reed is the respectable prostitute. This was the movie of its year, as "On the Waterfront" was to be the next year, and not just because each swept the Academy Awards but because these films brought to the screen new attitudes that touched a social nerve; they weren't the same kind of winner as "Ben-Hur." Yet a displacement occurs in the course of the action: Prewitt's fate gets buried in the commotion of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. And Clift's innovative performance was buried in the public praise for Sinatra and Lancaster. It was almost as if the public wanted to forget Prewitt's troublesome presence. The remarkably compact screenplay is by Daniel Taradash. Cinematography by Burnett Guffey. With Philip Ober, Harry Bellaver, and Mickey Shaughnessy. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 27.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney—who has won the National Hot Rod As-

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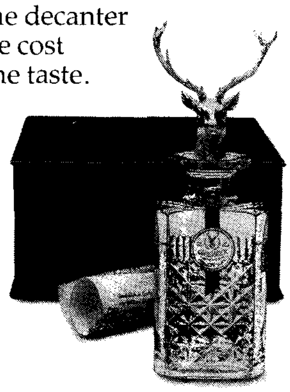

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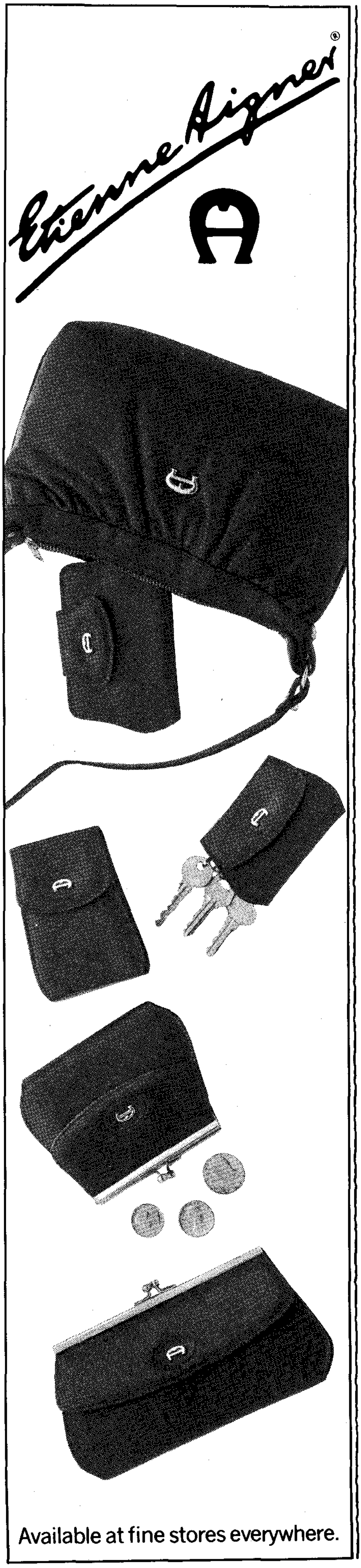


sociation World Championship three times—to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father, the honky-tonk singer Tex Roque, who has gusto in his canny eyes and grinning face; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Beau Bridges' Connie, who lives on his instincts, makes sense as a drag racer; Shirley doesn't. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, gives a tightly controlled starring performance; she's compelling and she brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman, the movie has a B-picture sensibility. It has plenty of action sequences (of the kind that action-film enthusiasts call "existential" and "cinematic"), and it avoids dramatic climaxes (of the kind that these enthusiasts disparage as "theatrical"). And this can make a movie seem honest and authentically American—none of your highbrow stuff. Shirley's hardness is presented simply as what happens to a woman who bucks a sexist society, and the movie expects us to sympathize with her bitterness about not getting the recognition that women in more genteel sports do. When Shirley staggers out of a crash in flames, and her son (Anthony Edwards) runs out to her and looks into her charred helmet, the scene exposes the superficiality of most of the film's treatment of her determination to be the fastest hot-rodder of them all. With Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Dec. 1, tentative.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28.)

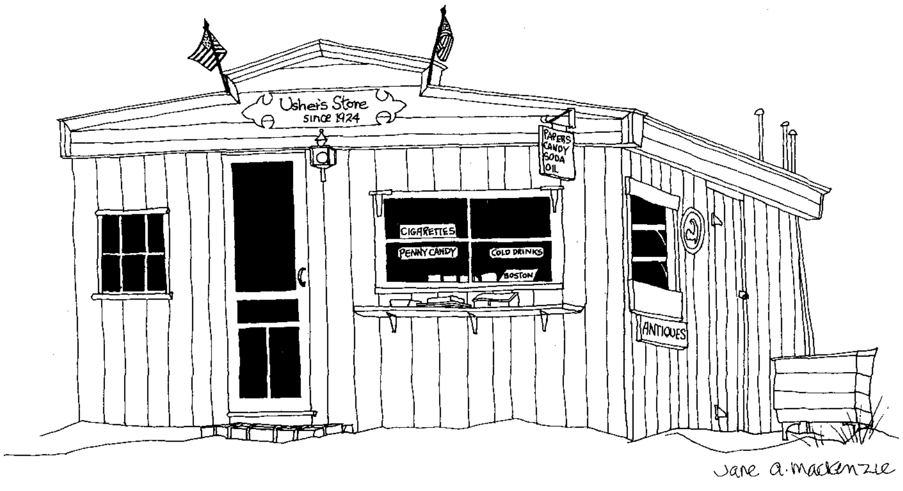
Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike in a cobwebby way below, but has a fishy face. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 1-3.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what is now inescapably the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Manhattan; starting Dec. 2.)

The Man with the Golden Arm (1955)—Frank Sinatra's performance is pure gold, but the director, Otto Preminger, goes for sensationalism; the film is effective, but in a garish, hyperbolic, and dated way. It's a lot more entertaining than the other pictures about dope addiction in that period, though. The others tended to treat the subject very gingerly, with edifying explanations of childhood traumata, or a slice-of-life view of the addict's environment. (In the 1957 "A Hatful of Rain," the real problem seemed to be the drab low-cost housing.) Here, the emphasis is on excitement. The film is based on Nelson Algren's Chicago-set novel about the hot poker dealer and addict Frankie. Sinatra's performance is rhythmic, tense, and instinctive, yet beautifully controlled, and, of course, he has a performer's presence. Eleanor Parker's Zosh is somehow out of context, but in its own terms it has some appeal. The young Kim Novak's Molly has a dumb, suffering beauty that's very touching. With Arnold Stang as Sparrow, Darren McGavin as Louie, Robert Strauss as Schwiefka, Doro Merande, Leonid Kinskey, Emile Meyer, and George E. Stone. Adapted by Walter Newman and Lewis Meltzer; cinematography by Sam Leavitt; titles by Saul Bass; music by Elmer Bernstein, with jazz sequences in which Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne appear, along with Bud Shank, Ralph Pena, and others. (Shelly Manne also served as "tutor" for Sinatra.) (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 28.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their lavish musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The



picture is too drawn out, the framing story is pitiably artificial, the staging is often suffocating (with MacDonald dressed in acres of ruffles and flounces), and the score rots your brain, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed, replacing Edmund Goulding, after the producer, Irving Thalberg, died; Hunt Stromberg took over as producer. The huge cast includes Herman Bing, Billy Gilbert, Tom Brown, Lynne Carver, Rafaela Ottiano, Paul Porcasi, Sig Rumann, Harry Davenport, Ivan Lebedeff, and Leonid Kinskey. The montages are by Slavko Vorkapich. The script, by Noel Langley, is loosely based on the 1917 operetta (with music by Sigmund Romberg), which was based on a 1914 German play. (There was a silent film version in 1923.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 27.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald–Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond kitsch, it's in a realm of its own. She's a princess who has fled France and come to the New World, and he's a valiant Indian scout. With Elsa Lanchester, Douglass Dumbrille, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn, and Cecilia Parker. W. S. Van Dyke directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin, Frances Goodrich, and Albert Hackett based on Rida Johnson Young's operetta. The music is by Victor Herbert. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 27.)

Partner (1968)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoyevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, but the meaning appears to get lost in the vivid pop color, the daring tricks of style, and the profusion of great images—in one scene, books are piled up in heaps on the floor of a room, like the Roman ruins outside. (It's the most Godardian of Bertolucci's films.) With Stefania Sandrelli, Tina Aumont, and Sergio Tofano. The script is by Bertolucci and Gianni Amico; cinematography by Ugo Piccone. In Italian. (Film Forum; Dec. 2-3.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Bel-

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son. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty fakery of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their kitschfests. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 27.)

A Special Day (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren, without visible cosmetics, wears a drab housedress. But with your husband as the producer and Pasqualino De Santis as the lighting cameraman, who needs makeup and fancy clothes? She has never looked more richly beautiful or given such a completely controlled great-lady performance. This movie is perfectly calibrated for its teeny bit of courage: the big stars playing uncharacteristic roles. She's an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together for a few hours, and we see that society has wronged them, cruelly. It's neorealism in a gold frame. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the brief-encounter turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." There's one miscalculation, though: when Mastroianni is in bed with Loren, he lies there politely as she puts his hand on her magnificent melon breast. And how can you have any feeling for a man who doesn't enjoy being in bed with Sophia Loren? You lose any interest in the radio announcer; he just fades away. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 2-3.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome and with the same secret look she had in "The Third Man." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian. (Film Forum; Dec. 2-3.)

Star 80—With Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts, directed by Bob Fosse. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I and Cinema 3.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters

William Doyle
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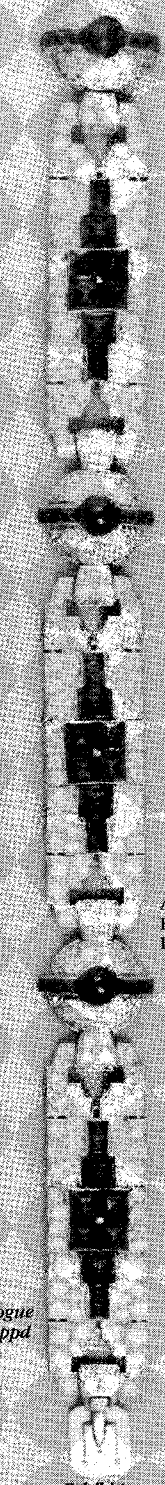

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bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny —which Truffaut had never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, a daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 3.)

Sweet Hours (1982; "Dulces Horas")—Another graceful, measured Freudian-fantasy game by the Spanish writer-director Carlos Saura. The hero (Iñaki Aierra) is a playwright so obsessed with memories of his childhood that he has written a new play that contains the key scenes of his early life. The play ("Sweet Hours") is in rehearsal, and he attends the sessions watchfully, rapt. He's searching for something. (Can it be the clue to what's always missing from Saura's films—the final burst of energy that would make everything count?) Eventually, the searching playwright dredges up the repressed material, and his Oedipus complex is resolved. Saura has given his hero a bonus—a perfect wish fulfillment —by having him fall in love with Berta (Assumpta Serna), the stunning young actress who is rehearsing the role of his mother. This might seem like an exploding Buñuelian joke, but the entire movie is cultured and dignified; it's on gliders—it's smooth and languorous, and with intricately choreographed shifts from the present to the theatrically performed past and to the remembered past. What saves it from pedantry is that from time to time the images have an erotic tingle. Something sexual hovers in the atmosphere, especially when the tall, wide-eyed Assumpta Serna is on the screen. Her smile has a teasing elusiveness a bit like that of Vanessa Redgrave. In Spanish. (11/1/82) (Film Forum; Nov. 29.)

Tess (1980)—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 3.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this picture, Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical hero of them all, found himself in Martinique, where a beautiful big cat of a girl named Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen for the first time and managed to make the question "Anybody got a match?" sound like the most insolent and insinuating of demands. Howard Hawks directed this slickly professional, thoroughly enjoyable Second World War melodrama, which was taken from what Warner Brothers advertised as Ernest Hemingway's novel, with William Faulkner listed as co-author (with Jules Furthman) of the screenplay—making this the only movie on record with two Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't be misled: it's the Warners' mixture as before—sex and politics—but better this time. Asked to explain the genesis of this film, Hawks explained that once when he and Ernest Hemingway were hunting together, he had claimed that he could take Hemingway's worst story and make a movie

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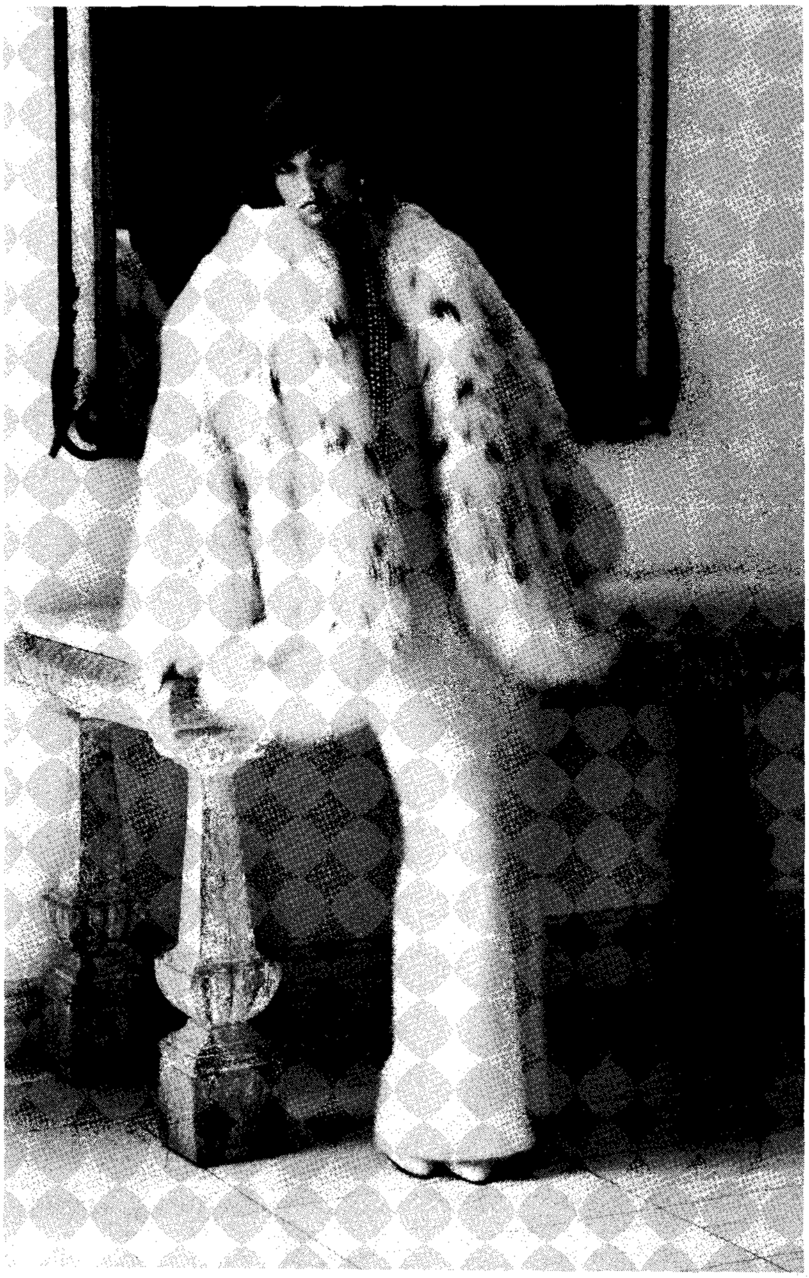

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of it. Hemingway asked which was his worst, and Hawks said "To Have and Have Not." According to Hawks, Hemingway then explained that he had written it in one sitting when he needed money. Hawks made good on his boast, but he and the screenwriters cheated a bit: the movie deals with what may have occurred in the lives of the characters before the novel beings. (Footnotes for somebody's Ph.D. thesis on "Novel Into Film": the novel's ending was used to polish off John Huston's film version of Maxwell Anderson's dreary play "Key Largo;" the novel's plot was used for another movie, "The Breaking Point," directed by Michael Curtiz, in 1950; and the short story "One Trip Across," which Hemingway had expanded into "To Have and Have Not," was used for an Audie Murphy movie, "The Gun Runners," directed by Don Siegel, in 1958. And no doubt the Hawks version altered the Heminway original in order to combine elements that had made big box office of Curtiz's "Casablanca.") This film belongs to the movie era in which characters were clearly defined, and if a man was perverse, you knew he was a Nazi. The refreshingly, daringly sexy Bacall burst through the conventions of the era. A writer said of her that her "husky, underslung voice, which is ideal for the double-entendre, makes even her simplest remarks sound like jungle mating cries." Hoagy Carmichael provides the music and accompaniment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singing voice is that of Andy Williams, and it never sounded sexier than when coming out of her. Lauren Bacall's début had, in a sense, been pretested: Jules Furthman had worked out that good-bad girl act for Betty Compson in "Docks of New York" (1928), and perfected it on Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" (1930). With Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour (literally the heavy). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—As the madam of a Mexican bordello, Marlene Dietrich (done up in her gypsy makeup from "Golden Earrings" of 1947) greets the grotesquely oversized, padded, false-nosed Orson Welles with a glorious understatement—"You're a mess, honey. You've been eating too much candy." When the final bullet punctures him and he is floating in the water like a dead whale, she eulogizes: "What can you say about anybody? He was some kind of a man. . . ." That may be one of the worst lines ever written or a parody of bad writing—the funeral scene in "Death of a Salesman." Welles' first American production in a decade, this marvellously garish thriller has something, but not very much, to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. What it really has to do with is love of the film medium; and if Welles can't resist the candy of shadows and angles and baroque décor he turns it into stronger fare than most directors' solemn meat and potatoes. It's a terrific entertainment. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mercedes McCambridge, Janet Leigh, Dennis Weaver, Valentin De Vargas, Joanna Moore, Harry Shannon, and Ray Collins. Cinematography by Russell Metty; filmed at Universal Studios and partly on location at Venice, California. The script, credited to Welles, is supposed to be a free adaptation of Whit Masterson's novel, "Badge of Evil." When the picture opened, in 1958, it was 93 minutes long and some scenes were said to have been added that were directed by Harry Keller. This version, released in 1976, runs 108 minutes and is said to represent Welles' original intentions. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; Nov. 29.)

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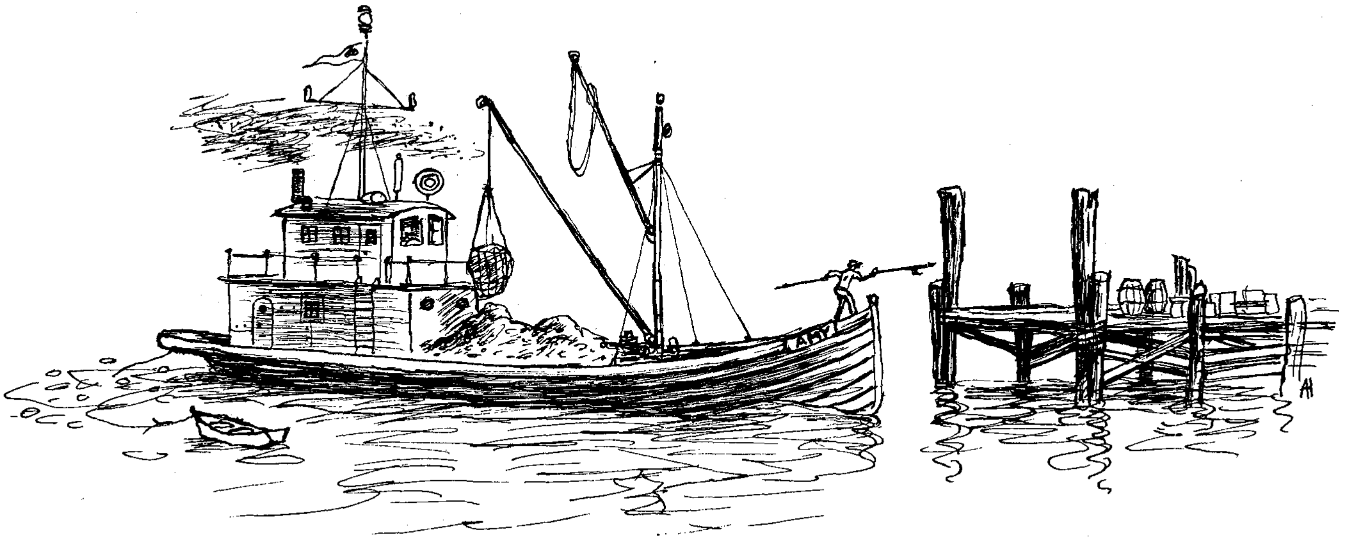
True Confessions (1981)—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 24.)

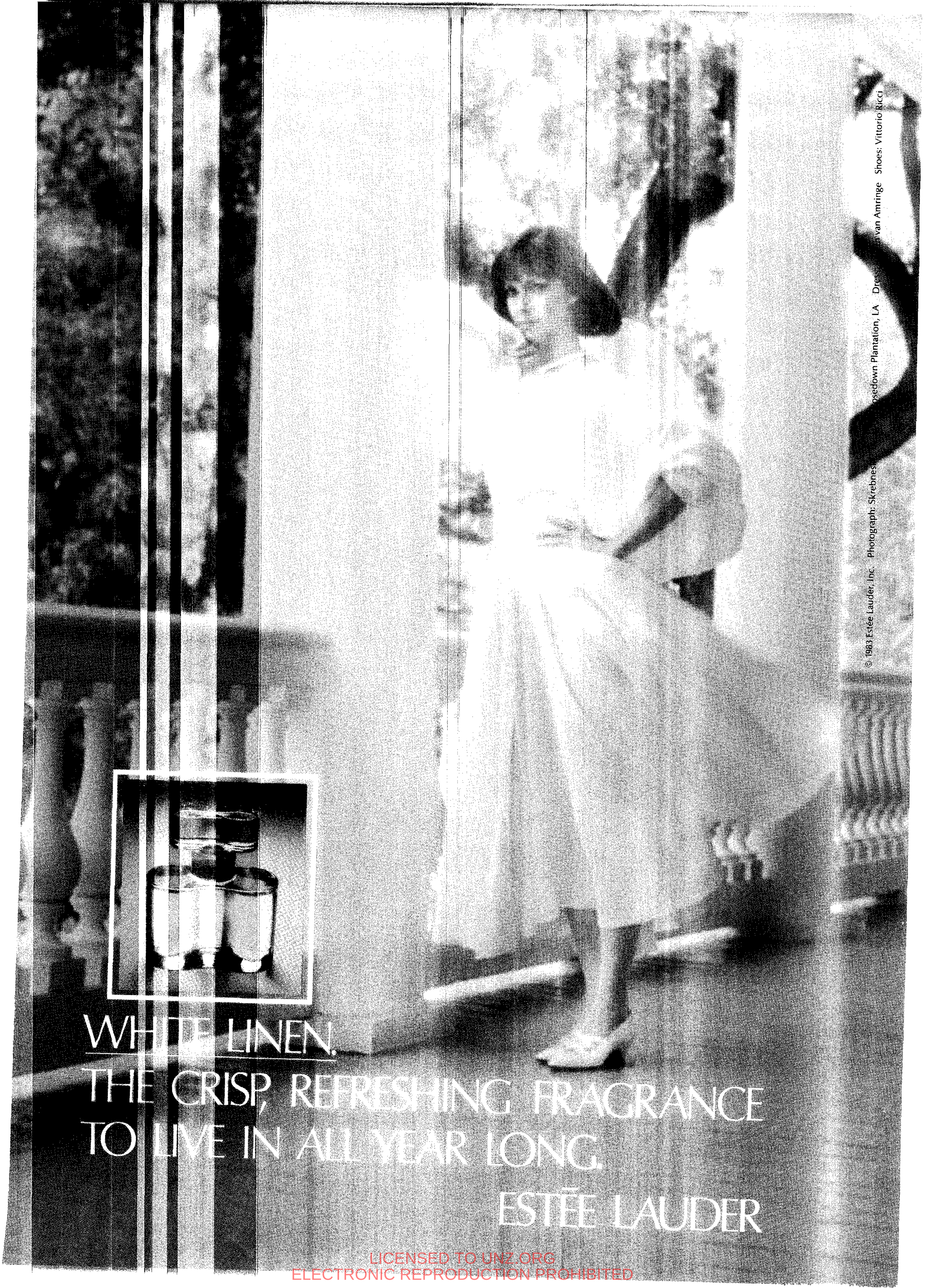
Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness, by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 24.)

The Whisperers (1967)—Essentially a character portrait of a lonely old pensioner (Edith Evans), in a grimy English industrial town, who chats to herself and has moved into a fantasy world, this film gives one the feeling that it should be loose, discovered material. But though the director, Bryan Forbes, is talented, everything—the furniture, the streets, the people's expressions—looks planned for the camera, and we are led to see things in such a limited way that even what is intelligent and well acted seems false. Not Edith Evans, however. Her performance is so varied—so commanding and noble even when she's rummaging around in old newspapers or talking paranoid nonsense—that she transcends the melodramatic incidents involving a criminal son (Ronald Fraser), a seedy husband (Eric Portman) who deserted her, and a sympathetic social worker (Leonard Rossiter, so conscious of playing kindness you want to smack him). Evans' full-scale performance—the creation of a senile woman's inner life—confers greatness on this otherwise mediocre British film. Forbes wrote the screenplay, from Robert Nicolson's novel. With Nanette Newman, Avis Bunnage, Margaret Tyzack, and Kenneth Griffith. (Regency; Nov. 29-30.)

Yentl—With Barbra Streisand and Mandy Patinkin, directed by Streisand. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 25-Dec. 1.)

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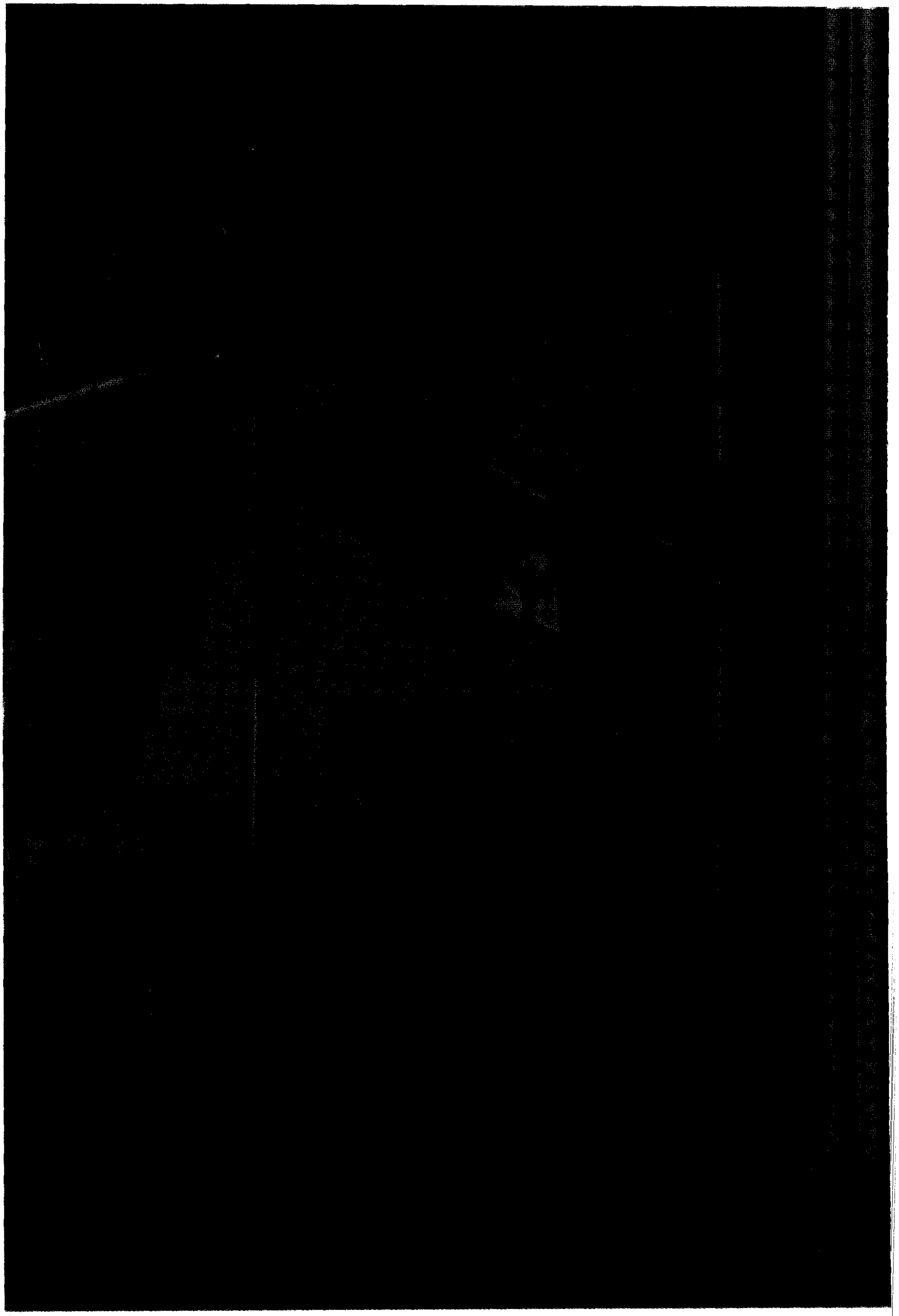

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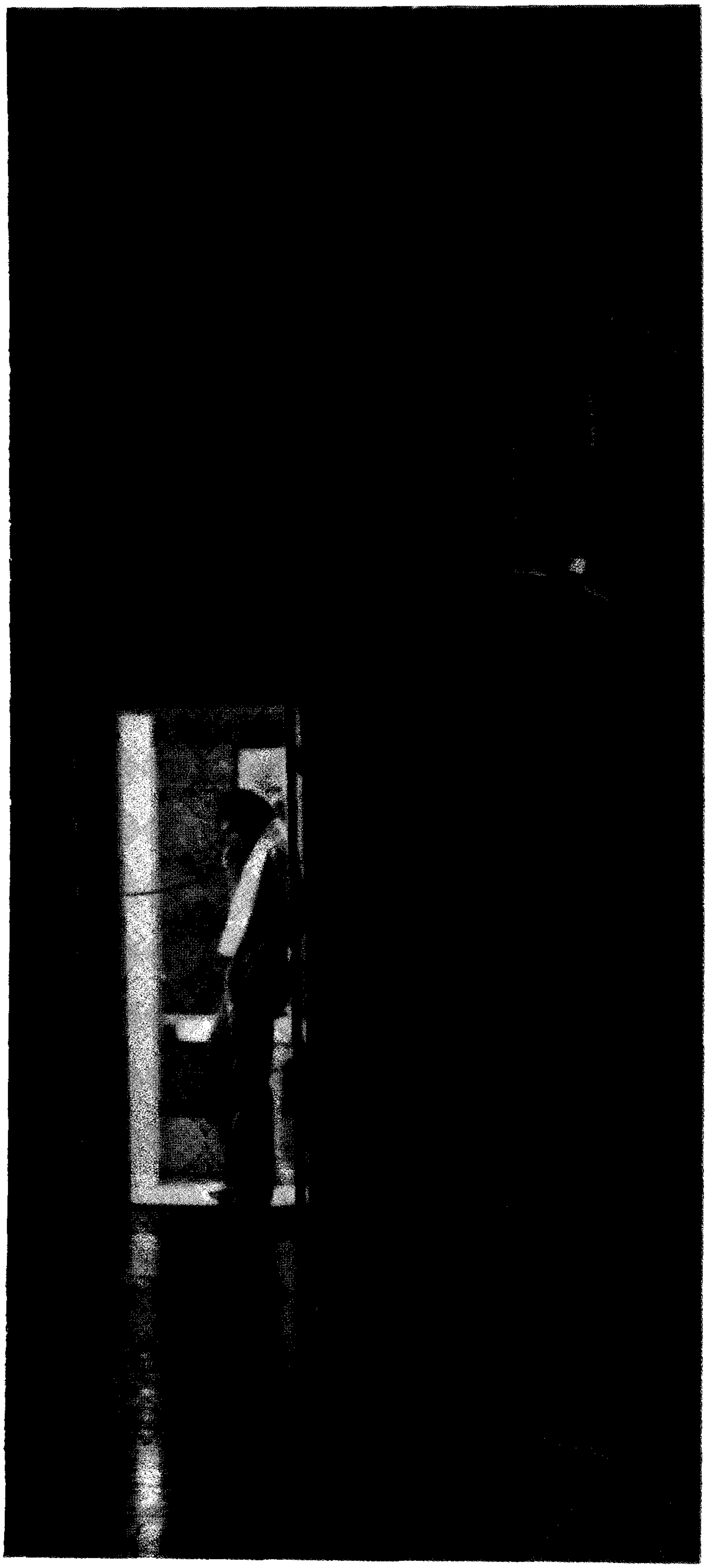

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Marc?

Yes?

It's me. Biffy.

Yes?

We met last week. At the Wexlers'.
You were examining my décolletage

I was admiring your brooch.
The cameo of your grandmother.

In a pig's eye! You blushed when I
caught you at it. How very
un-European of you!

It is a trick I perform. It creates
an air of boyish charm.

I'd like to see you.

I, too.

I have a bottle of cheap Algerian
wine, some soggy crab dip, and an
apartment with a magnificent view
of a brick wall. Would you like to
come over?

For such an elegant invitation, I
will shave elegantly, and comb
my hair elegantly, and then
I will take some Paco Rabanne,
which is a most elegant cologne,
and I will carefully place it here
and there, after which, my dear Buffy...

The name is Biffy. And if you step
on it, I'll wear my cameo brooch.

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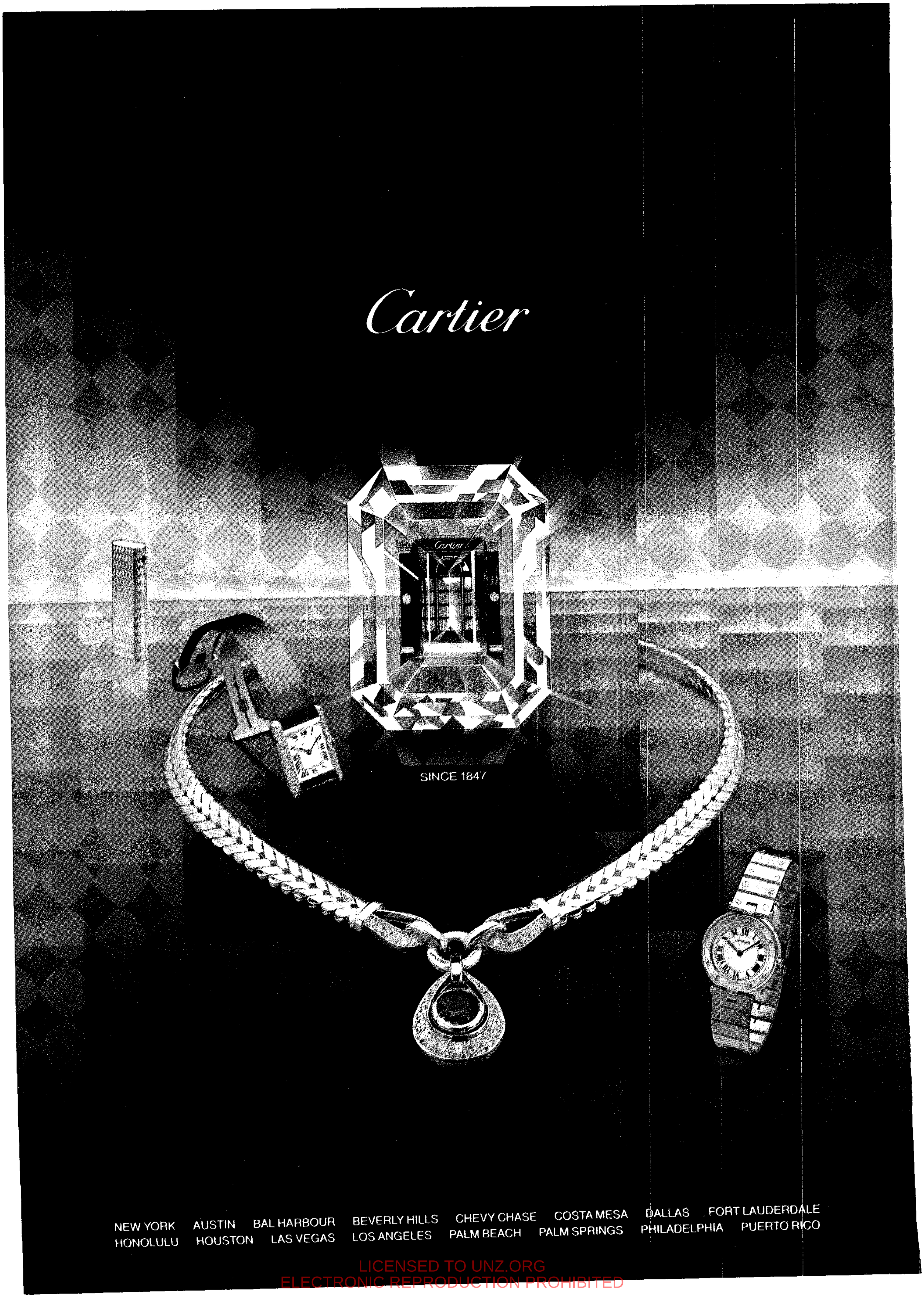
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THE NEW YORKER

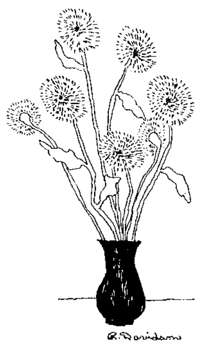
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A JOURNALIST friend of ours writes:

I don't want to join whatever is left of the debate over the merits of the United States invasion of Grenada, but I do want to add my voice to those that are condemning the decision by our government to bar the press during the invasion and its immediate aftermath. Many of the arguments against the government's decision have already been aired, and I won't repeat those—I'll just add an Amen. But, as one of the journalists left stewing in the Barbados airport as a result of that decision, as one who later got in and spent a few days among the Grenadian people, I also want to add a word of caution about forming opinions and public policy on the basis of the way the Grenadians reacted to what they almost universally refer to as the American "rescue mission."

What worries me is how muddied the waters have become over who was rescuing whom from what. The American invasion occurred at a time when Grenadians were in a state of shock and disorientation as a result of the execution of their Prime Minister, Maurice Bishop. Despite the fact that there were Grenadians who disapproved of some of the policies of the People's Revolutionary Government, Bishop himself was regarded as almost separate and apart from those policies. He was a charismatic and much-loved figure. Many Grenadians told me that the reason thousands of people marched past armed guards—members of the People's Revolutionary Army—to remove Mr. Bishop from house arrest was that they wanted to hear from his lips what it was that had precipitated the split in the government and why he had been placed under house arrest. But, as we all know, Mr. Bishop was killed before he could tell the people what had happened. His assassination and the simultaneous murder of a still undetermined number of innocent men, women, and children who had come to hear him speak appeared to be among the first acts of the new ruling group, and they were acts that introduced a new level of fear among the Grenadian people. There was unquestionably fear among them during the Bishop regime, too. Some people who had spoken out against the government were detained—often with indeterminate sentences. At the time of the invasion, there were political detainees who had been in prison for three years. But, deplorable though that was, Grenadians at least knew what the ground rules were. You stayed out of trouble if you stayed out of politics. As one Grenadian businessman put it, if you did decide to speak out "you had to be either very foolish or very careless or very brave." Once Bishop was executed and the old ground rules had clearly been suspended—for there had been no mass killings during his regime—the people became disoriented: Why did members of the new ruling group kill Bishop? Why did they fire on the people? Could I be next?



With all communication with the outside world shut down, and with fear rampant over the ominous direction the new "government" was taking, enter American bombs and artillery fire, helicopter gunships, and fifteen thousand troops. From their front yard, a Grenadian man and woman I spoke with had seen first an American bomb fall on the Prime Minister's office and then, shortly after that, what looked to be a carful of members of the People's Revolutionary Army drive up and set fire to the place. Except in old movies, Grenadians had never seen anything like it. Yet a number of them told me how, instead of taking cover, many Grenadians strolled down the streets almost oblivious of the danger from above their heads and from all sides.

The first contact with the outside world that the people of Grenada had was with the American military, and this came at the point at which they were most vulnerable, most frightened, and most in need of solid information. Because Grenada is so small, information travels with the speed of light. Our military provided the information that they were there to rescue the Grenadians from godless Communism; that they had documents proving that the Cubans and the Russians had planned to take over Grenada; that they had found enormous arms caches that were clearly intended for use in the overthrow of their government—the Bishop government, incidentally, since the plans were drawn up before Bishop was assassinated. Grenadian people are religious—the vast majority of them Roman Catholics, although there are some Anglicans and others. Whatever freedoms may have been suppressed or curtailed, religion had not been one of them. In addition, as I said, they loved Bishop. To suggest that some godless foreign power planned to overthrow him would have been indeed upsetting.

So that was the news that the American forces brought with them, and that was the news that spread through the island for two days before anyone other than our military was allowed in. And that was the news that the Grenadian people gave back to the press and others once the embargo was lifted. And that is the news on which

United States public opinion and congressional reaction are being based.

But, as we are learning, some of that news was wrong. We have yet to see the documents on the plans to overthrow the Grenadian government, and people who have seen them have conflicting interpretations of what they prove. Despite notes from a Central Committee meeting which reveal some of the sources of the conflict within the People's Revolutionary Government, we still don't know why Maurice Bishop and almost half of his Cabinet were executed. How much more we would have known if the press had been allowed to cover the invasion from the first day is a question I can't answer. One thing we might have known but will never be capable of discovering now is how the Grenadian people really felt before we told them how they felt and why.

• •

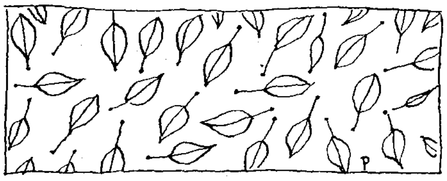
Rally Round

"I HAVE a heavy heart," John Grillo said. "I have *eight* gross of Italian flags. They were for Columbus Day. But the Cardinal, God rest his soul, passed away, and they called off the parade." It had happened before. Mr. Grillo raised thirty-six thousand dollars the year before the Bicentennial, and with the money he bought flags, thinking to sell them at a profit. "I am an opportunist," he explained. As a result of some administrative mixup, however, his ad was left out of the Westchester phone book. Many Bicentennial flags remain in his basement. "Eight gross of Italian flags, all sizes," Mr. Grillo said. "But if the Italians win some soccer games I'll be able to get rid of them."

Many of the other people who attended the seventeenth annual conference of the North American Vexillological Association (NAVA), America's sole flag-scholarship society, which was recently held in the Sky Garden of the St. Moritz Hotel, also seemed mildly distressed about flag-related things. Phil Allen, who designs flags and loads Pepsi trucks in Berkeley, California, said that most American states, and especially the ones in the North and West, fly dull and virtually indistinguishable flags. And a lot of people in Berkeley have not lined up behind Mr. Allen's proposal for a city flag, which would have gold zigzags on a field of red with a serrated edge. "I'm trying to burst out of rigid rectangularity," said Mr. Allen. "I'm also trying to explore the uses of some unfavored colors. Orange is rare in flags, and brown is rarer still. Even light blue is frowned upon by purists. I'm just exploring, though; I'm not trying to be a creep about it." Mr. Allen showed us some flags he liked, including Liechtenstein's, Albania's, and Saudi Arabia's. Using the back of a napkin, he sketched his idea for a world flag, but predicted that it would not win widespread acceptance even if the world someday needed a flag. "It's a field of pink—I consider pastel colors to represent intellectual and metaphysical properties—with a circle of red, and a crescent of gold above the circle, as if the sun were rising over the earth."

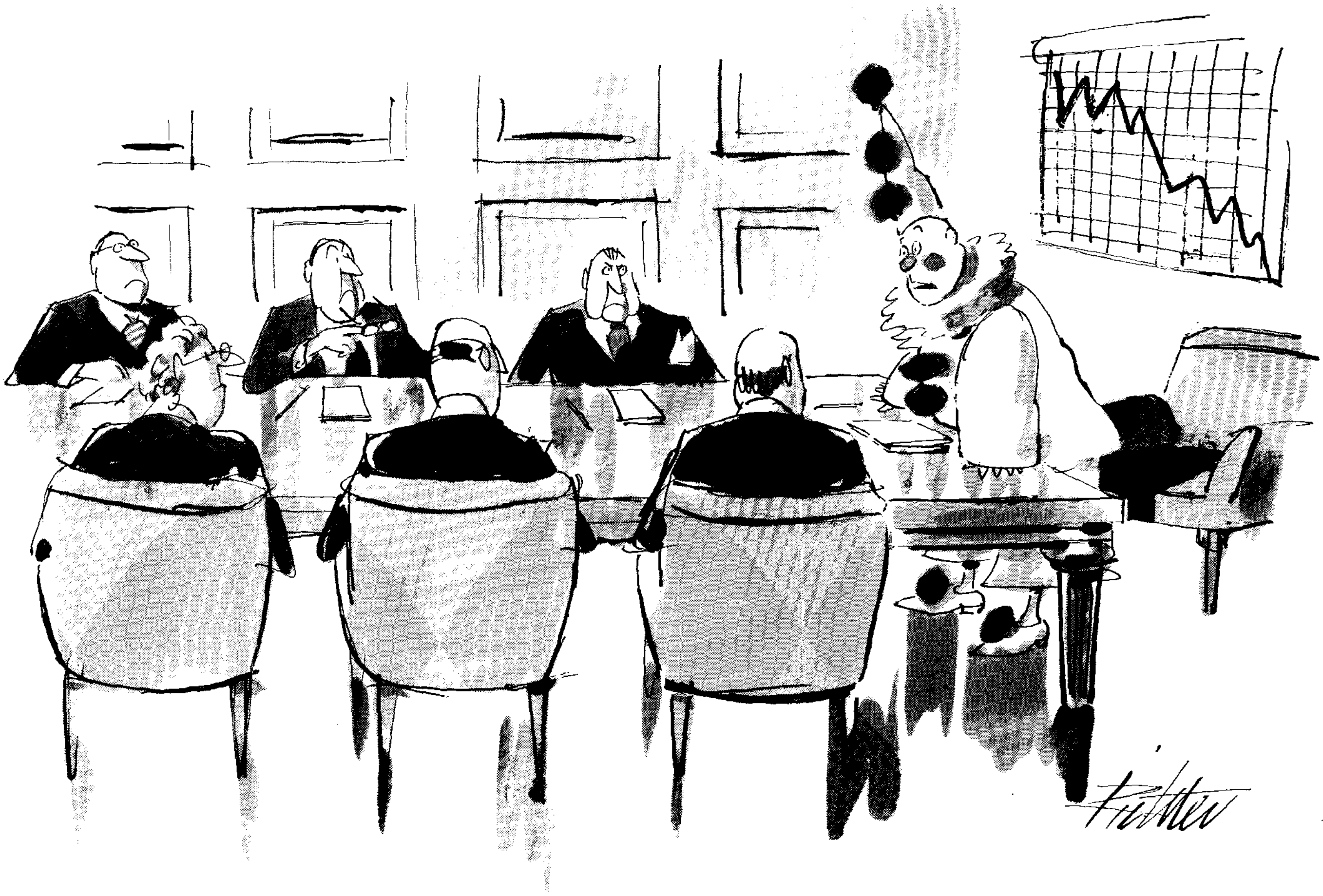
Dr. Whitney Smith—known to friends (and if he has foes then surely to them as well) as Mr. Vexillology—also shared a few complaints with us. Even though he has written seventeen books about flags and supports himself full time as a flag consultant and designer, Dr. Smith sometimes feels that people who do not belong to NAVA or to the International Federation of Vexillological Associations fail fully to appreciate flags. "Someone wrote of them once as 'the floral border to the garden of history,' " Dr. Smith said. "Hell! Men and women have died for flags. They are used to assert property rights, victory, obeisance. We get married under flags. We salute the dead with flags. I am a social scientist trying to understand the flag as a symbol—as a graphic and overt manifestation of social intercourse." Dr. Smith coined the term "vexillology," and has attended all the international vexillological conferences and all seventeen NAVA conclaves, and served for a decade as the president of NAVA. One friendly split in the group, he reported, divides vexillologists from patriots. "They're diametrically opposed," he explained. "I like to think of myself as a Martian dropped on earth, and I see all these pieces of cloth on sticks. They're all interesting to me. But a patriot cares only about his own flag."

One man interested in a big way in his own flag is John Hartvigsen, who on the first day of the conference gave an after-dinner speech, with slides, about the largest flags in American history. The flag at Fort McHenry—a replica of *the* Star-Spangled Banner—is thirty feet by forty-two, which is big enough so that it once picked up the Park Ranger trying to lower it and nearly dashed him against a wall. Bigger still was a fifty-by-ninety-five-foot flag they made at Amoskeag Mills, in Manchester, New Hampshire, at the turn of the century, which in the course of its construction was never allowed to touch the ground. Biggest of all was an Old Glory two hundred and ten feet by four hundred and ten feet—that's nearly two acres—with stars thirteen feet across. The maker of this particular flag, which is of knit polyester coated with Teflon and weighs seven tons, tried to donate it to the Smithsonian, but the Smithsonian regretfully declined. Though Mr. Hartvigsen's slide talk was well received, even he was not all smiles. "We are a small group with an enormous task," he told the NAVA members huddled in the St. Moritz Sky Garden, who numbered seventy-five. "We *must* increase flag sensitivity. Flags tend to blend into the background." Often, he pointed out, reporters covering parades neglect to mention the flags that marchers carry.



As the dawn's early light faded the next morning, Commander Bruce Nicolls strode to the rostrum to deliver a savvy and witty lecture—in our estimation, the best of the weekend—which he had titled "A Sense of Proportion: A Review of the Changing Proportions of Rectangular Flags Since Medieval Times, and Some Suggestions for the Future." Noting that originally—say, back in 1198—flags were considerably taller than they were broad, Commander Nicolls speculated that perhaps problems with wear and tear had contributed to a gradual stretching. "A vertical flag might be more likely to fray, given its higher rate of flapping, or 'flap frequency,' " he said. He chronicled the history of the English royal standard right through to the present flag, "in which the four royal lions are stretched beyond reasonable limits," and then suggested that Samuel Pepys, the diarist and vexillologist, had been about correct in recommending a fly of eighteen inches for a height of eleven inches. Such proportions, the Commander noted, approximated the golden rectangle prescribed by the ancients.

As we left the hotel, Mr. Allen handed us a small convention flag of his design—a red apple decorated to



"Gentlemen, la commedia è finita!"

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look like a subway token on a field of orange, white, and blue, which are the city colors.

Hai Hittouman!

ONCE, when the Japanese art director Eiko Ishioka was in the Sahara, she paused for a rest. Looking up, she saw, as if in a mirage, the solitary figure of a nomad woman approach as a speck from the distant dunes, pass by—in brilliant-colored robes, her silver ornaments tinkling and flashing in the sun, her feet swishing through the soft sand—and then recede and vanish over the horizon. We had a similar experience last week when Miss Ishioka, in town to launch "Eiko by Eiko," a picture book that records her remarkable career to date, stopped by, opened the pages for us, and then was gone again. Not that Miss Ishioka's personal style runs to flash or ornament; on the contrary, she was dressed soberly, if fashionably, in a roomy garment of a black-and-white fabric such as is used for kimonos worn by elderly Japanese men. She wore no jewelry and little makeup; only long, wavy hair, standing out like a gentle blue-black nimbus, served to soften her face—a strong face, with a full, purposeful mouth and very penetrating eyes. We have rarely encountered as much energy as that concentrated in Miss Ishioka's small person; we have never encountered anything quite like her enormous, six-pound book. It is published in this country by the New York firm of Callaway and in Japan by the firm of Kyuryudo—for whom it represented a departure, being by a living artist and bearing little resemblance to thousand-dollar facsimiles of ancient scrolls, which Kyuryudo had previously concentrated on. "Eiko by Eiko" celebrates all facets of a career that can scarcely be encompassed by the titles "art director" and "designer," for it includes work, in collaboration with many famous, talented people, in media as varied as posters, television commercials, record covers, stage design, photographic exhibitions, fashion shows, books, magazines, newspapers, and textile design. Eiko Ishioka has been a household name in Japan since she won a big design prize at the age of twenty-seven. Now in her mid-forties, she is part of an energetic Japanese generation, whose formative years were marked by the hardships of war. ("After the war, we never forgot being hungry," she said to us last week. "That is why our generation is so *powerful*.") Not for nothing are the images in Miss Ishioka's book kicked off with one of her most forceful visions: the poster design for the Japanese launching of Francis Coppola's "Apocalypse Now."

Miss Ishioka is also part of a Japanese generation that takes commercialism and materialism in its stride; advertising and the mass media seem to her the natural tools for her formidable artistic self-expression. Of all her clients, the one she is most closely associated with is Parco, a chain of shopping complexes consisting of boutiques, restaurants, bookstores, galleries, and theatres (described as a combination of Bloomingdale's and the Centre Pompidou), which is itself an offshoot of the huge retailing and industrial conglomerate Seibu. Her book brings back some of her Parco advertising campaigns of past years—one with a rock star, the Japanese equivalent of Mick Jagger, photographed in the Philippines without any clothes on, for instance, and one in which Faye Dunaway, wearing a wisp of a nose veil, is seen in a television commercial very, very slowly eating a hard-boiled egg. From a hugely successful 1977 multimedia campaign called "Ah, Our Roots!" comes a series of images of remote and primitive ways of life, including a multiplication of Miss Ishioka's original desert sighting, with a hundred nomad women padding through the sand. Another segment is a sixty-second video spot (seen in the book as a series of Muybridge-like cinematic images) of an Indian peasant woman—with ankle bangles and nose ring, and pregnant under her colorful sari—cheerfully wielding a blacksmith's mallet while (the book informs us) a voice-over says, "*Nippon no fasshon te ittai nandaro*," or "What is Japanese fashion, anyway?" The following year, a campaign called "My Dear Superstar" took Miss Ishioka and her crew to Kenya, and resulted in a television commercial made there in which a beautiful African woman stands in the rain while a Masai chant sounds in the background and a voice-over says, "Morning I met her. Evening, I saw a flying saucer" (freeze frame; Parco logo rises; jet engine roars in the background). For the publisher Haruki Kadokawa, who is also well known as an explorer, Miss Ishioka designed a campaign to sell paperbacks which included a pair of posters bearing the slogan "*Hei hottoman hotto bukku dayo!—Hai hittouman hitto bukku dayo!*" which translates as "Hey, hot man, this is a hot book! Hi, hit woman, this is a hit book!" This campaign led Miss Ishioka into the Sahara again, together with a Japanese actor-director who had played the lead in Munich productions of "Jesus Christ Superstar" and "Hair." For Seibu's museum, the designer mounted a huge exhibition of photographs of the Nuba tribe, of the Sudan, by Leni Riefenstahl; for Seibu's chairman, Seiji Tsutsumi, who is also a well-known poet, Miss Ishioka designed every detail of a number of his books.

"To work with advertising, you must always think how to make a strong impact," Miss Ishioka told us, turning over the big, glossy pages of her book with one hand and forming the other into something akin to a fist. "And everything I do I must do ten times as strong as a man. I don't want people to say 'Eiko is a *woman* artist.' I want them to say 'Eiko is a *great* artist.' " She stopped at a photograph of the French actress Aurore Clément dressed in a kimono for a Parco poster. "They tied it in the formal way, and she said to me, 'Eiko-san, I can't take it,' then she fainted. Kimono looks very elegant. Moving in kimono looks very elegant." Miss Ishioka made little trotting motions with her hands. "Men like women in kimono. But we don't live in traditional houses, or in traditional ways. I don't want to wear the kimono. Women cannot move *strongly* in a kimono!"

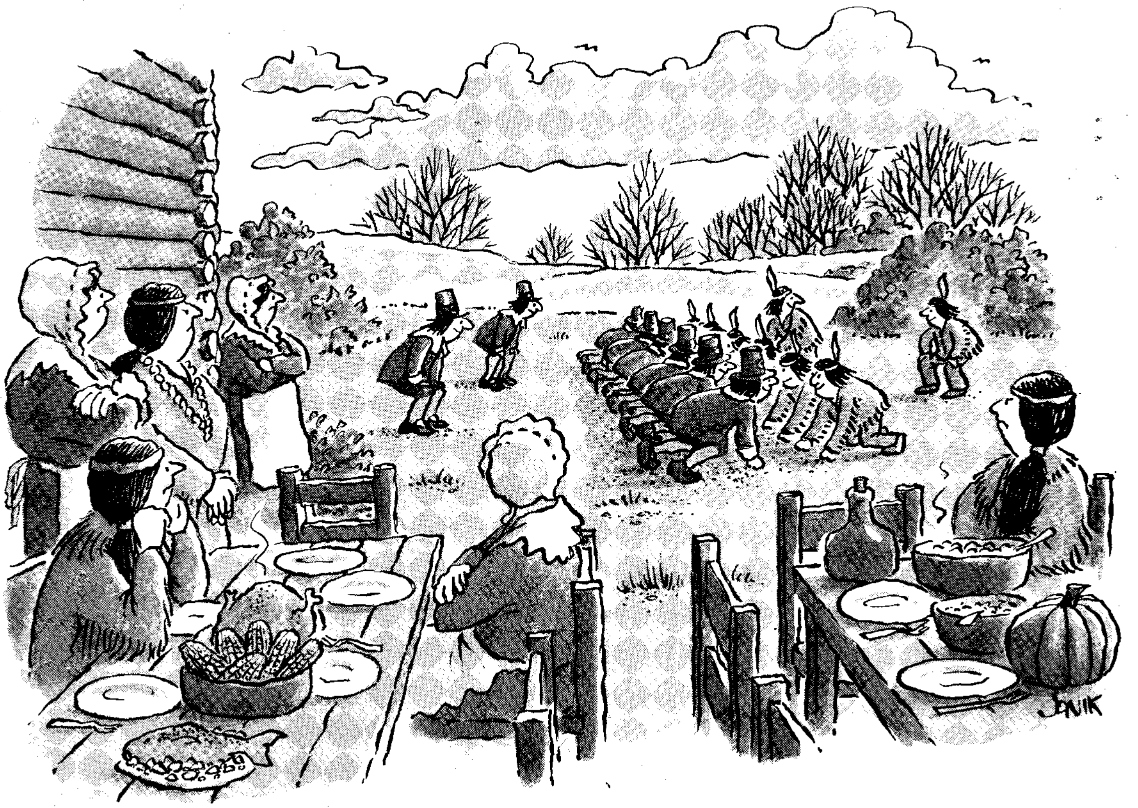
Miss Ishioka came to a page on which the word "HOLIDAY" loomed over two sets of stylized and air-brushed buttocks rising out of a horizon where two highways met and vanished, with bright-red airplanes diving all over the sky. She had drawn this illustration herself, she said.

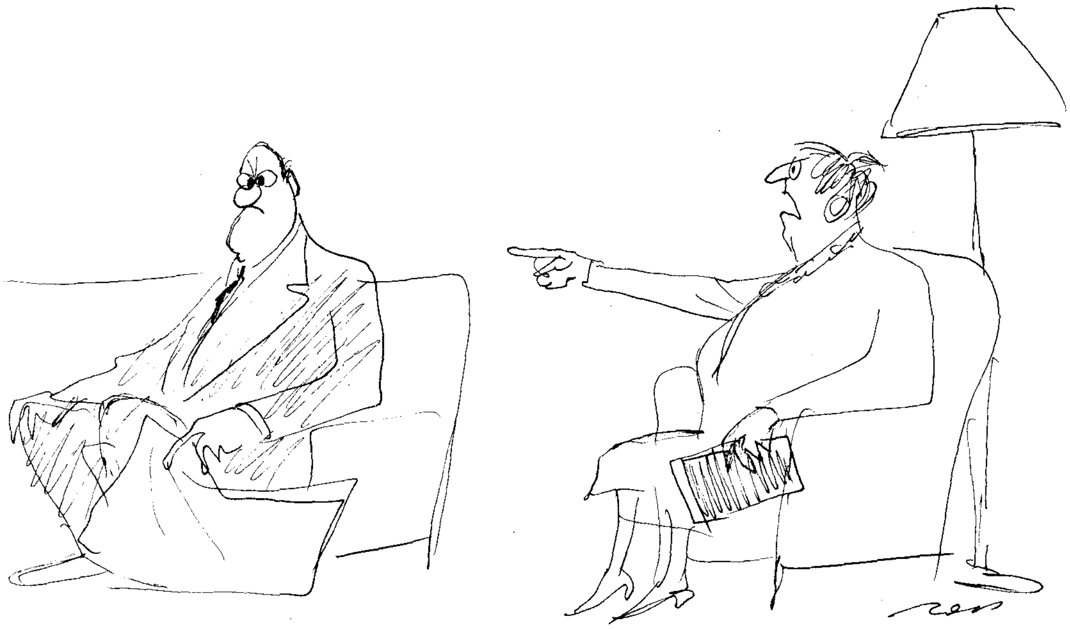
What, we ventured, did it mean?

"I just wanted to draw the highway, jet planes coming down, like so," she said dismissively, flicking at the two bottoms with the knuckles of a small, strong hand.

Tuesday Morning in the Fast Lane

A NICE thing to say about a car—a stripped-down '57 Chevy on blocks in your neighbor's back yard, for instance—is "What a beaut!" It sounds even better accompanied by a long, admiring whistle. We felt like saying "What a beaut!" and whistling when we saw the seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar honey-beige-and-burgundy Rolls-Royce with headlights the size of basketballs in the window of the city's new Rolls dealership, but, conscious of our environs, we refrained. Instead, having entered the premises, we sipped at our champagne, murmured "Exquisite," and turned to gawk at the Silver Spurs and Corniche convertibles littering the showroom floor. It was nine-thirty Tuesday morning, and we were on hand to watch the opening of Manhattan's sole Rolls dealership—Carriage House Motor Cars, Ltd., on East Sixty-first Street. Charles Bamberger, Carriage House vice-president, gently steered us away from the three-quarter-million-dollar classic—built by Michael Todd for Elizabeth Taylor—and showed us a 1983 Silver Spirit instead. "It's the least expensive—I don't want to say the cheapest—at ninety-eight thousand dollars," he said. "The leather for the seats is from cattle bred in Scandinavia. They were not allowed near barbed





"There's that look again!"

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wire, so there are no marks on the leather." Mr. Bamberger let us open and close the front door a few times; the *thunk* was, as we expected, solid and alluring. Peter Ward, Rolls' managing director of marketing, saw our expression and came across the showroom floor to say, "Just imagine cruising in this baby down the highway. It makes you feel like a million dollars even if you don't have a million dollars." We sensed a logical flaw somewhere in Mr. Ward's statement, but instead of searching it out we went off to find another croissant, and on the way we bumped into Michael Sedgwick, a real English town crier, who had flown over from London to assist at the Carriage House opening. His hat had been stolen, so he was wearing a Colonial tricorne, but the rest of his red-and-gold costume stood out against the brick and brass. "Oyez, oyez, oyez," Mr. Sedgwick said. "To be a town crier, you need a good set of lungs so you can project, you need some volume control for indoor events, and you need the ability to ring a bell. I work a number of country fairs, various pageants, and the occasional garden fête."

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PURSUED by a champagne-toting waiter of the Half Empty philosophical school, we fled the Rolls showroom and hopped in a cab (Ford Fairmont), which rushed us to the next event on our schedule, an 11 A.M. press conference called by the Alfa Romeo firm. Held at the Water Club, on East Thirtieth Street, the session offered cocktails, a sensational view of industrial Queens, and an opportunity to listen to Ettore Massacesi, the president of Alfa Romeo. He assured all assembled that his company wanted to sell motorcars—especially a new joint Italian-Japanese design—to Americans, "who are widely known to be connoisseurs of fine automobiles." Later, he told us privately that Enzo Ferrari, the patriarch of a *different* firm producing fine Italian automobiles (a firm that shall go nameless), had actually worked as a mechanic for the Alfa Romeo racing team until he started out on his own, shortly before the Second World War. We talked with Dr. Frank Iacobellis, who is a dermatologist but, more to the point, is also a leading member of the Alfa Romeo Owners Club. He said that he at one time owned two Spiders and now owns a GTV6, and that his group was sometimes forced to be critical of Alfa Romeo's management for not offering all the models of its fine automobile to American connoisseurs. Dr. Iacobellis noticed us staring at the Alfa Romeo emblem, and said, "It's a serpent eating an infidel. I think it dates from the Crusades. But the company doesn't stress that aspect, because there are a number of infidels who buy cars."

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FROM the Water Club, we hurried uptown to Hurlingham's restaurant, at the New York Hilton, where, at precisely noon, we found Lola Preiss approaching a clinical state known as public-relations ecstasy. "We won the race!" she said several times. "Someone just told me that the radio said *we won the race*." The race was to get the first bottle of this year's Beaujolais Nouveau to a Manhattan restaurant. Beaujolais Nouveaux, which are to be drunk within six months of being bottled, lest they lose their flavor, are released from the Beaujolais area of France at 12:01 A.M. each November 15th. From there, they are flown to New York, Chicago, Houston, and other cities, in each of which American distribution begins at 6:01 A.M. "We had the hotel limo go out and wait, and they rushed it back to the loading dock, where we time-stamped the carton," Miss Preiss said.

As lunch began, the steward uncorked the bottle and poured a glass for a food writer sitting to our left. She sniffed and swirled and swallowed and then closed her eyes; after seventeen seconds, she said, faintly, "Well, it's a baby." There was general agreement around the table that the wine started off a little fruity and finished with an acid rush—or the other way around. Anyway, after two or three bottles the ratings turned increasingly rosy. People—especially the free-lance wine expert Sheldon Wasserman—were using endearments like "quaffable," "charming," and "full of forthright character." As we lingered over wild-boar pâté and roast venison, the table chatted about where the color in wine comes from (not from the juice of the grape, which is clear, but from the skin), who won the trophies that grace Hurlingham's Trophy Room (nobody; an interior designer picked them out), whether or not one can eat Muscovy duck on Thanksgiving Day (one can or one cannot, depending on the condition of one's soul), and why a Midwestern state once prohibited the shooting of buffalo from the running boards of automobiles (considerations of fairness). By meal's end, we were all fast friends of the '83 Beaujolais Nouveau. "It's not a wine to contemplate," said Sheldon. "It's a wine to drink."

DAME OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, BBC

"IT'S extraordinary that they didn't get B.H.," said Yseult, an actress with elocution famous all over England. If only Wilde were still alive to write for her, radio listeners said. If only Congreve.

"B.H.?" said Bell, the young pregnant wife of the assistant producer. She had not yet grown used to the reign of initials at the BBC. The D.G. was the Director-General. She had once been engaged to the D.O.P.S., the Director of Overseas Programme Services. Baffled by him, though already keenly missing their future, she talked to the vicar and cancelled the wedding time reserved at the church.

Yseult, D.B.E. (Dame of the British Empire), sipped her wine. "B.H., dear. Broadcasting House. From the air, the roof is the shape of a battleship. Obviously the easiest point for a crucial direct hit. They got a great deal of Harley Street. But B.H. carried on. I remember the miracle of it, even though I was only a small child."

The second great actress at this dinner party was called Nora, also a D.B.E. The dinner, an anxious one, was at a refectory table in a house of wood and glass beside an inlet of the Thames near Henley. Nora said, "Yes, I remember. I was in the Wrens. I hadn't thought of you as being a child in the Blitz, Yseult."

"You *remember*?" said Yseult. "I've only really heard about it. From my father, who was on fire duty. My little nose pressed against the windowpane in Portland Place. I couldn't sleep. I've never been an easy sleeper." ("No, you haven't," her husband had said long ago, after banishment to the dressing room. Now dead, she thought, and I still upright, Lord help us.)

The two actresses were famous through the world for a radio duologue between haughty mistress and fast-thinking maid that was broadcast not only in England every week but also on the BBC World Service. Their enunciation was so clear, their writer so direct, that their soothed listeners in Africa flooded them with particularly devoted fan letters.

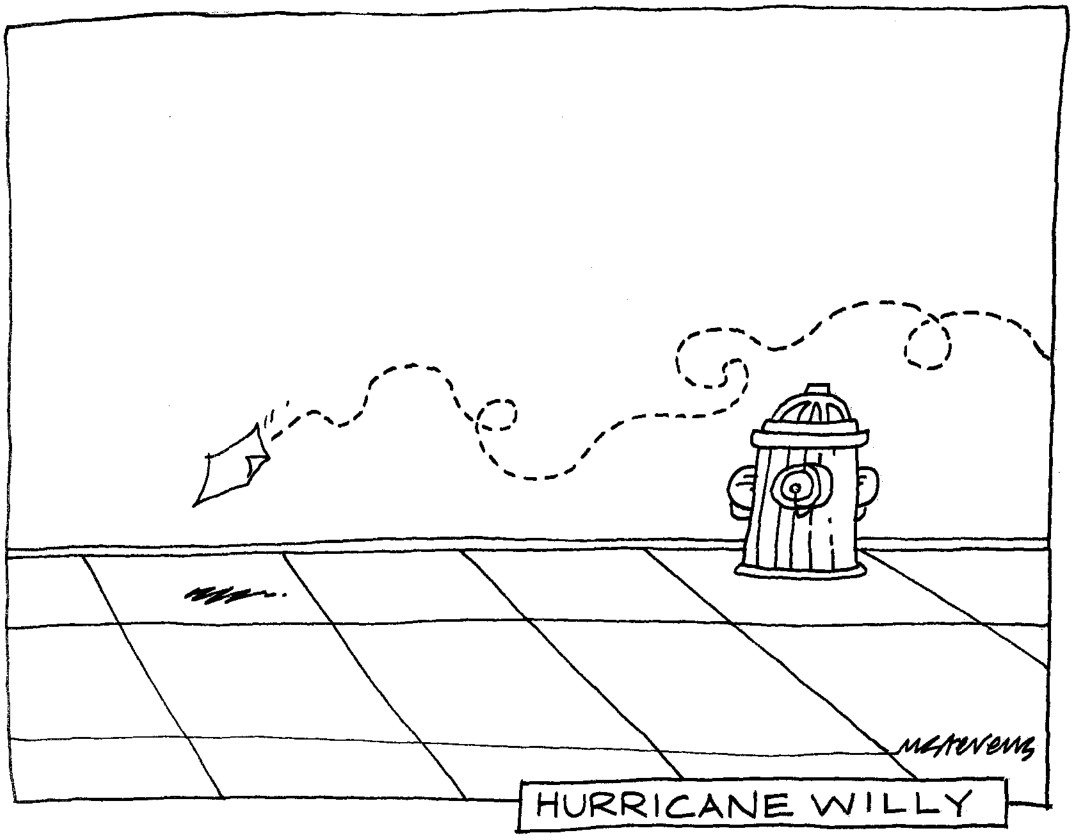
Yseult pursued the point about being old enough to recall the Blitz. She had been placed, at the last minute, at the head of the table, where the famous elocutory boom that gave sound engineers weekly trouble could do no particular harm to the people seated next to her: the obeisant assistant producer and the gentle, gray-haired head of drama, who knew the value of the series and the pitfalls of his actresses' pairing. At the foot of the table was the writer of the series, their host: a good cook, hostile to blenders and serf to a sieve.

The duo of Yseult and Nora worked on the air as it never could have done onstage. Yseult, who at six had changed her name from her baptismal one, Ann, because she thought the Arthurian motif fit for her, now stood six foot three. Possible for a character part, hard for a heroine. For ten years she had worked in opera, but her height made things difficult. The tenors with her wore the highest possible lifts inside their boots, but they still stood well below her. Costume designers always gave her long skirts, and she would sing with her knees bent; there grew into being so many cruel imitations of her Groucho walk that she was stricken. The last scald of fate's revenge came when she was singing in "La Sonnambula" and the bridge in the sleepwalking scene failed to break as it should have. The stage manager wondered whether to bring down the curtain. The conductor dithered. She led the orchestra, sang more, walked back, and tried the stage trickery again. Again the bridge didn't break. Music critics in the audience started to laugh. The third time it worked, and she fell safely, to the relief of the insurance company, who were being telephoned by the money-minded director of the opera house. Her noble common sense in this notorious opera debacle, practiced by a prima donna thought to be unmitigatedly vain, went uncommended. Her pride had been scraped, but she took action of a mildness not attributed to her. Only one other person at the table knew what she had achieved: the writer and host had been there. To the others, including the kindly Nora, no Ibsen door-banger, she was as she had always seemed: invulnerably sure of herself and prone to the stupidity that often goes with competitiveness.

So. Yseult at the head of the table, hastily placed there instead of at her host's right, so that she could lead the table in general without doing harm in the

"Nobody is perfect, sir."

particular; Nora on the host's right; the host, tall, witty, with long legs that tangled like poles in a ski fall; the assistant producer; his wife, Bell, already feeling her own hand in her lap as separate from herself, as if the baby.



HURRICANE WILLY

"Have some more of this curious stew," said the host.

"Curious it is," said Yseult. "In the vein of farce, as the cuisine modes go."

"Yseult," said Nora. "He had to cook for one person on the Scarsdale Diet, one person allergic to dairy products, one vegetarian, one person who swells up on anything farinaceous. So we might have had a hot-pot of polyunsaturated margarine and fresh basil and turnip broth, wouldn't you say?"

"How are your cows?" said the pregnant girl with true interest.

"Well, darling," said Nora, "we haven't had the right weather this year, so we've only been getting twenty gallons from the ones who usually give us thirty. So we've got to be patient until they have calves again next year and lactate again. It's the one thing we can't blame on the recession."

"I was thinking about them," said Bell.

Nora turned to her. "Yes. I've moved from the house, you know. After Billy's death it was too big. So I switched to one of the dairyman's cottages. My daughter called it the Old Cow's House and I thought it was funny at first, but now it makes me feel old. I hope a sense of humor doesn't pass, like the capacity to do backbends."

"Can you do backbends?" said the assistant producer. "Or could you?"

"Now only if I use a wall or a doorjamb." Nora made a "May I?" face at her host and did a backbend down the doorjamb of the door behind the open-plan kitchen, the house within being architect-designed and short of doors.

Bell clapped. Yseult said, "Wonderfully achieved." She could have made "Hello" sound like a full line of Racine, if such a word had been in his vocabulary. She and Nora had played together for so long, with a warmth and ease owed mostly to Nora's sunny well-being, that not many people around even this table knew that the quick sophistications plied between the two great actresses playing soap-opera situations in Restoration style emanated as much from Yseult as from Nora, or that Yseult was fighting for something. Her life, you could say.

"I NOTICED you didn't have the ratatouille on the sundeck," said the host.

"I don't care for a first course away from table," said Yseult.

"I like the garlic in it, and the Pernod, was it? An invention? Garlic makes you sleep without dreams," said Nora.

"Garlic makes you unknowable," said the assistant producer. He was frightened by having spoken, but sped on. "The first smell of garlic comes through the soles of naked feet. Been known since Roman times. You can tell from the amount of foot-washing in the Gospels that Jesus' feet smelt." He had a drink of wine, and said, "Shortest verse in the Bible: 'Jesus stank.' "

There was a pause of horror. "Dear heart," said Yseult, putting her arthritic but beautiful hand on his, "that remark is at the level of graffiti. It's a level not up to your instep."

There was a glance between Yseult and Nora, and Nora said, "Do you remember the mess we made about the poetry reading?"

"All too well. You may tell it. Except that the mess, the *confusione*, was not made by us. It was in the passive, not the active. The mess was made."

"We were asked to give a poetry reading at a car factory," said Nora, "by a young man full of purpose about bringing poetry to the people." She paused, not laughing, which was her habit when she found herself absurd for being trapped in the jargon of liberalism. She had been chased out of a job in Hollywood because she caught the note of Fascism rising in the anti-Semitism there long before most people had picked up the wavelength. "Yseult and I were to do a lunchtime recital. At this car factory. We made a new translation of 'The Wife of Bath' to lift their spirits."

"Very little of valuable lewdness has been written for many a century. Of true value. Not pinchbeck. Don't you agree?" said Yseult to the table at large. "Now, this table itself, being of

THE HARE

The gray English road hissed emptily under the tires,
since the woods still drizzled. The sound was like foam
mixed with island rain, but the rain was Berkshire's.
He said a white hare would startle itself like a tuft
on the road's bare scalp. But, wherever it came from,
the old word "hare" shivered like "weald" or "croft"
or the peeled white trunk with a wound in "atheling."
I hated fables. The wheezing beeches were fables,
and the wild, wet mustard. As for the mist, gathering
from the mulch of black leaves in which the hare hid
in clenched concentration—muttering prayers, bead-eyed,
haunch-deep in nettles—the sooner it disappeared
the better. Something branched in that countryside
losing ground to the mist, its old roads brown as blood.
The white hare had all of England on which to brood
with its curled paws—from the age of skins and woad,
from Saxon settlements fenced with stakes, and thick
fires of peat smoke, down to thin country traffic.
He turned on the fog lights. It was on this road,
on this ridge of earth long since swept bare
of his mud prints, that my bastard ancestor swayed
transfixed by the trembling, trembling thing that stood
its ground, ears pronged, nibbling him into a hare.

—Derek Walcott

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the monastic, reminding us of the ethos of Mt. Athos, tells us everything about what we now think of as puritanism and therefore, of course, of its obverse or antithesis, which is to say the lewd in its own pure, though scarcely puritanical, sense."

"I don't understand a word you're saying," said the assistant producer.

"No," said the host.

"I have read in Middle English many times in the desert throughout Africa, and the people of the sand have clustered to hear. Have understood me," said Yseult. "At the car factory I would have been understood, Nora. It was simply the absence of the people that was at fault."

"Darlings," said Nora, "this nice young man was perfectly a Socialist, but brought up in Bournemouth, and educated at a quite expensive preparatory school before Modern Greats at Oxford, and he picked us up for a lunchtime recital at twenty to one and when we arrived the canteen was quite empty. For this friend of the people didn't know that his people's lunch hour is from twelve to one. If one starts work at seven, you see. He needed comfort for his mistake, but he only eats yogurt. Other people's yogurt. He believes in being badly off."

"Easily achieved by not working," said the host.

Yseult suddenly found the chronicle of the gaffe not funny and said to her host, "You told us that last episode was going to be repeated. I've thought of what to do about the lines that don't get the laughs from the studio audience. So odd. A dowager of the highest rank saying to her butler after a line from her friend, myself, 'In a crisis of lethargy one does not speak at one's best from a hammock.' Now, in the night I hit on it. We shall get the laugh if we reverse the lines. The preceding line, intentionally dulled of course to lead up to the next, should be spoken by Nora. The response, I take it over, and we have our effect."

"The laugh," said Bell.

"A question of collaborative creation," said Yseult. "By displacement we perfect."

"So who does get the laugh who didn't get the laugh?" said Bell.

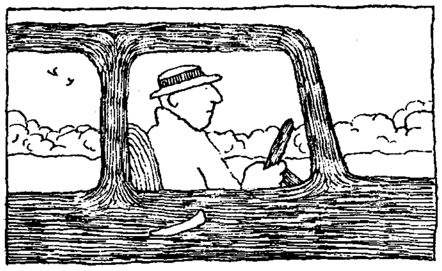
"Dumper dumper dumper dum," hummed the assistant producer in warning, nodding to the head of the table.

The head of drama said he felt sure something of the sort would work out well on the floor. Head of drama not for nothing, he diverted and said, "Children write to us. A lot of them. One was invited to a studio audience and I had a long letter from him in the Gothic script."

Yseult said, drawing the letter from her bag, "Yes, I should say it was Gothic."

Nora said, "He sent me a carbon copy," and also drew it from her bag. "You read it, Yseult. I think the boy had been reading a lot. The letter is from Brixton."

Yseult used a lorgnette on an ivory handle and read aloud, " 'My dear Dames Yseult and Nora: Notwithstanding the lateness of this apology for my absence at your program, I hope it is still a valid one. The cause of the lateness in question was the bloody (pardon me) tube. I had left my home at approximately 2:25 P.M., knowing that a journey to the BBC would not consume the greatest interval of time. I waited a bit and boarded an exceptionally filthy compartment. When I had arrived at the Oxford Circus halt, I was stalled in the train for some time. Estimating that I would arrive at the performance while it had already commenced, I decided not to do so and left the stranded compartment. I then directed my steps out of the station and professed to myself that I would walk home since I delight in walking. On reaching home, I decided to give an explanation to you both that very evening but neglected doing thus. For the past week or so, I have neglected my obligation to you, I regretfully must pray.' " Yseult paused.



"I think it's 'say,' " said Nora.

" 'Pray' is a funnier mischance from a prodigiously gifted young mind." Yseult carried on, " 'In any event, that is all I have to expound to you on that matter. It will interest you to know that I have finished "Wuthering Heights," which made quite a signet on my emotions for its passion and different faces of human nature.' "

"Facets," said Nora, forgetting that Yseult had trouble now with her eyes. "He deserves attention, darling."

Yseult went on, " 'Though I am making tentative arrangements concerning a gathering, to which you are of course invited, I would like to find occasion for meeting with you prior to the aforementioned gathering. My timetable for daily activity is exceedingly flexible: much of my days are spent at home. I know that you and I will have much to chat about for an afternoon's tête-à-tête. My heartfelt wishes to you. Yours ever, Nathaniel Fare.' ”

Bell clapped. The head of drama, used to whisking away attention from an act impossible to counteract, said, “May I tell the table a story about you, Yseult? It caused great trouble to O.B.”

“Outside Broadcasts,” said the assistant producer.

“Now, many of you will have wondered what happened to our great Yseult when she dropped opera.”

“The bridge incident. So I got married,” said Yseult, playing with a fork.

“To a farmer in Lincolnshire,” said Nora.

“We were married for six years.”

“So you *must* remember the Blitz,” said the host, as lightly as he could.

“I've lied about my age so often I don't know how old I am any longer, in truth,” said Yseult. “What a pleasure: linen table napkins. A picnic laid on napery upon the greensward.”

“Who said that?” asked the host.

“Yseult did,” said Nora, giving time.

The head of drama went on, “We were doing our ‘Farmer's Weekly' program. Our breakfast program each week, live. A farm breakfast at six-thirty in the morning because of the milking. We arrived, and the sound effects of teaspoons and cereal were excellent. We spoke easily of pigs, arable-land value, value-added tax for farmers, clay and iron content, the enviable Lincolnshire soil. Yseult was pouring tea, and to my shame I didn't recognize her inherent greatness. But there was a fine white wall and I told our excellent cameraman to put a rustic chair against it with Yseult, given her permission, upon it. We—I speak for the unit—wanted her contribution as a farmer's obviously hardworking wife. Our interviewer said that she must find the life very interesting. Do you remember what you said, Yseult?”

“Of course.”

“What was it?”

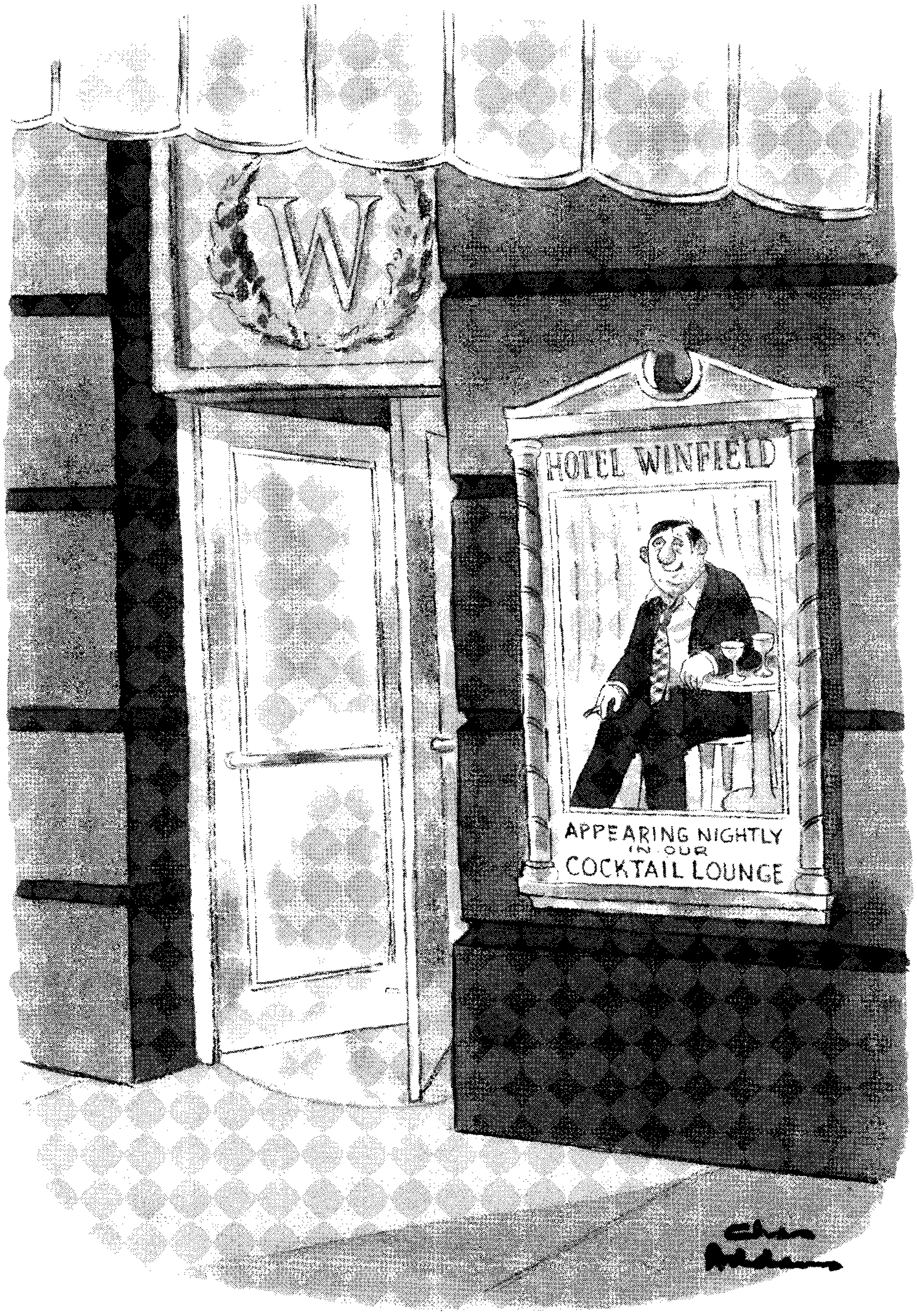
“ ‘*I hate it*.' That's what I said.”

“We couldn't bleep it.”

“I had to go on after that. My husband had taken the car keys from me, I said, in case I ran away.”

“And then?” said the host.

“I went to the railway station after the program on my child's bicycle, and came to London to find a job. My child was better in the country and she loved her father.”


W
HOTEL WINFIELD
APPEARING NIGHTLY IN OUR COCKTAIL LOUNGE

“How much money did you have?” said Bell.

“The stationmaster took the bicycle as credit for a ticket. I should imagine him to have been a man of the calibre to send the bicycle back somehow. I slept in Regent's Park. One of our Edwardian summers.” Yseult played with her napkin, and took out her compact to hide her tears, using the napkin to blow her nose: an action observed by everyone. “That wretched agriculture has left me in a permanent state of flu,” she said. “I wish our sound-effects man were here for me to pay him tribute. When we hear our playbacks, I have never detected my having a blocked nose. It would be a vulgar comic device for my character. That young man has perfect pitch for the self-absorption that is the tonic note of comedy.” But no one found it funny that she was absorbed by her elegant nose, the nose of a Plantagenet with adenoids.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*Adv. in the San Francisco Examiner*]

PREMIUM cultured white fur Christmas trees. Any size.

HEAVEN ON A SUMMER NIGHT

WILL stood in the kitchen doorway. He seemed to Mrs. Camp to be a little tipsy. It was a hot night, but that alone wouldn't account for his shirt, which was not only rumpled but hanging outside his shorts. Pens, a pack of cigarettes, and what looked like the tip of a handkerchief protruded from the breast pocket. Will tapped his fingertips on the pens. Perhaps he was not tapping them nervously but touching them because they were there, the way Mrs. Camp's mother used to run her fingers over the rosary beads she always kept in her apron pocket. Will asked Mrs. Camp if she would cut the lemon pound cake she had baked for the morning. She thought that the best thing to do when a person had had too much to drink was to humor him, so she did. Everyone had little weaknesses, to be sure, but Will and his sister had grown up to be good people. She had known them since they were toddlers, back when she had first come to work for the Wildes here in Charlottesville. Will was her favorite, then and now, although Kate probably loved her more. Will was nineteen now, and Kate twenty. On the wall, above the sink, was a framed poem that Kate had written and illustrated when she was in the fifth grade:

Like is a cookie
Love is a cake

Like is a puddle
Love is a lake

Years later, Will told her that Kate hadn't made up the poem at all. It was something she had learned in school.

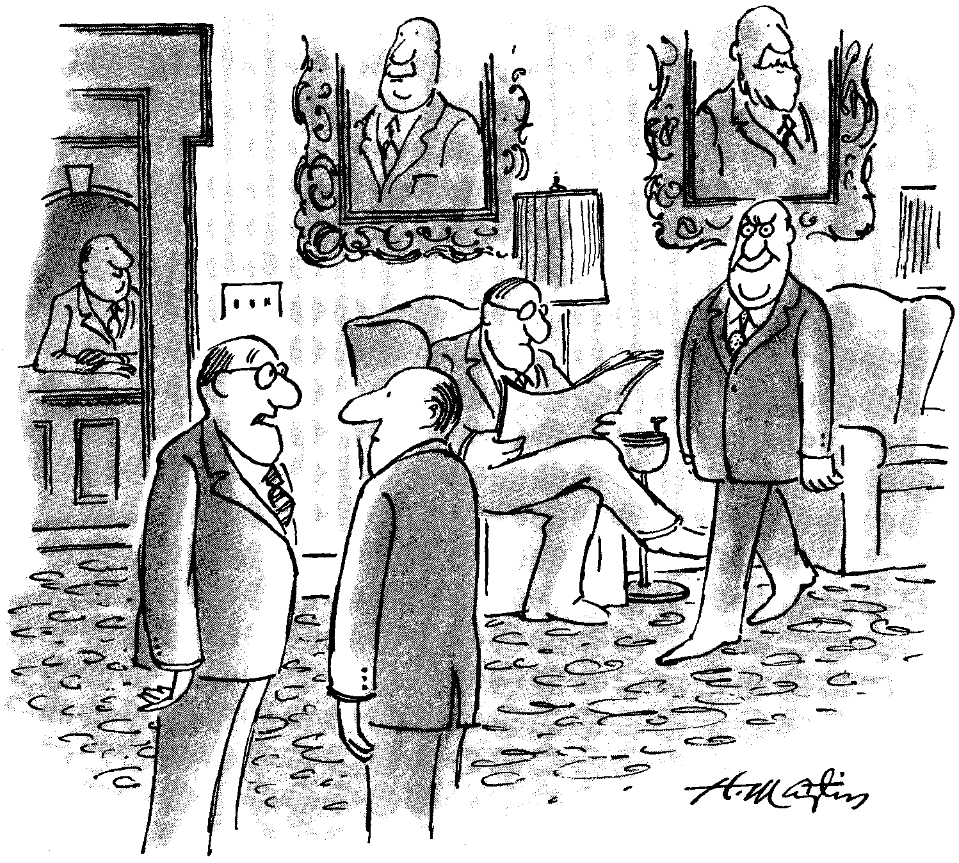
Mrs. Camp turned toward Will, who was sitting at the table. "When does school start?" she said.

"There's a fly!" he said, dropping the slice of cake back onto his plate.

"What?" Mrs. Camp said. She had been at the sink, rinsing glasses before loading them into the dishwasher. She left the water running. The steam rose and thinned out as it floated toward the ceiling. "It's a raisin," she said. "You got me all worried about a raisin."

He plucked some more raisins out of the pound cake and then took another bite.

"If you don't want to talk about school, that's one thing, but that doesn't mean you should holler out that there's a fly in the food," Mrs. Camp said.

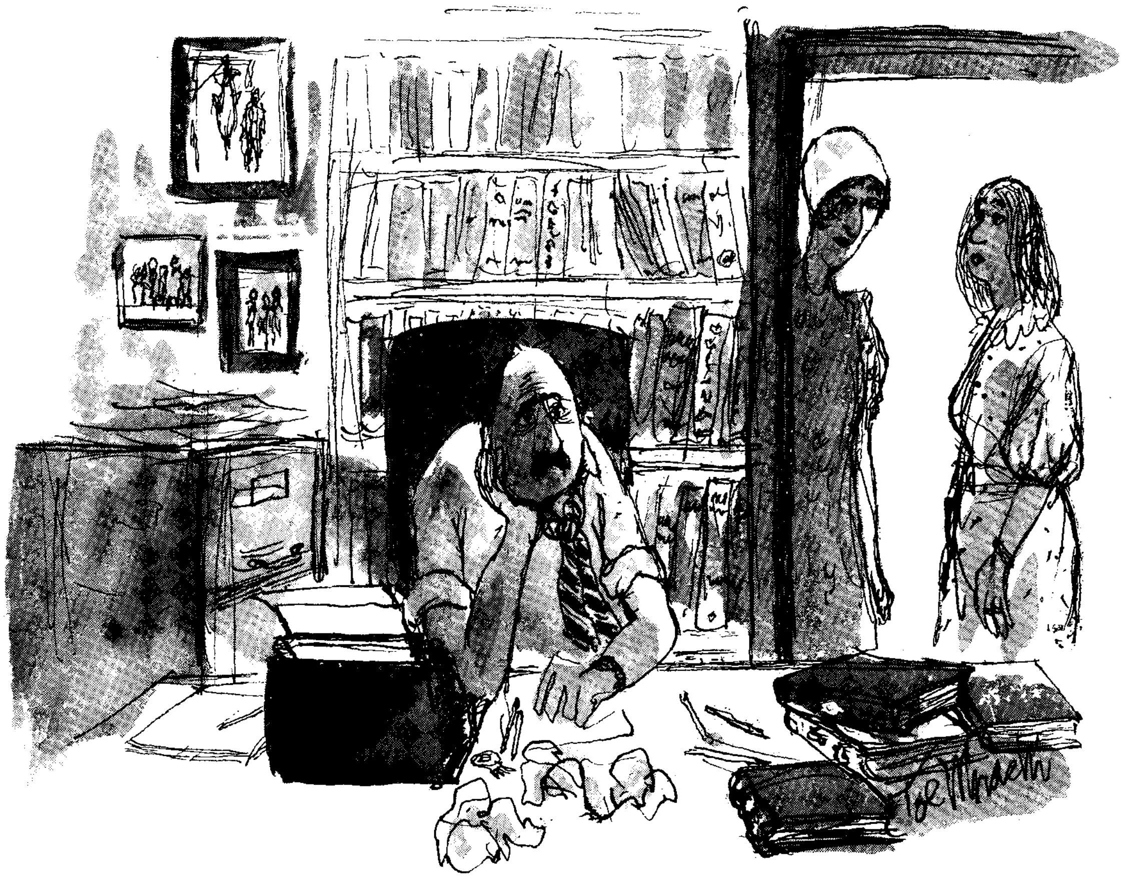


"Oh, God! Here comes Ed Cathcart with an opposing view!"

A year ago, Will had almost flunked out of college, in his sophomore year. His father had talked to the dean by long distance, and Will was allowed to continue. Now, in the summer, Mr. Wilde had hired Will a tutor in mathematics. Mornings and early afternoons, when Will was not being tutored or doing math problems he painted houses with his friend Anthony Scoresso. Scoreboard and Will were going to drive to Martha's Vineyard to paint a house there at the end of August. The house was unoccupied, and although she was a little hesitant about doing such a thing, Mrs. Camp was going to accept Will's invitation to go with the boys and stay in the house for the week they were painting it. Scoreboard loved her cooking. She had never been to the Vineyard.

Now that they were older, Will and Kate included Mrs. Camp in many things. They had always told her everything. That was the difference between being who she was and being a parent—they knew that they could tell her anything. She never met one of their friends without hearing what Will or Kate called the Truth. That handsome blond boy, Neal, who told the long story about hitchhiking to the West Coast, Will told her later, was such a great storyteller because he was on speed. The girl called Natasha who got the grant to study in Italy had actually been married *and* divorced when she was eighteen, and her parents never even knew it. Rita, whom Mrs. Camp had known since first grade, now slept with a man as old as her father, for money. It pleased Kate and Will when a worried look came over Mrs. Camp's face as she heard these stories. Years ago, when she told them once that she liked that old song by the Beatles "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," Will announced gleefully that the Beatles were singing about a drug.

Kate's car pulled into the driveway as Mrs. Camp was rinsing the last of the dishes. Kate drove a little white Toyota that made a gentle sound, like rain, as the tires rolled over the gravel. Will got up and pulled open the screen door for his sister on his way to the liquor cabinet. He poured some gin into a glass and walked to the refrigerator and added tonic water but no ice. In this sort of situation, Mrs. Camp's



"The new TV script was going fine until he got into a flashback within a flashback and couldn't find his way out again."

mother would have advised keeping quiet and saying a prayer. Mrs. Camp's husband—he was off on a fishing trip on the Chesapeake somewhere—would never advise her to pray, of course. Lately, if she asked him for advice about almost anything, his reply was "Get off my back." She noticed that Will noticed that she was looking at him. He grinned at her and put down his drink so that he could tuck in his shirt. As he raised the shirt, she had a glimpse of his long, tan back and thought of the times she had held him naked as a baby—all the times she had bathed him, all the hours she had held the hose on him in the back yard. Nowadays, he and Scoreboard sometimes stopped by the house at lunchtime. With their sun-browned bodies flecked with paint, they sat at the table on the porch in their skimpy shorts, waiting for her to bring them lunch. They hardly wore any more clothes than Will had worn as a baby.

Kate came into the kitchen and dropped her canvas tote bag on the counter. She had been away to see her boyfriend. Mrs. Camp knew that men were always going to fascinate Kate, the way her tropical fish had fascinated her many summers earlier. Mrs. Camp felt that most men moved in slow motion, and that that was what attracted women. It hypnotized them. This was not the way men at work were. On the job, construction workers sat up straight and drove tractors over piles of dirt and banged through potholes big enough to sink a bicycle, but at home, where the women she knew most often saw their men, they spent their time stretched out in big chairs, or standing by barbecue grills, languidly turning a hamburger as the meat charred.

Kate had circles under her eyes. Her long brown hair was pulled back into a bun at the nape of her neck. She had spent the weekend, as she had every weekend this summer, with her boyfriend, Frank Crane, at his condominium at Ocean City. He was studying for the bar exam. Mrs. Camp asked Kate how his studying was going, but Kate simply shook her head impatiently. Will, at the refrigerator, found a lime and held it up for them to see, very pleased. He cut off a side, squeezed lime juice into his drink, then put the lime back in the refrigerator, cut side down, on top of the butter-box lid. He hated to wrap anything in wax paper: Mrs. Camp knew that.

"Frank did the strangest thing last night," Kate said, sitting down and slipping her feet out of her sandals. "Maybe it wasn't strange. Maybe I shouldn't say."

"That'll be the day," Will said.

"What happened?" Mrs. Camp said. She thought that Frank was too moody and self-absorbed, and she thought that this was another story that was going to prove her right. Kate looked sulky—or maybe just more tired than Mrs. Camp had noticed at first. Mrs. Camp took a bottle of soda water out of the refrigerator and put it on the table, along with the lime and a knife. She put two glasses on the table and sat down across from Kate. "Perrier?" she said. Kate and Will liked her to call everything by its proper name, unless they had given it a nickname themselves. Secretly, she thought of it as bubble water.

"I was in his bedroom last night, reading, with the sheet pulled up," Kate said. "His bathroom is across the hall from the bedroom. He went to take a shower, and when he came out of the bathroom I turned back the sheet on his side of the bed. He just stood there, in the doorway. We'd had a kind of fight about that friend of his, Zack. The three of us had gone out to dinner that night, and Zack kept giving the waitress a hard time about nothing. Sassing a waitress because a dab of ice cream was on the saucer when she brought it. Frank knew I was disgusted. Before he took his shower, he went into a big thing about how I wasn't responsible for his friends' actions, and said that if Zack had acted as bad as I said he did he'd only embarrassed himself."

"If Frank passes the bar exam this time around, you won't have anything to worry about," Will said. "He'll act nice again."

Kate poured a glass of Perrier. "I haven't told the story yet," she said.

"Oh," Will said.

"I thought everything between us was fine. When he stopped in the doorway, I put the magazine down and smiled. Then he said, 'Kate—will you do something for me?' " Kate looked at Mrs. Camp, then dropped her eyes. "We were going to bed, you know," she said. "I thought things would be better after a while." Kate looked up. Mrs. Camp nodded and looked down. "Anyway," Kate went on, "he looked so serious. He said, 'Will you do something for me?' and I said, 'Sure. What?' and he said, 'I just don't know. Can you think of something to cheer me up?' "

Will was sipping his drink, and he spilled a little when he started laughing. Kate frowned.

"You take everything so seriously," Will said. "He was being funny."

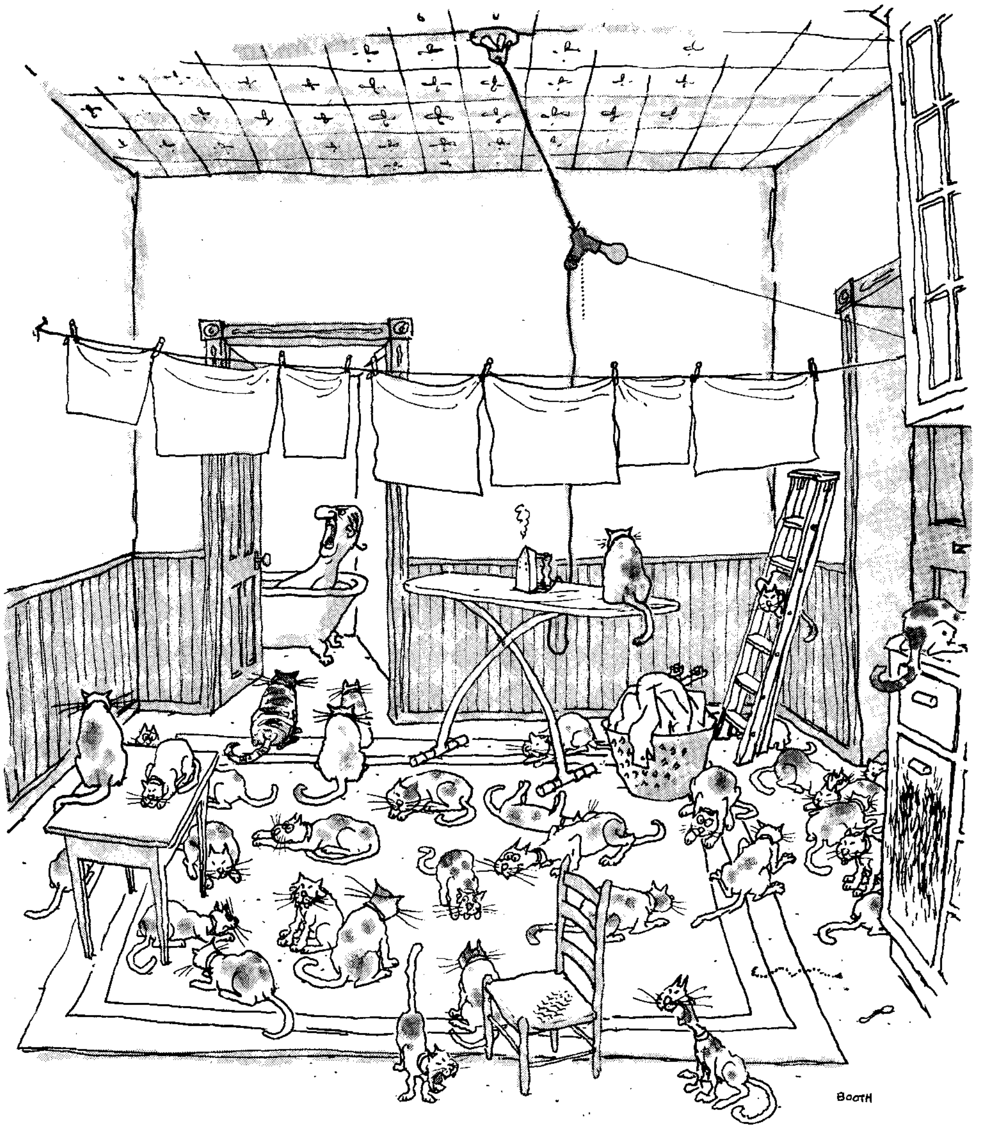
"No, he wasn't," Kate said softly.

"What did you do?" Mrs. Camp said.

"He came over to the bed and sat down, finally. I knew he felt awful about something. I thought he'd tell me what was the matter. When he didn't say anything, I hugged him. Then I told him a story. I can't imagine what possessed me. I told him about Daddy teaching me to drive. How he was afraid to be in the passenger seat with me at the wheel, so he pretended I needed practice getting into the garage. Remember how he stood in the driveway and made me pull in and pull out and pull in again? I never had any trouble getting into the garage in the first place." She took another sip of Perrier. "I don't know what made me tell him that," she said.

"He was kidding. You said something funny, too, and that was that," Will said.

Kate got up and put her glass in the sink. It was clear, when she spoke again, that she was talking only to Mrs. Camp. "Then I rubbed his shoulders," she said. "Actually, I only rubbed them for a minute, and then I rubbed the top of his head. He likes to have his head rubbed, but he gets embarrassed if I start out there."

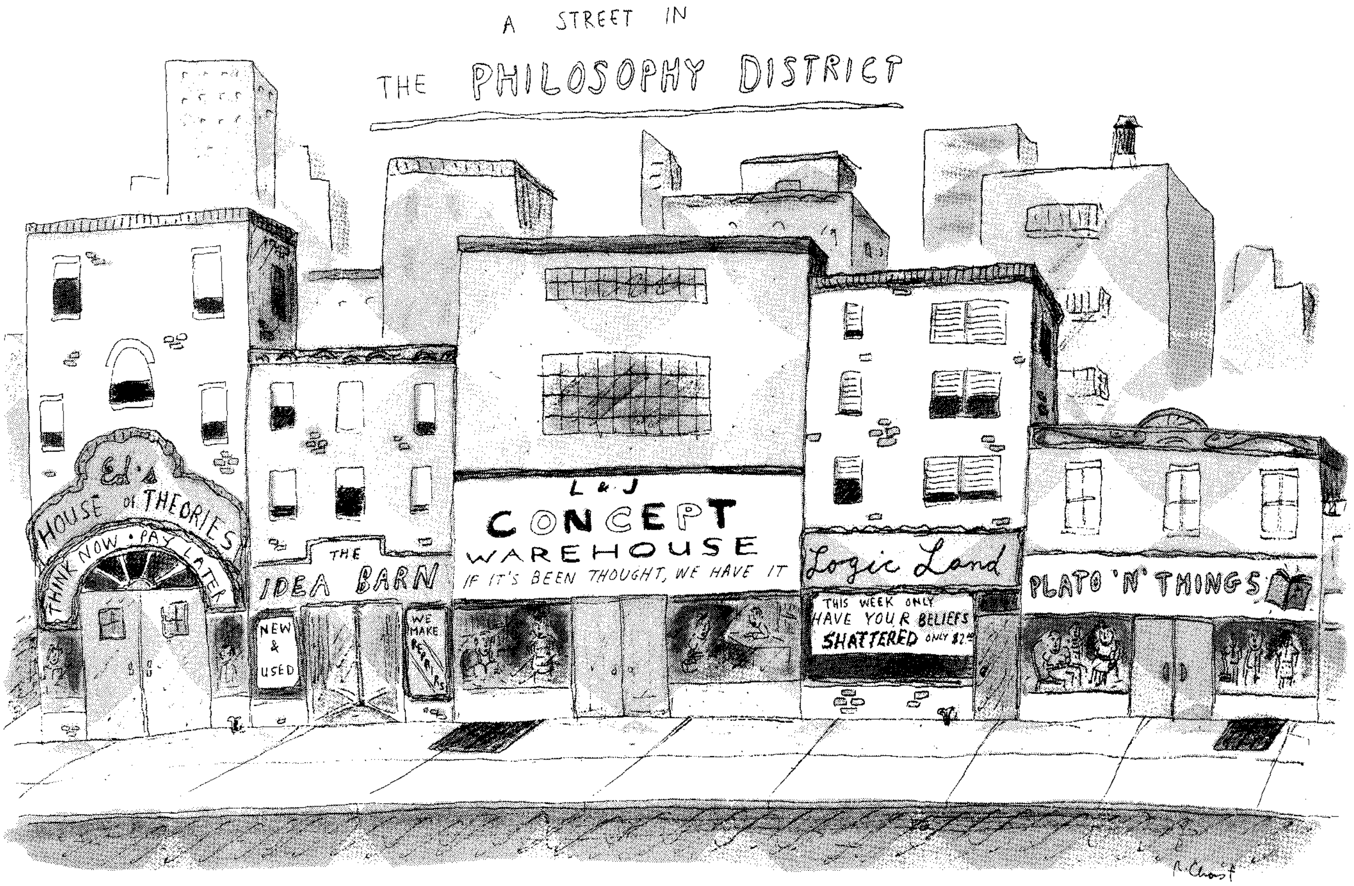


"*Like a duck. Calm and placid on the surface, but paddling like hell. That's me!*"

KATE had gone upstairs to bed. "Serpico" was on television, and Mrs. Camp watched with Will for a while, then decided that it was time for her to go home. Here it was August 25th already, and if she started addressing Christmas cards tonight she would have a four-month jump on Christmas. She always bought cards the day after Christmas and put them away for the following year.

Mrs. Camp's car was a 1977 Volvo station wagon. Mr. and Mrs. Wilde had given it to her in May, for her birthday. She loved it. It was the newest car she had ever driven. It was dark, shiny green—a color only velvet could be, the color she imagined Robin Hood's jacket must have been. Mr. Wilde had told her that he was not leaving her anything when he died but that he wanted to be nice to her when he was aboveground. A strange way to put it. Mrs. Wilde gave her a dozen pink Depression-glass wine goblets at the same time they gave her the car. There wasn't one nick in any of the rims; the glasses were all as smooth as sea-washed stones.

As she drove, Mrs. Camp wondered if Will had been serious when he said to Kate that Frank was joking. She was sure that Will slept with girls. (Will was not there to rephrase her thoughts. He always referred to young girls as women.) He must have understood that general anxiety or dread Frank had been feeling, and he must also have known that having sex wouldn't diminish it. It was also possible that Will was only trying to appear uninterested because Kate's frank talk embarrassed him. "Frank talk" was a pun. Those children had taught her so



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much. She still felt a little sorry that they had always had to go to stuffy schools that gave them too much homework. She even felt sorry that they had missed the best days of television by being born too late: no "Omnibus," no "My Little Margie," no "Our Miss Brooks." The reruns of "I Love Lucy" meant nothing to them. They thought Eddie Fisher's loud tenor voice was funny, and shook their heads in disbelief when Lawrence Welk, looking away from the camera, told folks how nice the song was that had just been sung. Will and Kate had always found so many things absurd and funny. As children, they were as united in their giggling as they were now in their harsh dismissals of people they didn't care for. But maybe this gave them an advantage over someone like her mother, who always held her tongue, because laughter allowed them to dismiss things; the things were forgotten by the time they ran out of breath.

IN the living room, Mr. Camp was asleep in front of the television. "Serpico" was on. She didn't remember the movie exactly, but she would be surprised if Al Pacino ever got out of his dilemma. She dropped her handbag in a chair and looked at her husband. It was the first time she had seen him in almost two weeks. Since his brother retired from the government and moved to a house on the Chesapeake, Mr. Camp hardly came home at all. Tonight, many cigarettes had been stubbed out in the ashtray on the table beside his chair. He had on blue Bermuda shorts and a lighter blue knit shirt, white socks, and tennis shoes. His feet were splayed on the footstool. When they were young, he had told her that the world was theirs, and, considering the world her mother envisioned for her—the convent—he'd been right. He had taught her, all in one summer, how to drive, smoke, and have sex. Later, he taught her how to crack crabs and how to dance a rumba.

It was eight o'clock, and outside the light was as blue-gray as fish scales. She went into the kitchen, tiptoeing. She went to the refrigerator and opened the door to the freezer. She knew what she would find, and of course it was there: bluefish, foil-wrapped, neatly stacked to within an inch of the top of the freezer. He had made room for all of them by removing the spaghetti sauce. She closed the door and pulled open the refrigerator door. There were the two containers. The next night, she would make up a big batch of spaghetti. The night after that, they would start eating the fish he'd caught. She opened the freezer door and looked again. The shining rectangles rose up like steep silver steps. The white air blowing off the ice, surrounding them and drifting out, made her squint. It might have been clouds, billowing through heaven. If she could shrink to a fraction of her size, she could walk into the cold, close the door, and start to climb.

She was tired. It was as simple as that. This life she loved so much had been lived, all along, with the greatest effort. She closed the door again. To hold herself still, she held her breath.

—ANN BEATTIE

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Bloomingdale's Christmas catalogue*]

France is a dance of dizzying dimensions . . . to be there is to love it. To leave it is to linger. And linger we did, steeping ourselves in the glamor, gaiety and sizzle of the streets . . . the pageantry of the meadowland . . . and the sublimity of the census.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

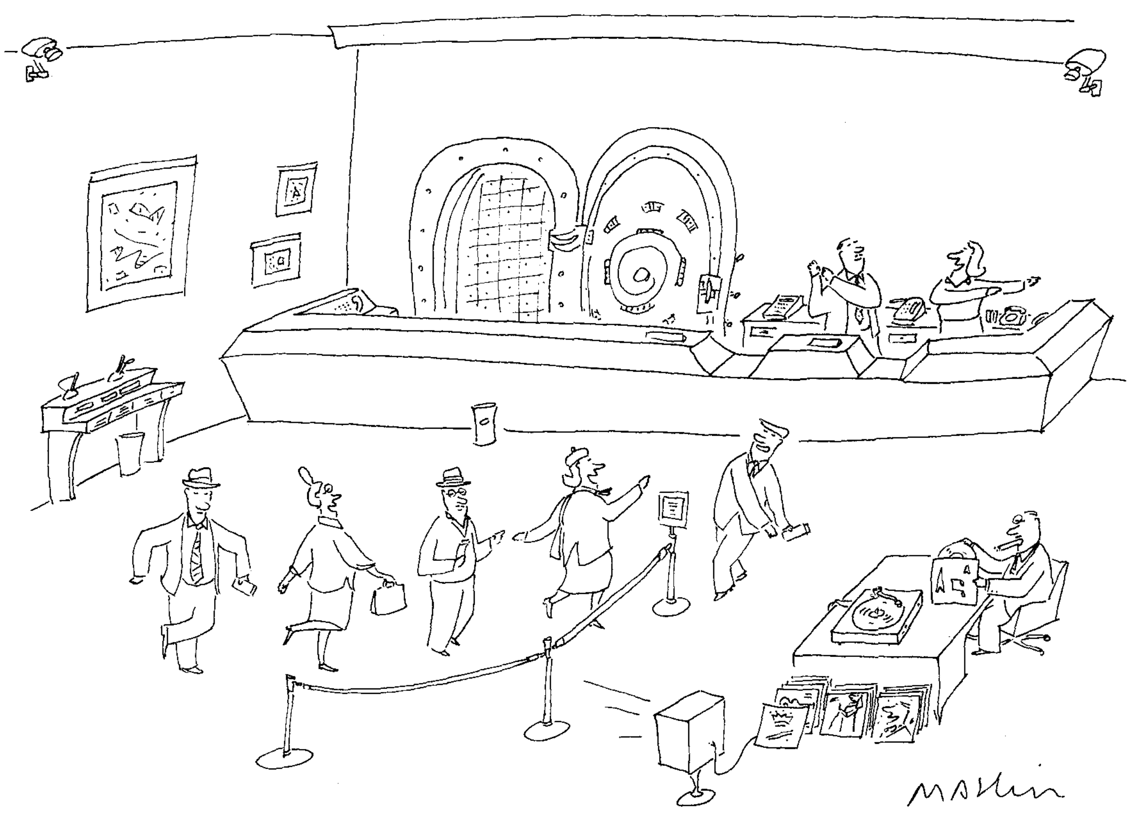
KATE QUINTON'S DAYS—II

KATE QUINTON's mother, Delia Curran, was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, in 1873. She left school when she was thirteen and worked as a domestic at a local seminary. When she was eighteen, she emigrated to Glasgow, where wages were higher, and went to work as a maid for a Protestant minister and his wife. Kate Quinton's father, Robert O'Donoghue, was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in 1876 and attended school until he was eighteen. Before he emigrated to Scotland, two years later, he took his father's advice and changed his surname to Donoghue. His father had warned him of signs posted at places of employment in Scotland and England which read "NINA"—"No Irish Need Apply." Robert Donoghue was working as a surveyor's assistant in Glasgow when he spotted Delia Curran as she was leaving the minister's house to mail a letter. He contrived to meet her. While they were courting, he went to work as a laborer in a steel mill. They were married in April of 1901. Kate, their first child, was born ten months later. Their second child, Sheila, was born in 1903; their third, Anne, in 1904. In 1905, the steel mill sent Robert Donoghue to Newcastle upon Tyne, England, where the family lived for a year and a half in what Kate Quinton remembers as a "grand" house—one with a built-in bathtub. While the family was in England, Kate got scarlet fever. She spent four months in a hospital. During those months, her ears never stopped running. Half a century later, specialists in New York traced the loss of hearing in her right ear to scarlet fever. One of Mrs. Quinton's earliest memories is of feeling bored in the hospital. She looked out a window and saw some navvies working on a road. The men carried their lunches wrapped in red napkins. While the men's backs were turned, Kate sneaked out of the hospital, stole a red napkin, and ate the bread and cheese it contained. She told the nurses about her crime ("Open confession is good for the soul," she said recently) and was punished by being put under an ice-cold shower.

When the Donoghues returned to Scotland, in 1906, Robert Donoghue was given an opportunity to do contract work at the steel mill. He agreed to produce so-and-so much pig iron for so-and-so much money. He hired a few men to work for him, and, by prevailing upon them to work hard (and, when necessary, by working alongside them), he earned more than he had as a laborer. The Donoghues lived in Kirkintilloch, a town near Glasgow. They rented a fair-sized house with a large kitchen that had a coal fireplace. A metal tub was put in the kitchen on Saturday evenings for the children's weekly baths; the family shared a water closet out back with the people in the house next door. Robert Donoghue had been an outstanding student. Kate had inherited his scholastic aptitude. She started first grade when she was four and a half, and excelled at English (she still uses words elegantly, pronouncing them with a Scottish spin), geography (during many a night in the summer of 1982, as she lay in bed waiting for sleep to come, she recited the capitals of the countries of the world), history, and arithmetic. She has forgotten none of the bloody-minded behavior in the Ireland of Cromwell and "King Billy" (William III of Orange) and few of the lines of Robert Burns' poetry she was taught in Kirkintilloch's Catholic schools.

Kate Quinton recalls her childhood as carefree and agreeably filled with deviltry. At the age of three, she was attracted by the music of a Salvation Army band, and followed the sounds of tambourines and bugles for some distance; she was eventually dropped off at a police station. The police summoned her father and served her milk and cookies while they waited for him to fetch her. Christmases in the Donoghue household were festive. On Christmas Eve, each of the little girls hung one of the black hand-knit stockings they wore to school above the kitchen fireplace. When they came downstairs on Christmas morning, they found a lump of coal at the top of the stocking, a Valencia orange, an apple, and some small toys in the middle, and a poke of candy in the toe. There were also presents like dolls and rocking horses. Fruitcakes, currant cakes, fruit wines, and other special holiday food and drink were served

"Ready or not, here I come!"



Dance Branch

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on a lace tablecloth with fringes. In summer, the Donoghues took the overnight boat from Glasgow to Belfast and the train to County Monaghan. Delia Curran Donoghue crossed herself each time she reached Belfast, and said, "Thank God we're back in holy Ireland." Her husband's answer was "Not yet you're not. You're still in the North and it's full of unholy Protestants." The thatched-roof stone cottage of Delia Donoghue's mother was filled with pretty objects and offered many country pleasures—fresh milk from the creamery, butter to churn, fresh vegetables from the garden, and weekly rides in a pony trap to a nearby town for market day. Back home in Scotland, Robert Donoghue found time to show his children the latest wonders of the new century: the Lusitania, when it put in at Glasgow; some early airplanes flying in formation at Lanark. As the family increased—Patricia was born in 1907, Eileen in 1909, Beatrice in 1913, and James in 1916—the older girls had to drop out of school and go to work. Kate left school in the fall of 1916. She didn't care for her first job, in a canteen at the steel mill, and soon quit to go to work at Fitzgerald's, a grocery store within walking distance of her house. Mrs. Fitzgerald, the proprietor, was a widow who couldn't read or write. Her only daughter, a college graduate, had just found a job as a typist. For three years, Kate Donoghue boned, strung, and sliced hams, waited on customers, counted ration coupons, ordered groceries, and did the bookkeeping: her straight A's in arithmetic served her well as she added and subtracted in farthings, halfpence, sixpence, shillings, half crowns, guineas, and other eccentric coins of pre-metric Britain. In 1919, Mrs. Fitzgerald's daughter lost her job and took over Kate Donoghue's. Within two days, Kate had found a similar position at another store. She cherishes the reference Mrs. Fitzgerald gave her new employer: "capable, competent, and honest as the sun." (The names of almost all the people mentioned in this article have been changed, and details have been altered to disguise identities.)

During the war, Scotland's steel mills had thrived on the demands of the armaments-makers. Work slackened soon after the Armistice. By 1919, Robert Donoghue was no longer a contractor; he was a laborer again. Many men were on the dole, and he foresaw harder times ahead. His brother Thomas had gone to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, some years earlier, and he sent him his passage. In 1920, Robert sailed for America, where his surname was further Anglicized to Donohue. He soon found a job in the coal mines of Wilkes-Barre. In 1921, he and two of his sisters sent passage for Kate and Sheila. They reached Wilkes-Barre on Halloween night; Kate remembers thinking that the natives of Pennsylvania wore very strange clothes. As a girl in Scotland, she had hoped to become a nurse. When she came to America, she thought it might be possible to study nursing, and was heartbroken when one of her aunts told her that she couldn't afford to do so.

IN 1921, a poor Irish girl in Wilkes-Barre had two choices—housework or factory work. Kate chose housework. Her first job—"the worst one I ever had"—was working as third maid for a couple named Hutchins who had three children. From 6:30 A.M. to 8 P.M., she made the beds, cleaned the bathrooms, and waited on table. She was paid thirty-five dollars a month, had Tuesday and every second Sunday off, and was not permitted to speak to her father when he telephoned her at work. She was homesick and didn't like living in other people's houses, but there was no turning back. After a few months at the Hutchins', Kate's left foot hurt. When she was born, it was half a size smaller than her right foot. After her stay in the hospital with scarlet fever, her left ankle was weak. Special shoes with a brace for her left ankle were ordered at that time, but she was too vain to wear them. A doctor in Wilkes-Barre advised her to have an operation on the foot joint. She spent six weeks in a state hospital. The doctor who performed the operation operated on one of her left toes instead of on her left foot joint. The day she returned to the Hutchins', she was told that her services were no longer needed. She soon found another job, as third maid for a wealthy couple named Finley. The pay was better (forty-five dollars a month); she could count on

KITCHEN WINDOWS

Because the house is too small, the season's
feast takes the living room
for its abundant lounge,
a great turkey sliced on the stereo,
bowls of jellied yams, stringbeans, jazzy
stuffing only steps away by plate.
On the table there's chicken,
amber as the last leaves where we park,
and ham singed black,
with toothpicked red ribbons, pineapple
moons like a child's eyes,
a coffee urn with its strong blessing.
Some kneel, some talk. Atop
the television is corn bread, swaddled rolls,
infants of butter, red sauces,
sugar white as snow not here yet, promised.
An old college trunk has preserves
with that odd, eerie sheen
turned bright where the television's on,
though no one watches
today's episode, the soap's family hacking
through the holiday fare
of sickness, betrayal, defeat, and the usual
edge of hope they leave
with the Grade B cleanser's scum left shiny.
Somewhere there's three
kingly decanters of wine, all domestic.
I walk back through these
rooms to praise what happens to us all,
heaped meals we juggle on knees,
childish as clowns, boffo tales
we tell each on another, breaking to song,
loosening our collared,
formal loves, shifting from wine
to harder things, arms flung now to anyone
suddenly there like an oak
still golden in a world whipped graveyard gray.
How is it we always wind up
in the kitchen, hammy hips on stainless steel,
cheeks booze-ruddy again
that winter will wash pale, smoke hanging
like youth layer on layer,
our butts sizzled out in the sink? I stop
here, coat off, sleeves up,
tight as a tick in the warmth of friends,
laughing through sweat
on my neck. Soon I will slide out the side
door and stand in the blue
breathhook of nightfall, that sorrow come back
to be forgiven again.
I step to the cool edge of stones at the alley,
not myself, but some other
spirit, benign, from a far wood, and stand
lit up, glowing inside
that long, cast-out hope of kitchen light,
as Chaucer, leaving court,
stood before a gorged family tavern to think
the night enormous and bitter
for so many, yet shadows
already danced, ludicrously brave, and so happy.

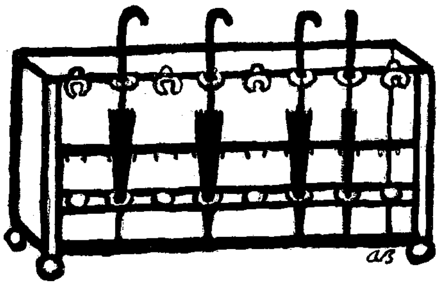
—DAVE SMITH

• •

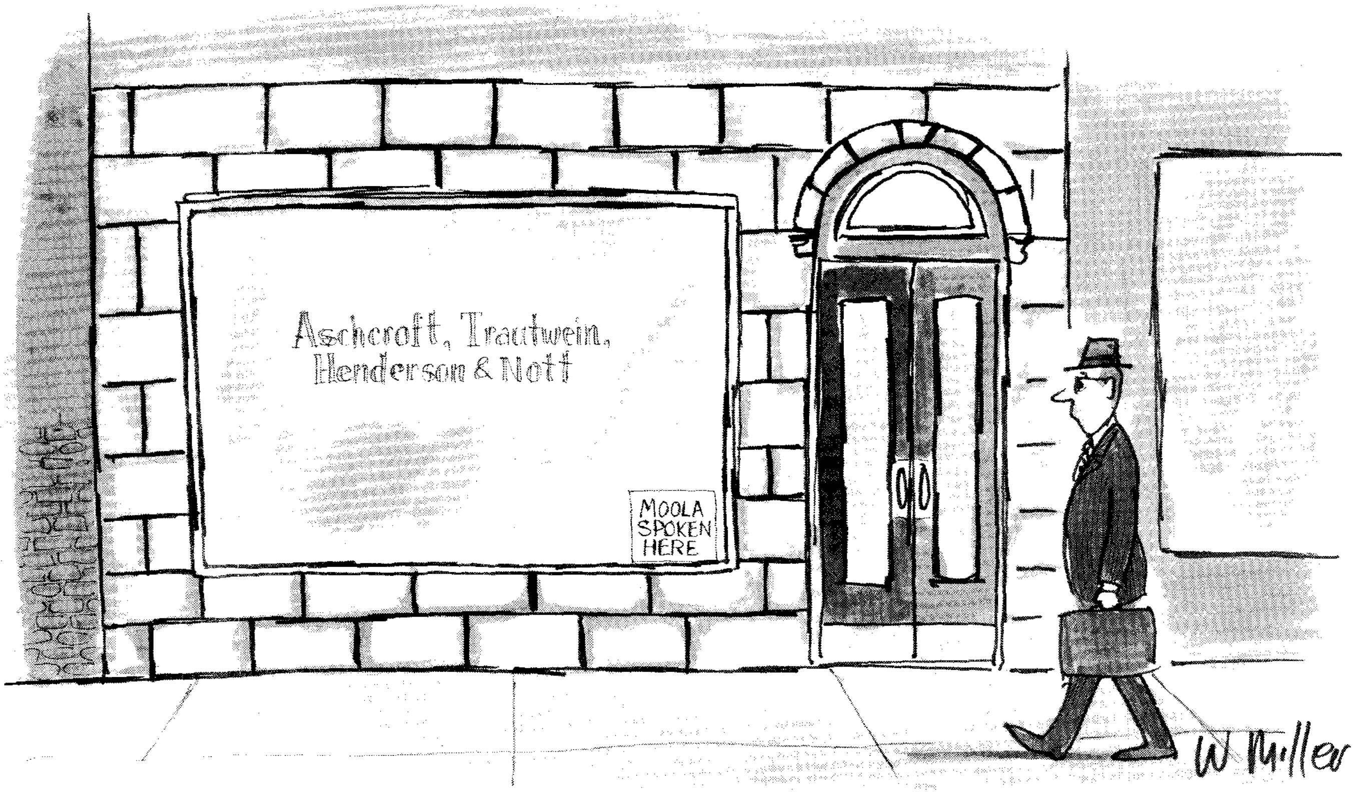
getting time off for a rest in the afternoon; the Finleys' cook and waitress (two maiden ladies) were good company; the Finleys took her back in 1923 after she had to return to the state hospital to have her tonsils removed (a doctor yanked them out while she sat in a chair, and afterward she couldn't speak for several weeks); and she was the first third maid the Finleys had ever taken with them when they went to Lakeville, Connecticut, for the summer.

In 1923, Kate Donohue met Patrick Quinton, who had left his family's farm in County Mayo in 1920 to work in the coal mines of Wilkes-Barre, where some of his relatives had preceded him. He proposed to her shortly after they met, but she turned him down. She had made up her mind that she would never marry young or into poverty. In 1924, Patrick Quinton moved to Yonkers to work as a trolley-car motorman. Kate Quinton has kept some of the respectful letters he sent to her at the Finleys' from his boarding house in Yonkers, where he acquired a lifelong distaste for pot roast. Kate's sister Anne Donohue had immigrated to Wilkes-Barre in 1923. A year later, their mother left Scotland for Wilkes-Barre with the four youngest children. (Their passage was paid by Robert Donohue, Kate, Sheila, and Anne.) Delia Donohue sold most of her furniture and china; she thought it would be impractical to take them with her. She brought out only a few possessions—a blue-and-white English bone-china teapot that had belonged to her grandmother, a fluted silver rose-water dish she had bought at an auction, and a grandfather clock that had been a wedding gift. Kate, Sheila, and Anne helped their parents find and furnish a house in Wilkes-Barre before they left to seek their fortunes in New York.

Kate had never liked Wilkes-Barre: the climate was more extreme than Glasgow's, the city was ugly, the salaries were low, there was an excessive number of old maids. In 1925, after three years with the Finleys, it was time for a change. Mrs. Finley's married daughter helped her find a job as cook and housekeeper at eighty dollars a month with Honoria and Gregory Lawson, a couple in their late fifties who had recently moved from Philadelphia to a large apartment on New York's lower Fifth Avenue. Kate had never studied cooking, but she had a knack for it and copied recipes from cookbooks and women's magazines. One day while she was still in Wilkes-Barre, she decided to bake twelve loaves of bread. Her mother's bread, she couldn't help noticing, was leaden. Her bread was feathery light. All twelve loaves were gone in a matter of hours. "Now you see why I bake heavy bread," her mother said. "It lasts longer."



"The Lawsons were the nicest people I ever worked for, and that was the best job I ever had," Kate Quinton said not long ago. She liked being in complete charge of the household: she planned the menus; she chose the clothes that Mrs. Lawson wore when she went out in the evening; she over-



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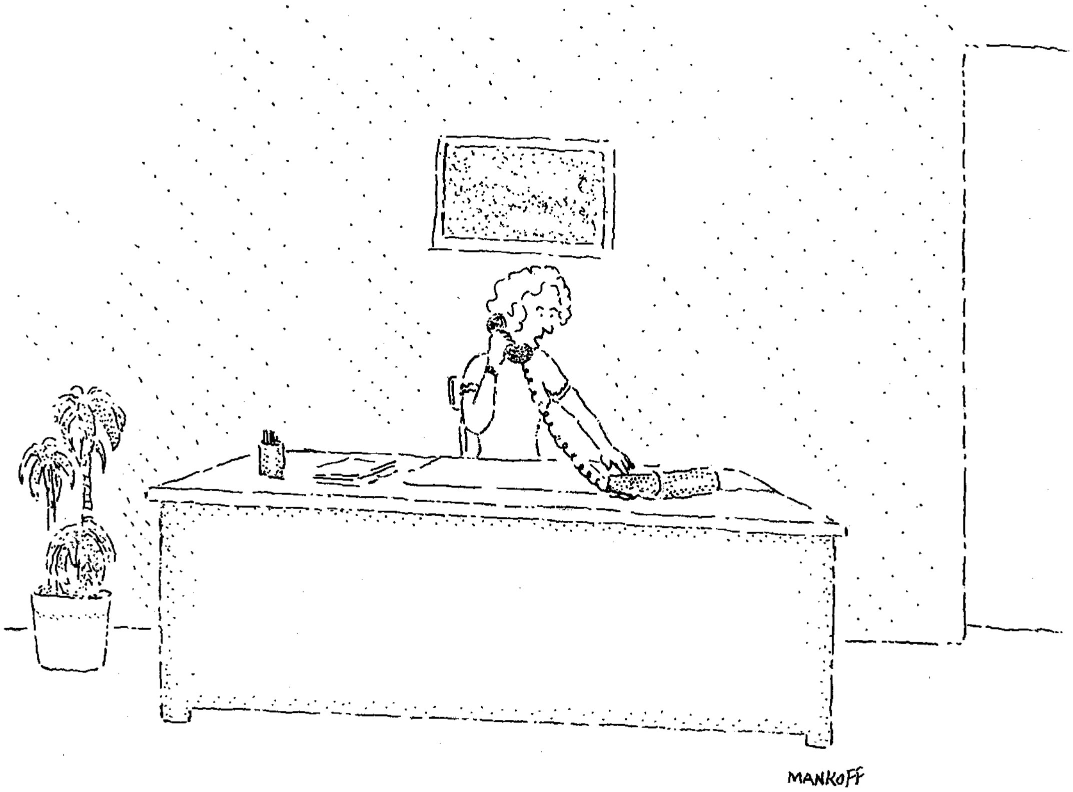
saw the annual refurbishing of the apartment. Mr. Lawson, a prosperous businessman, was generous. He gave her seventy dollars a week for the table and never asked how she spent the money. Mrs. Lawson took Kate Donohue with her as her private maid when she visited friends in Raleigh, Washington, and Philadelphia, and made sure Kate always used the front door. Mrs. Lawson referred to her as "my little Kate," invited her out to lunch at Schrafft's, and borrowed money from her when she lost heavily at bridge.

When Kate Donohue went to work for the Lawsons, Mrs. Lawson asked her if she had a sister who could wait on table. Sheila Donohue had taken a course to become a manicurist, but her hands were not deft and she came to work for the Lawsons. Sheila got married a few weeks later, while the Lawsons were away for the Christmas holidays. Kate Donohue, who was her sister's maid of honor, held the reception at the Lawsons' apartment, with their silver and with some trepidation: they were out of town, and no one had told them about the wedding. In the spring of 1926, when Sheila admitted to Mrs. Lawson that she was married, and left, Anne Donohue replaced her and worked as the Lawsons' waitress for two and a half years. By then, Delia and Robert Donohue had moved to New York with the younger children. They lived in an apartment on Amsterdam Avenue at Ninety-ninth Street for several years. In the fall of 1929, they bought a house in the Windsor Terrace section of Brooklyn, because they wanted a house and preferred Brooklyn's trees to Manhattan's concrete. Robert Donohue worked for New York Edison when he first came to the city. He was laid off during the Depression, but Mr. Lawson got him a job as a painter at his office building and, later, as a maintenance man at the Lawsons' apartment building. Meanwhile, the other Donohue girls worked with Kate at the Lawsons'—Patricia for a year, Eileen for two years, and Beatrice, in 1931, for four months. Beatrice was the only girl in the family with a high-school education, and she said to Kate, "Why should I have my diploma hanging above the kitchen stove when there's a job waiting for me at a life-insurance company?"

Soon after Kate Donohue moved to New York, she started going out with Patrick Quinton. They usually saw each other on her Thursdays and Sundays. Sometimes they went out dancing (she bought shoes to fit her right foot and stuffed cotton into the toe of the left shoe) and sometimes they went to the Hippodrome. Once they went to hear John McCormack sing. Sometimes, if the Lawsons were away on Sunday, they would sit at the kitchen table with Kate's sisters and their beaux; on one occasion Patrick Quinton had to dash down the back stairs when the Lawsons returned earlier than expected. From time to time, Kate Donohue and Patrick Quinton quarrelled, and Kate dated other young men. On December 31, 1930, he gave her an engagement ring. Shortly thereafter, they had another falling out, but in October of 1931 they patched things up and told the Lawsons they were going to be married on November 15th. They went together to Lambert Brothers, where Patrick Quinton bought his fiancée a platinum wedding band that he had inscribed "PQ to KD 11-15-31." Kate Quinton wore her engagement ring—a small diamond with two small sapphires on each side—and her wedding band until 1978, when her fingers became so thin that the rings slid off. The rings are now stored in their original boxes in a dresser drawer in her bedroom. Kate Quinton's wedding photograph is on the bedroom desk. She was a buxom bride of twenty-nine, who stood five feet five inches and weighed a hundred and twenty-six pounds—twenty pounds less than she had weighed six years earlier, when she was Sheila's maid of honor. Over the years, her auburn hair (which she has always



"Sorry, sir, you'll have to hang on some more, but I'm going to advance you to priority-hold status."

considered her best feature) turned to champagne and then to pure white. As she grew older, she diminished in size; she is now five feet two inches tall.

The wedding was held in a church on Amsterdam Avenue near the apartment Kate's parents had first rented. The Lawsons attended the ceremony and gave the couple a hundred dollars in gold and a crystal frame for their wedding photograph. The newlyweds went by limousine to the Donohues' house in Brooklyn for the reception. When Mrs. Lawson's "little Kate" married, the Lawsons didn't lose a maid, they gained a butler. Driving a trolley car paid poorly, and, with jobs scarce in 1931, Patrick Quinton was glad to wait on table, do the heavy cleaning, and polish the silver for ninety dollars a month when the Lawsons asked him to work for them. The Quintons had comfortable living quarters at the Lawsons'. "We worked well as a team," Mrs. Quinton recalls. They stayed with the Lawsons even after a daughter, Barbara, was born, on October 3, 1934. Barbara lived with Sheila and her family; her parents saw her on their days off and every evening that the Lawsons didn't have company.

In 1935, Mrs. Lawson became seriously ill. For a while, she required nurses around the clock. Both Mrs. Lawson and Kate Quinton observed that Mr. Lawson spent a lot of time chatting with one nurse, a Miss Mercer. When Mrs. Lawson had to have a leg amputated, she seemed to know she was dying. She made Kate Quinton promise to select the dress she would be buried in, and made her promise to call her regular hairdresser and manicurist to do her hair and nails after her death. Kate Quinton was in the room with Honoria Lawson when she died, in March of 1936. She kept her promises. Shortly after Mrs. Lawson's death, Kate Quinton told Gregory Lawson that she was four months pregnant and that she was leaving. She and her husband had bought a complete set of furniture, had rented an apartment in Windsor Terrace near her parents, and were looking for a house to buy. "I can't bear to lose my whole little family at once," Mr. Lawson said, so she stayed with him until the end of July. Kate Quinton had treated her mother to a three-month trip to Ireland and Scotland that year. Her mother's ship back to America docked in New York on the morning of August 14th. Kate and Patrick Quinton went to meet it. Kate Quinton felt labor pains at the pier but went to her mother's house in Brooklyn to listen to the latest news from Kirkintilloch. She called her obstetrician in Manhattan, who told her to go right to the hospital. Instead, she insisted on going to her apartment first to change her stockings, because one of the stockings she was wearing had a run. She left Brooklyn after 3 P.M. Claire Quinton was born at 6 P.M. In October, Mr. Lawson married Miss Mercer. She served skimpy meals. Patrick Quinton, who had continued to work for Mr. Lawson, quit a month later. He worked for modest wages at a florist's in Windsor Terrace for two years, and then, at the outbreak of the Second World War, got a better job at an aircraft plant on Long Island.

In 1937, the Quintons found a house on Greenwood Avenue, two blocks from the Donohues'. The house cost three thousand dollars. The Quintons spent another five thousand dollars to convert it from a one-family house into a two-family house and to renovate it. They put in two new bathrooms, enclosed a porch, and had parquet floors laid. When Kate Quinton left the Lawsons', she was earning a hundred and five dollars a month, and she had saved most of her wages during her eleven years with them. The Quintons moved into the house in the spring of 1938 and stayed in it until the fall of 1946, when they moved a block north, to a house on Vanderbilt Street.

Claire Quinton has happy memories of her childhood home on Greenwood Avenue and of the first two years the Quintons lived on Vanderbilt Street. Once she and Barbara were old enough to go to the parochial grade school in the neighborhood, they had many friends. Their classmates usually included at least one cousin. Kate Quinton's five sisters lived nearby with their husbands. Sheila had four children, Anne had seven, Patricia had five, Beatrice had three, Eileen had one. Patrick Quinton earned a decent living—in the early nineteen-forties, his weekly paycheck was about a hundred and sixty dollars—and the tenants in the upstairs apartment on Green-

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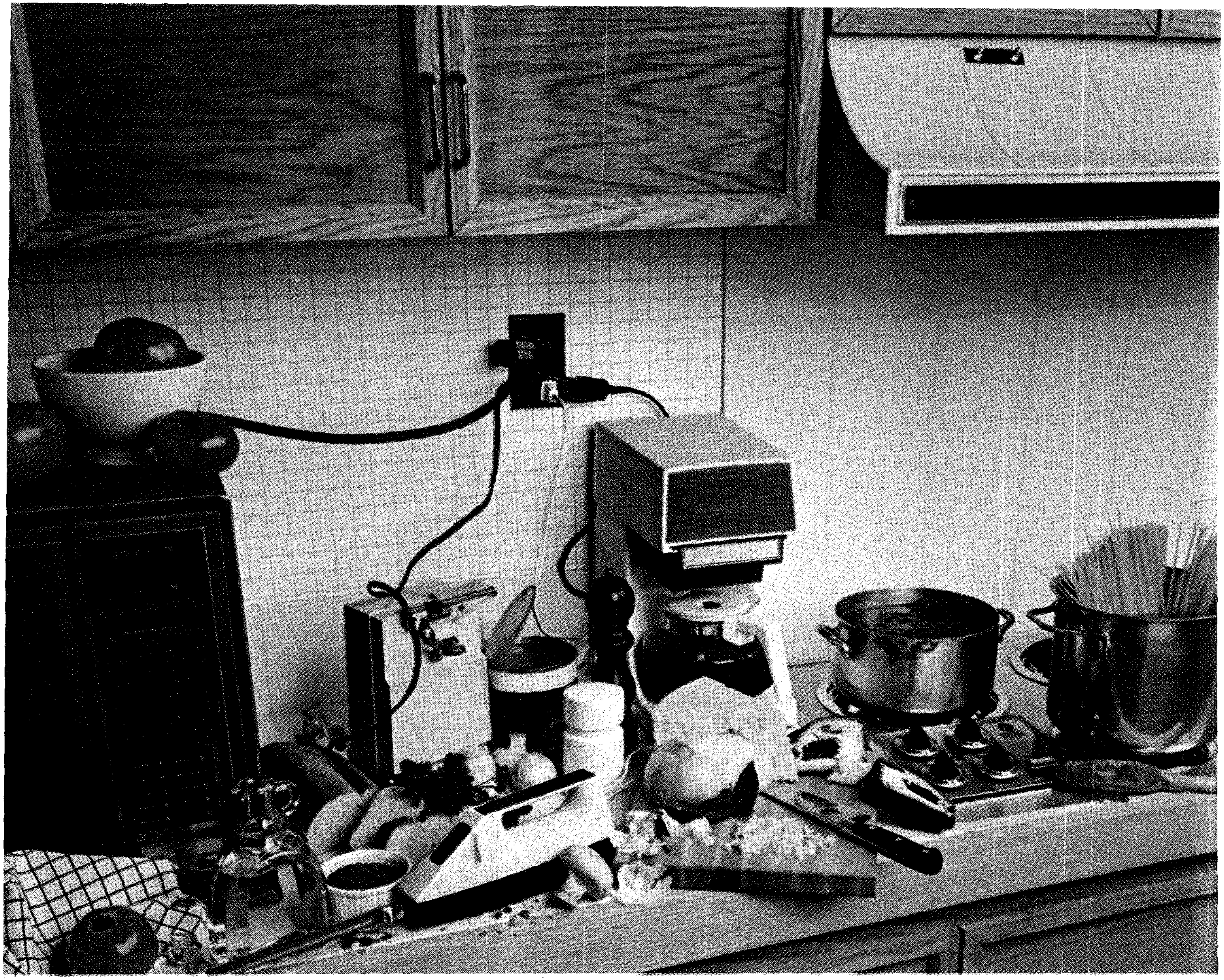

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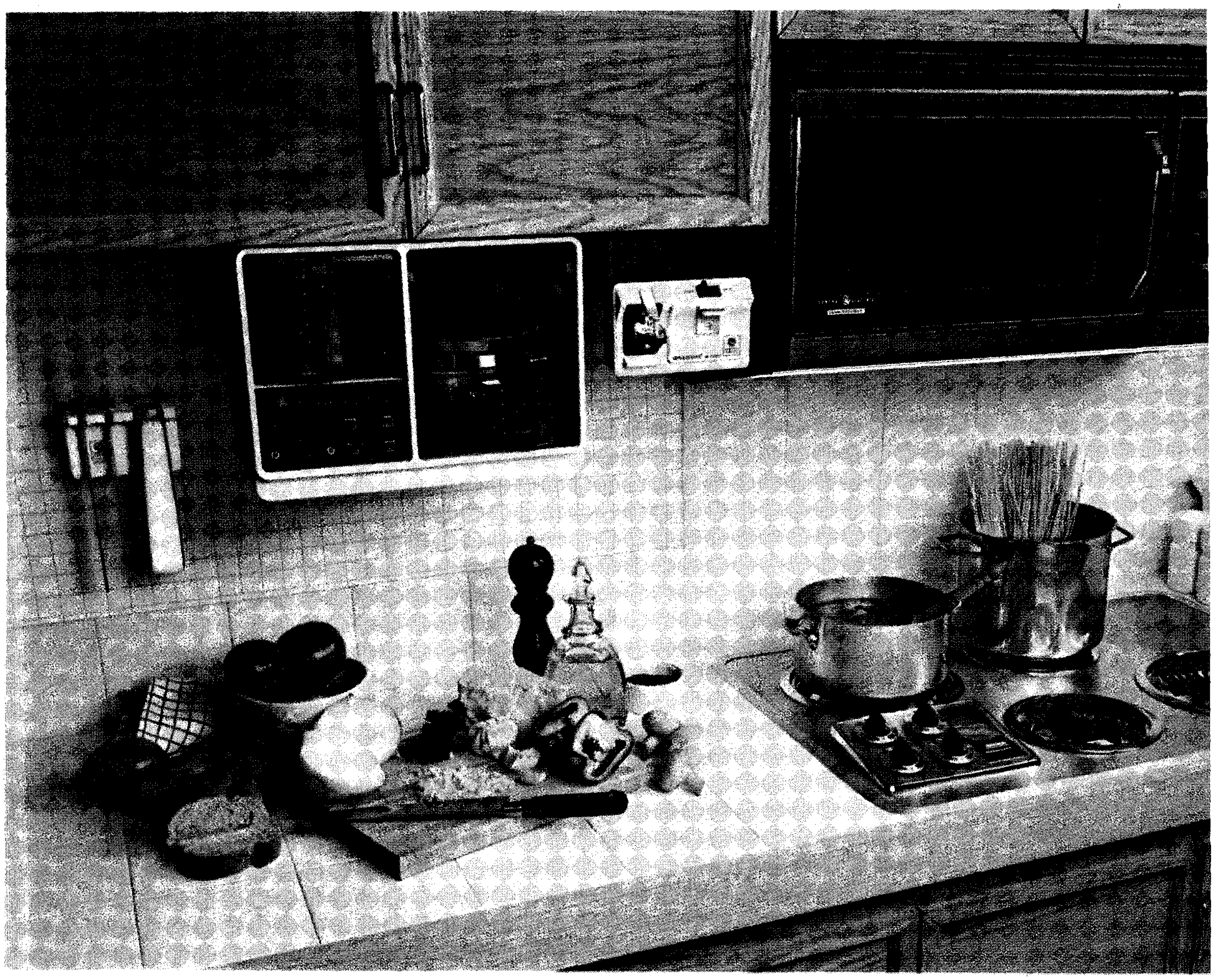

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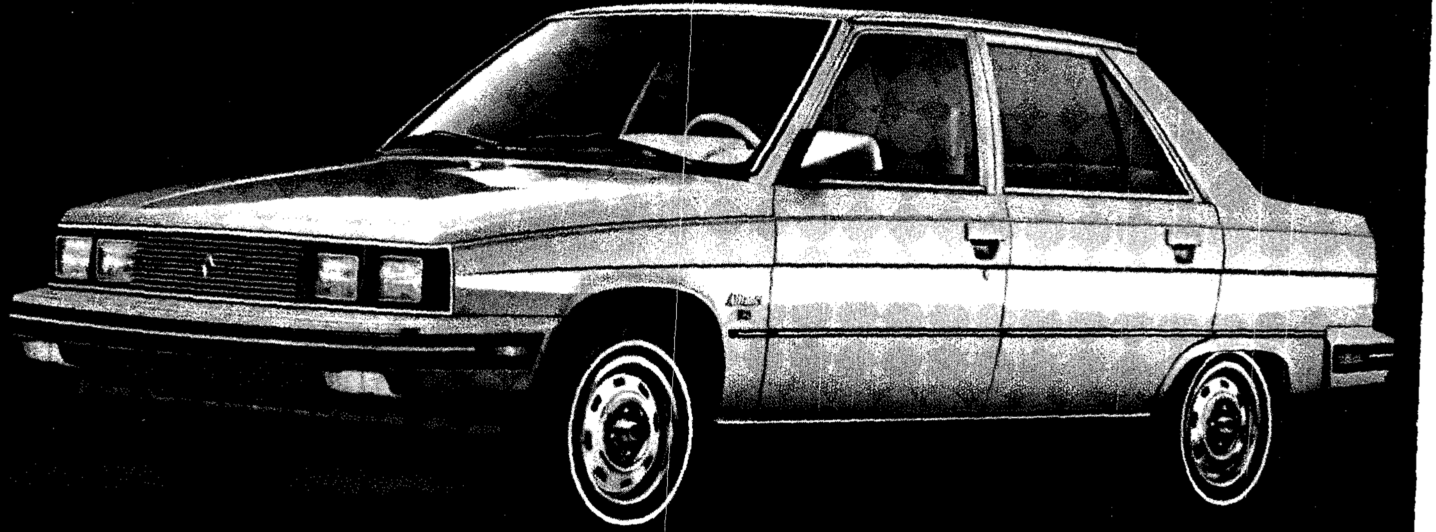

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THE ONE TO WATCH

wood Avenue paid thirty-eight dollars a month. Kate Quinton managed her own home as well as she had managed the Lawsons' home. She enjoyed being a wife and mother. Every weekday morning, she got up early, had a quick cup of coffee and a cigarette, got the girls off to school, and started on her housework. Each day, she did some shopping, dusting, and sweeping; many days, before she prepared dinner, she baked a sheet or two of coconut kisses or a batch of brownies for Barbara and Claire and the friends they brought home. Certain days were devoted to certain tasks. She remembers her weekly routine of the nineteen-forties with great pleasure.

On Sunday night, she soaked the clothes. On Monday morning, she washed the clothes on a washboard (she didn't get her first washing machine until the late nineteen-fifties), starched them (with homemade starch), and hung them up on a line to dry (she acquired her first dryer in the nineteen-sixties). On Tuesday morning, she ironed the clothes. In summer, she drank sarsaparilla while she ironed; Claire tried to hang around on Tuesday mornings, because she liked its root-beery taste. On Wednesday, Kate Quinton washed the sun-porch windows and polished them with a chamois cloth and got down on her hands and knees and waxed her floors with beeswax. On Thursday, starting in 1942, she went to her parents' house to do their heavy cleaning, because her mother had such bad arthritis in her knees that she could hardly walk. Robert Donohue had fallen a few years earlier and injured his shoulder. He could do only light work, and had become a night watchman. On Friday, Mrs. Quinton went to the fish market to buy oysters and fresh fish, and served oyster stew or fillet of whatever fish was in season (and often both oyster stew and fish) on Friday evening. On Friday night, the house was spotless. Kate Quinton believed that a workingman was entitled to enjoy the comforts of his home on the weekend and do nothing except a little painting, gardening, and puttering in the basement. Early on Saturday morning, Mrs. Quinton went to the supermarket to do her major grocery shopping of the week. In mid-morning, she went to the drugstore with Barbara and Claire to buy cod-liver oil, and to other small shops to buy whatever else she fancied. The girls loved the taste of cod-liver oil; Claire never had a cold until she was eighteen. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Quinton shampooed her daughters' blond hair and combed and twirled it around her fingers into corkscrew curls. When their curls needed trimming, she singed off the uneven ends with a match. Every second Saturday afternoon, she went to the beauty parlor and had a shampoo, a set, and a manicure for a dollar. One Saturday a month, she went to confession. Every Saturday, she baked apple pie, lemon-meringue pie, peach cobbler, pineapple upside-down cake, and/or sponge cake for Sunday. On Saturday night, before she went to bed she polished the brass plate on the front door, so it would gleam for the Sunday churchgoers passing by.

"I do all my own P.R."

• •

Kate Quinton got up early on Sunday and went to six-thirty Mass. The Lawsons had eaten bountiful breakfasts, and Mrs. Quinton served a similar breakfast to her family on Sunday morning: orange juice or half a grapefruit; a large pan of corn bread; bacon and eggs with creamed potatoes, or corned-beef hash and fried potatoes. There was always company for Sunday midday dinner: usually Patrick Quinton's sister, her husband, and their two children, who lived in Queens; sometimes a couple of bachelors Patrick Quinton worked with; and often a carful of Pennsylvanians. One Sunday, the menu was roast beef with browned potatoes, gravy, Yorkshire pudding, stringbeans, carrots, and salad with homemade French dressing. The next Sunday, it was roast loin of pork with gravy, homemade applesauce, candied yams, red cabbage, and salad. (To Kate Quinton, a meal with fewer than two vegetables was considered a snack.) Relatives almost always dropped by later in the day and ate leftover sliced roast meat, potato salad, and leftover cakes and pies. By 10 P.M., the last of the Sunday guests were gone, and it was time to soak the laundry.

On Monday evening, Kate Quinton went to the novena at her church. Every second week, she spent an evening playing bingo in the church auditorium. The highlight of her social life was the weekly meeting of her "sewing club." Eight women belonged to the sewing club, which met on Tuesday or Wednesday evening at eight. Every eighth week, when Kate Quinton was the hostess, she got up at six o'clock and started to prepare tomato aspics, orange molds with mandarin-orange slices, and the dainty tea sandwiches she had formerly served the Lawsons and their guests. She was proud that everyone looked forward to coming to Kate Quinton's because she served the best food, just as she was proud that her relatives congregated at her house on Sunday afternoons. No sewing was done at the sewing club, although someone usually asked someone else "How did your garment turn out?" and drew a laugh. The sewing club was a gossip club. On their weekly evening together, the women enjoyed eating, sipping highballs, and talking about clothes styles, the price of groceries, and their children. "We really had a lot of fun, but that's all in the past tense," Kate Quinton said recently.

In 1943, Kate Quinton became pregnant for the third time; she gave birth to a sickly girl, who died a year later. In 1945, she began the change of life. She was hospitalized and, according to her doctor at that time, was close to a nervous breakdown. Patrick Quinton quit his job to care for his wife, his children, and his home, and took out a two-thousand-dollar mortgage on the house on Greenwood Avenue. Kate Quinton was in bed for several months, and the Quintons had no health insurance. The doctor suggested that Mrs. Quinton was "charging along at a pace of a hundred miles an hour" and would be better off in a quieter place. The IND subway tracks ran under the ground adjacent to the Quintons' house. As the tracks became worn and the trains deteriorated, the house started to vibrate and its windows began to rattle. Kate and Patrick Quinton put their house on the market in the summer of 1946 and went, with Barbara and Claire, to a small town not far from Wilkes-Barre where Mrs. Quinton had relatives. Their plan was for Mr. Quinton to open a small business—perhaps a combination grocery store and gas station. After the Quintons had been in Pennsylvania for three weeks, Kate Quinton could take no more of the prescribed quietness. During their courtship, Patrick Quinton, who had inherited a large piece of land in Ireland, would joke that he wanted to return there to live; Kate always said she wouldn't be caught dead on a farm. Kate Quinton liked living at a pace of a hundred miles an hour. The Quintons returned to Brooklyn. A couple had made a thousand-dollar down payment on their house. The Quintons sold it for ten thousand dollars and netted about eight thousand after paying off the mortgage and the real-estate agent's fees and the closing costs. They bought a fourteen-room three-family house a block north, on Vanderbilt Street, for twelve thousand five hundred dollars with a four-thousand-dollar mortgage. They moved into the first floor of their house in November of 1946. Patrick Quinton got a job working for a plastering company.

On Thursday, July 21, 1949, Patrick Quinton finished a plastering job. On Friday, he went to a house in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn to drop off materials for a job that would begin on Monday. On Sunday, he didn't feel well. Mrs. Quinton thought he had indigestion and gave him a bottle of rhubarb and soda—a common stomach remedy. Early on Monday, Patrick Quinton had convulsions. Around ten o'clock, Kate Quinton telephoned a doctor and a priest. The doctor took Patrick Quinton's blood pressure—it was 248 over 130—and told Mrs. Quinton to call an ambulance. Shortly after Patrick Quinton reached the hospital, he lost consciousness. He died before noon. High blood pressure ran in the Quinton family, but Patrick Quinton had always been a sturdy, healthy man, and Kate Quinton was dazed by the suddenness of his death. He was fifty-one when he died. She bought a grave in a cemetery in Queens, but visited it only twice, within a few months of the burial. It took her two weeks to recover from each visit. Kate Quinton plans to be buried in the same plot as her husband. The grave has no headstone. Mrs. Quinton is afraid of dying, and she has asked Claire to take care of the headstone after her death. The marriage had been a harmonious one, because Patrick Quinton was an easygoing man and let his wife do whatever she wanted. "As long as Kate's happy, I'm happy," he often said. Patrick Quinton spoke softly, in a light brogue, and was content to spend a Saturday afternoon sitting in his blue lounge chair smoking a pipe and listening to classical music. He occasionally had a glass of beer or ale, but he never went to a saloon. Although Kate Quinton was widowed at the age of forty-seven, she never considered remarrying. "I never thought I'd find a man as fine as the one I had," she says. "My husband, Lord rest Pat, was such a good-living man."

After her father's death, Claire Quinton began to realize that Barbara had always been her mother's favorite. Barbara took after her mother—she was prim and proper, she admired nice household furnishings, she was interested in cooking. Claire was a tomboy. She was happier with a hammer in her hand than with a spatula. When she returned home, her hair ribbons were untied and her clothes were stained. Her mother could tell whether she'd had a strawberry or a chocolate ice-cream cone by the color of the splotch on her dress. Patrick Quinton never seemed to mind Claire's scuffed shoes or her fondness for sledding down Suicide Hill in a nearby park. "You enjoy your childhood so much," he had told her. She had been the first to greet him as he walked home from the subway after work. When she asked him to make her a slingshot or an orange-crate car on wheels, he had obliged her, despite his wife's obvious disapproval.

Patrick Quinton's paychecks were about two hundred dollars a week. After his death, Kate Quinton received Social Security survivors' benefits of sixty dollars a month for herself and her two daughters, until they reached the age of eighteen. There were always two tenants in the house, Patrick Quinton had left her a life-insurance policy, and Kate Quinton had some savings. Life went on. Her parents had sold their house when Delia Donohue could no longer take care of it, and had moved in with the Quintons a year and a half before Patrick Quinton's death. They brought with them the grandfather clock and the teapot that Delia Donohue had brought to America. The sewing club continued to meet. Kate Quinton's house was always filled with relatives on Sunday. When a daughter-in-law of one of her sisters died in childbirth, she took in the baby, who was retarded and blind, and

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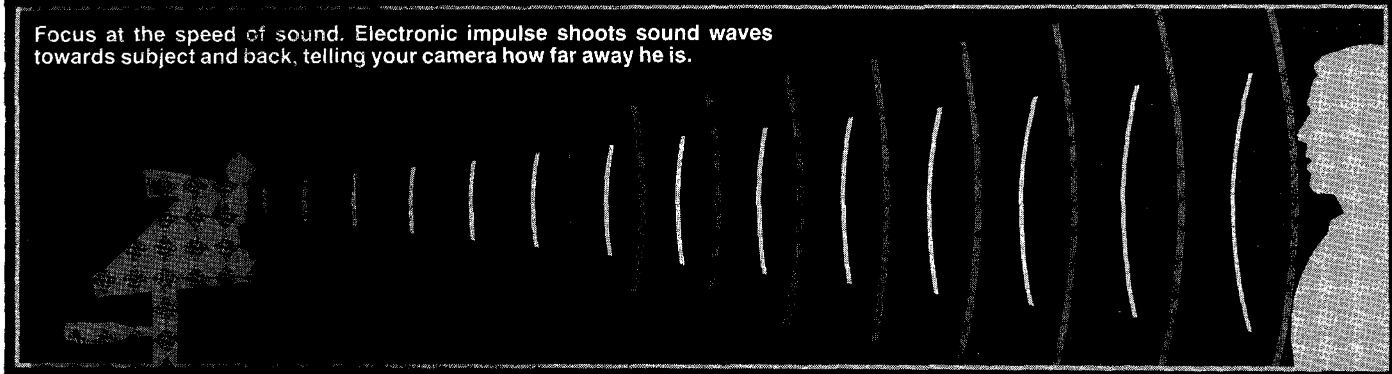
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kept him for eleven months; then the child had to be put in an institution.

In 1948, Barbara Quinton had started ninth grade at a well-regarded parochial high school for girls in downtown Brooklyn. Her tuition was ten dollars a month. In 1950, when Claire wanted to start ninth grade at the same school, her mother said she couldn't afford to send her. Mrs. Quinton insisted that Claire take the entrance examination for another parochial high school that did not charge tuition. Claire didn't want to go there, and purposely failed the entrance examination. She told her mother she would put herself through the high school she wanted to attend. She took the test for Barbara's school and passed it. In ninth and tenth grades, she earned her tuition money by babysitting for one of her mother's tenants. As soon as she turned sixteen, she was able to get a job at Woolworth's. She worked there every afternoon after school and all day Saturday during her junior year and the first half of her senior year. During the last half of her senior year, she had an after-school job as a file clerk for a life-insurance company. Claire paid for her tuition and also for her books, her uniforms, her yearbook, and her class ring. Barbara did babysitting but was allowed to spend the money she earned on clothes.

Claire was popular in high school and mischievous: she played hooky, she chewed gum, she whistled while she walked down the halls, which the nuns told her was something "ladies don't do." Claire was elected president of her class three times. Each time the principal was apprised of the election results, she insisted that a new election be held, so that someone who set a better example could hold the office. Claire was also popular with boys. In November, many of her classmates were praying to St. Jude, the patron saint of hopeless causes, for dates on New Year's Eve. Claire had a date by October. She graduated in June of 1954. Claire had wanted to be a nun ever since she was ten, but she agreed to work for a year or two before entering the convent. Barbara had met a young salesman named Dwight Gaylord in 1951; they were planning to be married in August of 1954. Claire paid for the dress she would be wearing as her sister's maid of honor. Her mother hadn't paid for her tuition, but Claire knew that her mother had been drawing savings out of the bank for several years, and that the Social Security payments would end on August 14th (Claire's eighteenth birthday), and she felt she owed it to her mother to help her replenish her savings. Kate Quinton had given the money she earned at Fitzgerald's to *her* mother. Claire also knew she would have to spend several hundred dollars to buy the black oxfords, the black stockings, the undergarments, the white shirts, the habits, the winter and summer housecoats and nightgowns, and the toilet articles she would need for her first two and a half years in the convent—six months as a postulant and two years as a novice—before she took her first vows.

In June of 1954, Claire Quinton became secretary to a vice-president of an import-export firm in lower Manhattan. Her starting salary was fifty dollars a week; she gave twenty dollars a week to her mother. In September of 1954, Delia Donohue died in her sleep. The following month, Kate Quinton returned to work. She became a bookkeeper and receptionist for a cardiologist in Manhattan. She had liked keeping the books at Fitzgerald's, the money would come in handy (the house was old and needed new plumbing), and she enjoyed talking to the patients. Claire remembers being content at the import-export firm. She got along well with the other secretaries in the office and went out with them on coffee breaks; her work and her attendance were excellent (she received a five-dollar raise after a few months); she dated several young men. Everyone at the firm was surprised when she left, in February of 1956, to enter the convent.

Some of the novices at the novitiate on Long Island were surprised to see Claire when she came there and became a postulant: Sister Claire. They remembered her antics in high school. Sister Claire settled into a fairly rigorous life of prayer, meditation, college-level classes (in subjects ranging from art and music to religion), homework, and chores. In April, she got a bad cough. A doctor was called; he prescribed penicillin for her. She was taken to Brooklyn to have a chest X-ray (it was normal) and to speak to the Reverend Mother of the order. The Reverend Mother asked Claire how she thought she had got the cough. Claire said she didn't know. The Reverend Mother asked Claire if she wanted to go home. Claire said she didn't. When the Reverend Mother had interviewed Claire in 1955, she had given her a preëntry warning: "No more shenanigans." Now she told her that when she said that, she hadn't intended for Claire to take life *too* seriously. She again suggested that Claire go home, and return if she got over the cough. Claire asked to stay on. The Reverend Mother agreed to let her live for six weeks at a different convent, in Brooklyn. Claire could sleep half an hour later, she could work with young children instead of going to classes, there would be less pressure. By June, Claire's cough had improved, and she returned to the novitiate. In August, she became a novice and took the name Sister Mary Doreen. In March of 1957, she fell down a flight of marble stairs; she felt the effects of her fall three weeks later. At the beginning of April, she lifted a heavy piece of pottery in an art class; she felt a painful twinge in her back. A few days later, she walked into an English class. She started to sit down in a chair but her back locked: she couldn't sit down, she couldn't get up. She was assisted into bed. A doctor was called. He prescribed codeine. She was sent to another doctor, a psychiatrist. Between April and July, Claire was in grave pain. She could hardly tolerate the weight of the cincture and the rosary she wore around the waist of her habit. The psychiatrist who came to see her said, "Evidently, Claire, you have a problem, but it doesn't seem to be physical." In August, the Mistress of Novices met with Claire. She told her that her first year as a novice was almost over; she might be taking her first vows in one more year. Claire said she would like that, but she said she couldn't bend, and knew she couldn't last another year in the condition she was in. She said she realized she needed help for her back, which the order couldn't afford to give her. The Mistress of Novices and the Reverend Mother decided that

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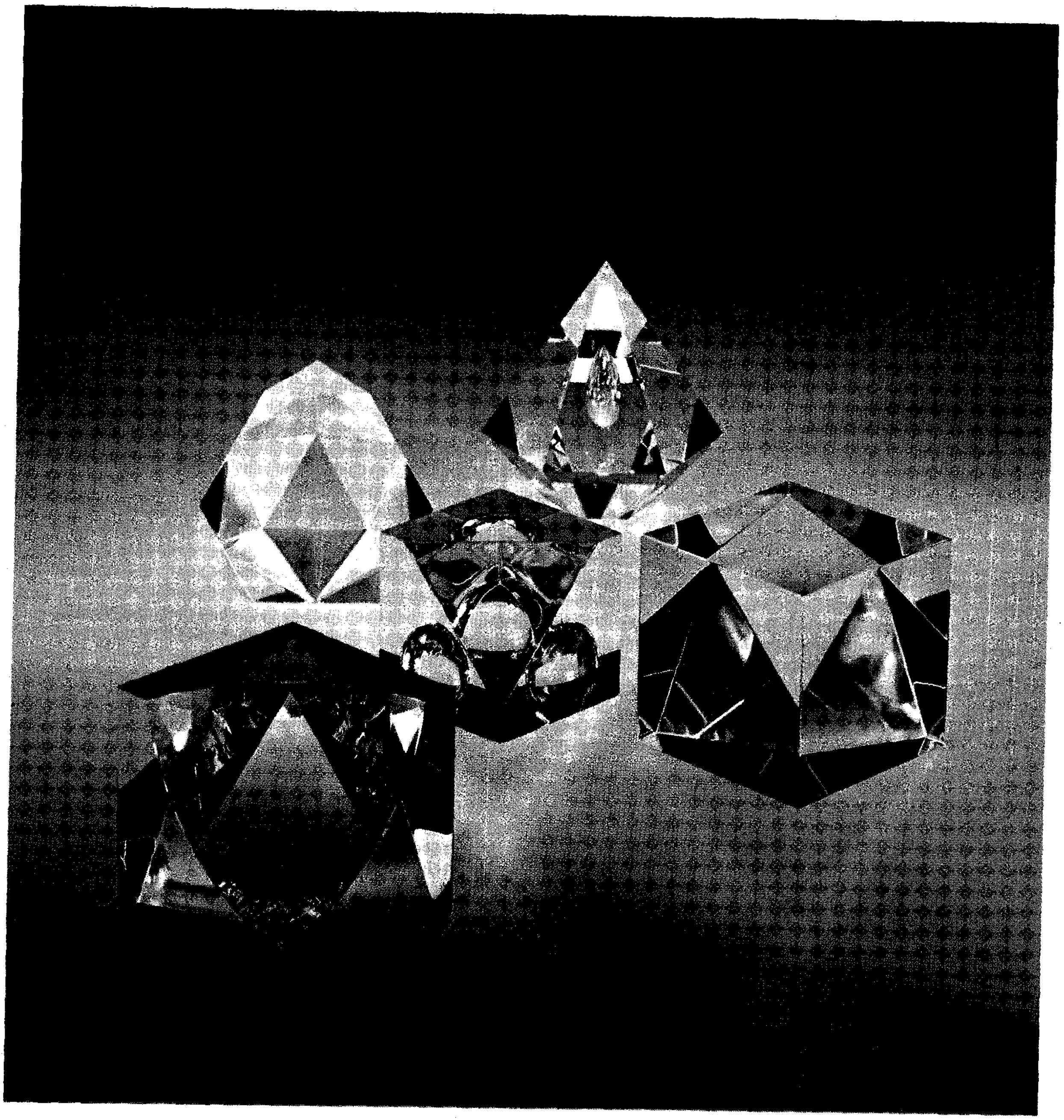

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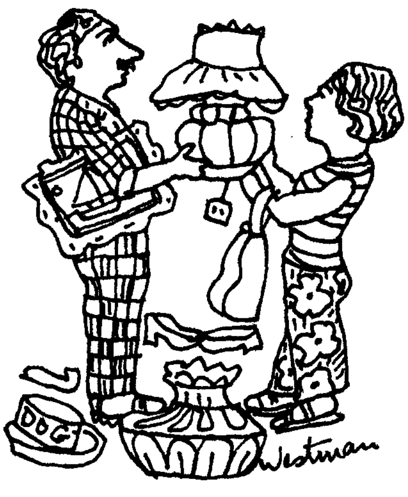
Claire would leave the convent two days later. She accepted their decision philosophically. "You take your losses and your crosses," she says. One nun remained Claire's closest friend until her death, in 1981, and several other nuns are among her good friends today.

Before Claire entered the convent, she had given all her clothes to Barbara. When she returned home, her mother gave her the money to buy a new wardrobe. In September, Claire found a job as a secretary to the controller of a steamship company. That fall, she started going out with a young man named Peter Thorne, and she sought help for her back. Her mother's doctor gave her diathermy treatments; they didn't help. She went to a chiropractor; he snapped the bones in her neck and put pressure on different parts of her spine, but that didn't help, either. In the spring of 1958, Barbara's doctor sent her to a prominent orthopedic surgeon in Brooklyn, Dr. Joseph Morton. He gave her exercises to do, a lumbosacral corset to wear, and painkillers to take. In May of 1958, when the steamship company went bankrupt, Claire became an assistant to an executive at an investment-banking firm on Wall Street.

In 1958, the doctor Mrs. Quinton was working for was having personal and financial difficulties. She left her job. The only other job she could find was as a cleaning woman for a couple named Stern. Kate Quinton worked for the Sterns for the next thirteen years—usually three days a week. When she speaks of the Sterns, she speaks highly of them, but she prefers not to speak of them at all. It was a great disappointment to her to have to go back to working as a domestic. That year, she experienced a greater sadness. Shortly after Delia Donohue's death, Robert Donohue's eyesight failed rapidly. He could no longer read, and television bored him. He began to brood. He gradually became confused and unmanageable; he wouldn't bathe, he wouldn't eat properly. Then he became violent. He went after Kate Quinton with his cane. The third time he attacked her with his cane, she called an ambulance and had him committed to a psychiatric institution, where he remained until his death. As long as her father lived, Kate Quinton worried over what he thought about in his few lucid moments.

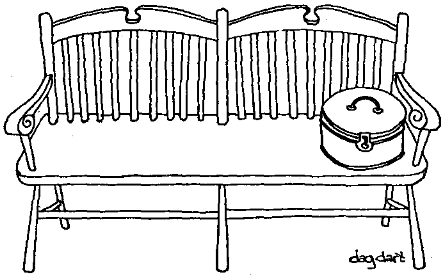
In 1959, Claire's back pains increased. She missed a few days of work during the summer. In September, she went to see to Dr. Morton again. He examined her and told her to wear a spinal brace. A month later, she returned to him. The brace hadn't helped. Dr. Morton said Claire needed a spinal fusion. He told her she would have to spend about a month in the hospital after the fusion and at least six months at home resting, so that the fusion would solidify. Claire had plans to go to Europe with two friends the following May. She wanted to postpone the surgery. "Don't call me, I'll call you," she told Dr. Morton. She broke up with Peter Thorne; he took her to good restaurants and was a snappy dresser, but he was pushing her to marry him, and she wasn't in love with him. In March of 1960, Claire had to sleep in a beach chair for ten days—it was more comfortable than a bed—and missed two weeks of work. She cancelled her plans to go to Europe. In May of 1960, she had her first spinal fusion. She was out on disability until March of 1961, when she returned to the investment-banking firm. Her back still ached, and pain radiated into her right leg. In May of 1961, Claire met a young man named Jack Devlin. By 1962, she and Jack were dating steadily. Dr. Morton had prescribed muscle relaxants for Claire; they didn't work. She had to leave her job on Wall Street in August of 1963, because the trip from Brooklyn to lower Manhattan meant taking three subways, and the pain in her back was worse and had spread to her neck. She took a thirteen-day Caribbean cruise with three other young women and then went to work as a secretary to two certified public accountants in midtown Manhattan, where the salaries were higher and the opportunities seemed better. A neighbor gave her a ride to midtown each morning, and in the evening she could get home by taking a single subway. In March of 1964, Claire returned to Dr. Morton. He ordered some X-rays and said they looked fine, but in May of 1964 Claire had to leave her job because of the pain. She insisted that there must be something wrong, so Dr. Morton admitted her to the hospital and had a myelogram done. The myelogram—an X-ray of the spinal cord using a radio-opaque dye—showed a fissure: the fusion had never solidified. That month, Dr. Morton performed a second spinal fusion. Claire spent a good part of the next year flat on her back. Her back still hurt, so she returned to Dr. Morton in April of 1965. He sent her to a radiologist. She called Dr. Morton for the results of the X-rays. "Claire, you have a perfectly solid fusion," he said. She went to another doctor, who referred her to Dr. Kevin Twigg, a well-known orthopedic surgeon in Manhattan. In September, Dr. Twigg sent Claire to a radiologist. He told her that the fusion was not solid. Dr. Twigg performed a spinal fusion in October of 1965. Claire had fallen in love with Jack Devlin, who wanted to marry her. She broke up with him in October of 1966, because her back felt no better after three fusions than it had in 1957 when she left the convent. Kate Quinton was fond of Jack Devlin. If Claire married him, she said, she would sell her house and take an apartment not far from their home, and she would do all Claire's laundry, cleaning, and cooking. Claire was grateful to her mother, but she thought it would be unfair to Jack to marry him, because she believed that, with her back, she wouldn't be capable of having a child.



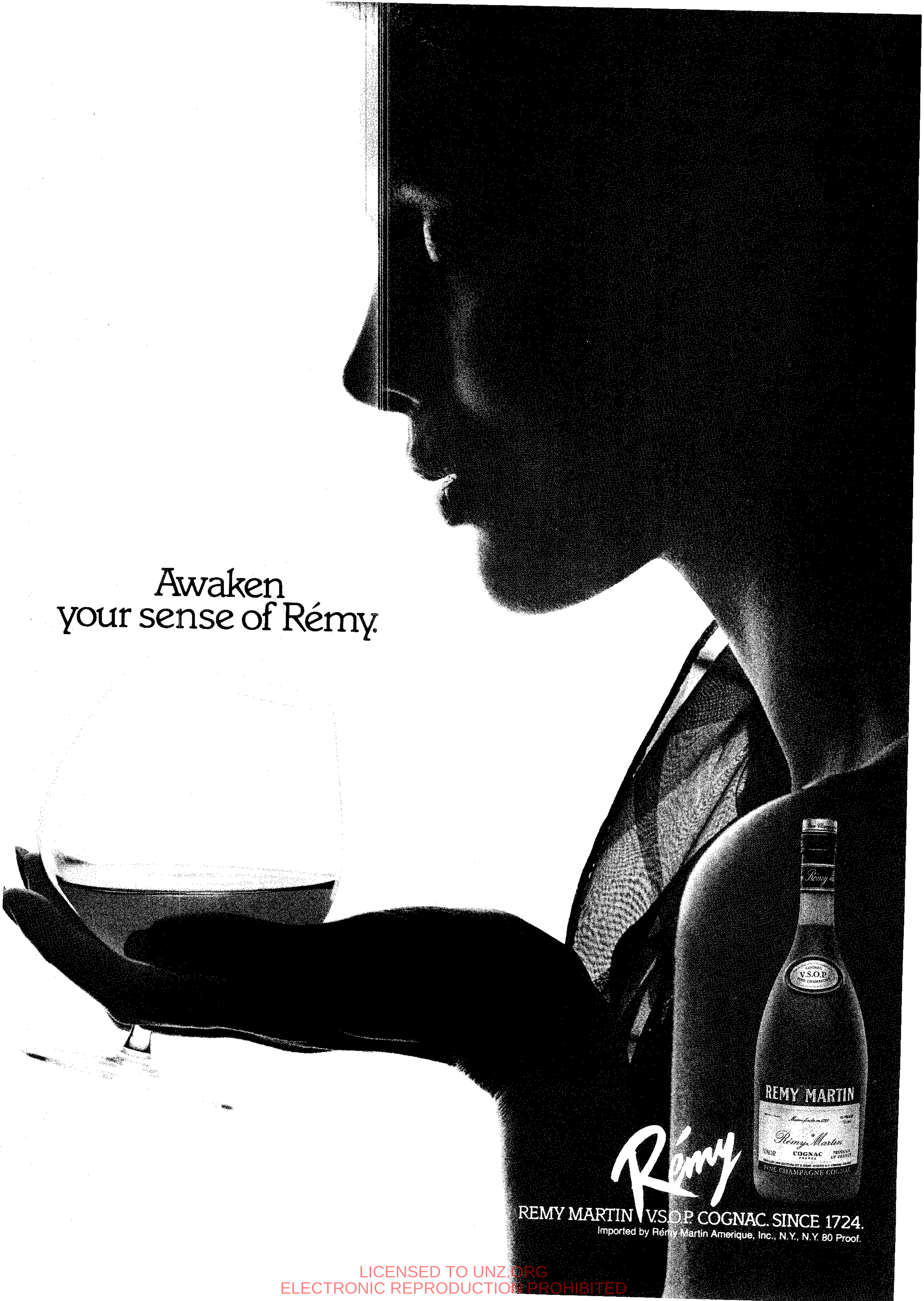
Claire was unable to work between May of 1964 and July of 1967, and received disability payments from Social Security most of that time. One day in the winter of 1967, she felt particularly troubled, because her mother had to walk to the subway in the snow to get to the Sterns' while she stayed home. Claire resolved that she would make it up to her mother. That summer, she returned to work as an executive secretary at a brokerage house in lower Manhattan; she was still in pain, but she was able to drive to work and park on a pier near her office. In February of 1968, she treated her mother to a week-long Caribbean cruise. Kate Quinton, with her sisters Eileen and Sheila, set off for the Bahamas in style. She had a wardrobe of evening dresses, and gold and silver shoes to match them. Mrs. Quinton loved the luxury liner. "The breakfasts were like lunches, our beds were changed every day, they were turned down and our nightgowns were laid out every evening, and the tablecloths were changed after every meal," she recalls. In June of 1968, Claire took a leave of absence from her job. She had had constant pain in her right leg and her back since October of 1965. In June of 1968, Dr. Twigg performed another spinal fusion on her. It was a complete failure. In June of 1969, he performed still another spinal fusion, using a new technique. Claire's back felt better after the fifth fusion. She returned to work for the brokerage firm in March of 1970. In September of 1971, she was exhausted and asked the firm for a two-week vacation, to which she felt entitled after eighteen months of work. The firm refused to give her the vacation. She said she was going to take it anyway, and let them fire her, because by then she was planning to move out of the city. She went on a cruise and was careful not to get a suntan, because she was collecting unemployment insurance.

IN 1971, Kate Quinton developed diverticulosis, a gastrointestinal ailment that afflicts many old people. She suffered for thirteen weeks—her aging doctor did nothing that alleviated her pains—but felt better four days after she went to another doctor, who gave her a chalky medicine to take. She put the Vanderbilt Street house on the market in August. The house needed major repairs; the property taxes had just gone up; the water and sewer bills were rising. Kate Quinton could never bring herself to raise the tenants' rents steeply. Another reason the Quintons were thinking of moving out of Brooklyn was that Mayor John Lindsay had been threatening to prohibit cars from entering Manhattan during the day. Claire had been driving to work, because her back was always better when she wasn't climbing up and down subway stairs and being jostled on long subway rides. The previous summer, the Lindsay administration had curtailed sanitation services in Windsor Terrace—garbage was collected twice a week instead of three times a week—and increased them in poorer, denser sections, like Brownsville. The Quintons weren't sure the neighborhood would hold. Mrs. Quinton was sixty-nine, and she decided that the time had come to retire from her job at the Sterns'; she left them in October, after selling the house. She wanted to move to Teaneck, where Barbara and Dwight now lived, to be near Barbara and her grandchildren, Charles, Sarah, and Elizabeth. Her sewing club had stopped meeting many years before, her sisters Patricia and Beatrice and her brother James were dead, her many nieces and nephews had married and moved away: the full house on Sunday was also in the past tense. Claire thought that if she lived in Teaneck she would find a job she could drive to; parking in New Jersey would be neither a problem nor an expense. Barbara and Dwight Gaylord seemed pleased to have the Quintons move to Teaneck. They helped them find a house that was just a few blocks from their own house, and painted it for them. Kate Quinton had sold the house on Vanderbilt Street for thirty-four thousand dollars. She cleared about twenty-six thousand dollars after paying off the mortgage, the real-estate commission, and the closing costs. The house in Teaneck cost twenty-two thousand dollars. She assumed a seven-thousand-dollar mortgage. Mrs. Quinton had to buy a new refrigerator, and insisted on removing a wall oven in the house and replacing it with a new stove, because the wall oven wasn't big enough to hold her Thanksgiving turkey. She had about eight thousand dollars left by the time she had fixed up the house in Teaneck. The Quintons moved to Teaneck in May of 1972.

In June of 1972, Claire went to work as a secretary for a company in Wyckoff—an easy twenty-minute trip by car from Teaneck—for a hundred and forty-five dollars a week. Her boss was very demanding, but she worked hard. Her salary was increased to a hundred and fifty-five dollars and then to a hundred and sixty-five. In May of 1973, she had chest pains and high blood pressure, but she went on working; her boss gave her four days off in July. In October of 1973, Claire and a friend went on a vacation to Nova Scotia. Claire returned with a bad cold but went back to work. After five weeks, she had almost no voice. She called to say she couldn't make it to the office. Claire's boss came to the house. He told her he was sorry, but he couldn't afford to have an employee out sick. He gave her his personal check for two hundred dollars and a company check for two weeks' pay. Claire's cold lasted until January of 1974. When she was able to go out job hunting, she couldn't find a decent job in New Jersey; everywhere she applied, she was told she was overqualified. In October of 1974, a cousin helped her get a job as a secretary and statistical typist at a ship-repair firm in lower Manhattan. She was out with the flu and low blood pressure in December of 1974 and January of 1975. The stress of the job and the two hours a day of commuting on the bus from Teaneck (plus the round-trip subway ride between the Port Authority Bus Terminal and lower Manhattan) were too much for her, and she quit at the end of May, 1975.



Kate Quinton kept busy unpacking during her first two months in Teaneck. June, 1972, was a dreary, rainy month, but the weather improved and she had a few visitors from Brooklyn over the summer. By September, she was edgy. She couldn't drive, there were no stores within walking distance—there weren't even any sidewalks on her block—and she could kill only one day a week polishing her silver. There wasn't much cleaning to do in a small house. Claire left for her job early in the morning and returned late in the evening. Claire had asked Barbara to take their mother to the supermarket once a week when she did her own grocery shopping. She warned Barbara not to go near her mother when she was buying a chicken: Kate Quinton tore open the see-through wrapping around the chicken with a fingernail, then smelled the chicken to see if it was fresh, and Barbara might be embarrassed. Otherwise, Claire assured Barbara, her mother's conduct in a supermarket was exemplary. Barbara took her mother to the supermarket three or four times; then she didn't telephone again to ask her to go shopping. Most of Kate Quinton's neighbors worked. She sat at home listening to the sounds of rustling leaves and cars whizzing by—sounds she loathed. She missed her friends and her three sisters still living in Brooklyn. Her friends called a few times, until they got their telephone bills. Teaneck was a long-distance call from New York City. In October of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Dad meets the graduate in his Peugeot

That night, when everyone else had gone upstairs to bed, they stayed out on the deck and talked. Just the two of them, father and daughter.

She told him how tough this last year at college had been, how dumb she had felt sometimes.

He told her about architecture and how dumb he still feels sometimes.

They agreed on bluegrass and spy thrillers. Agreed to disagree on Brahms and ice cream with walnuts in it.

They chuckled about her kid brother, the-boy-who-was-all-legs, and his recent discovery of girls.

They did not talk the way they used to talk, like father and daughter. Without noticing it, they had become friends.

"I like you," he said.

"I like you, Dad."

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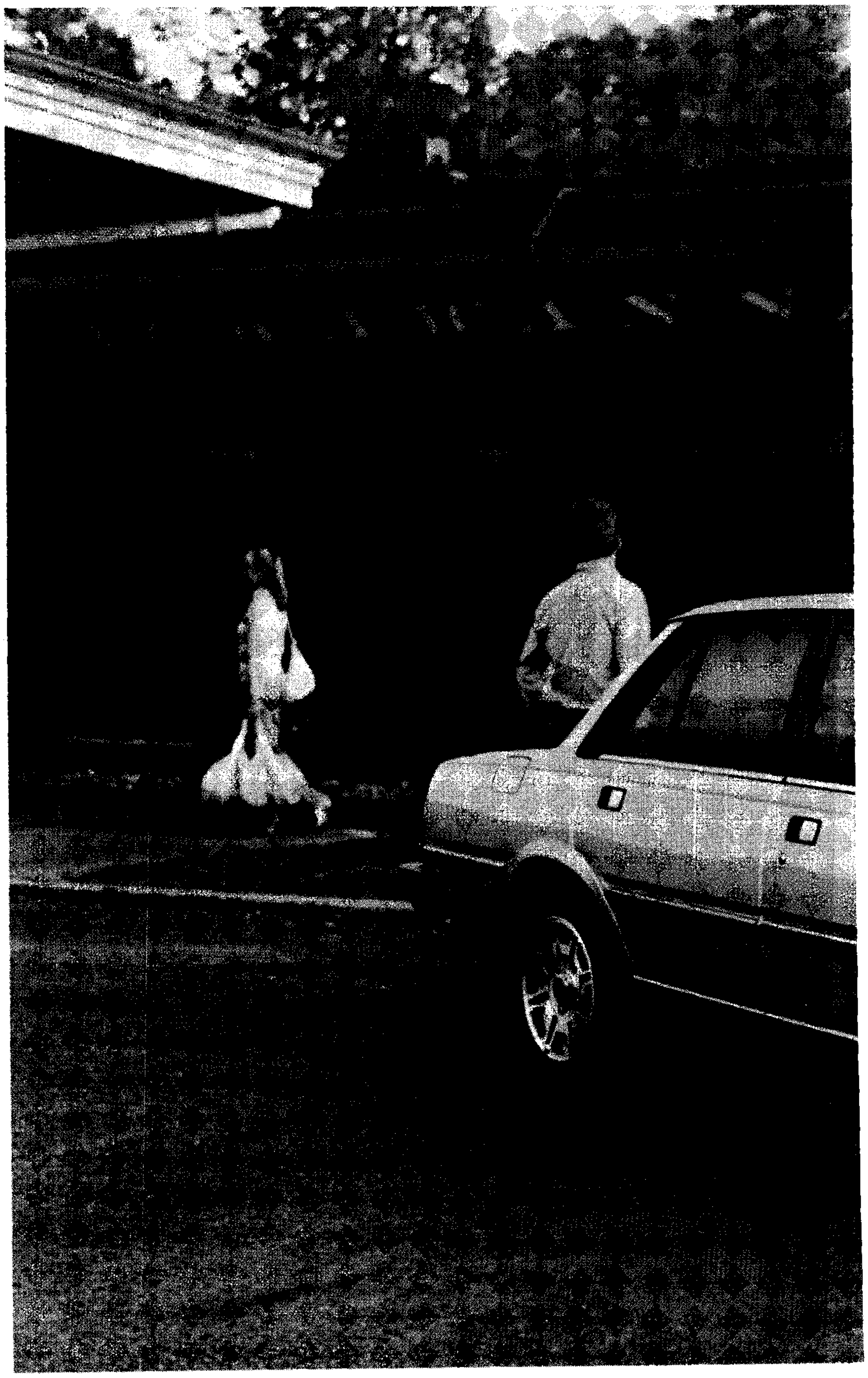

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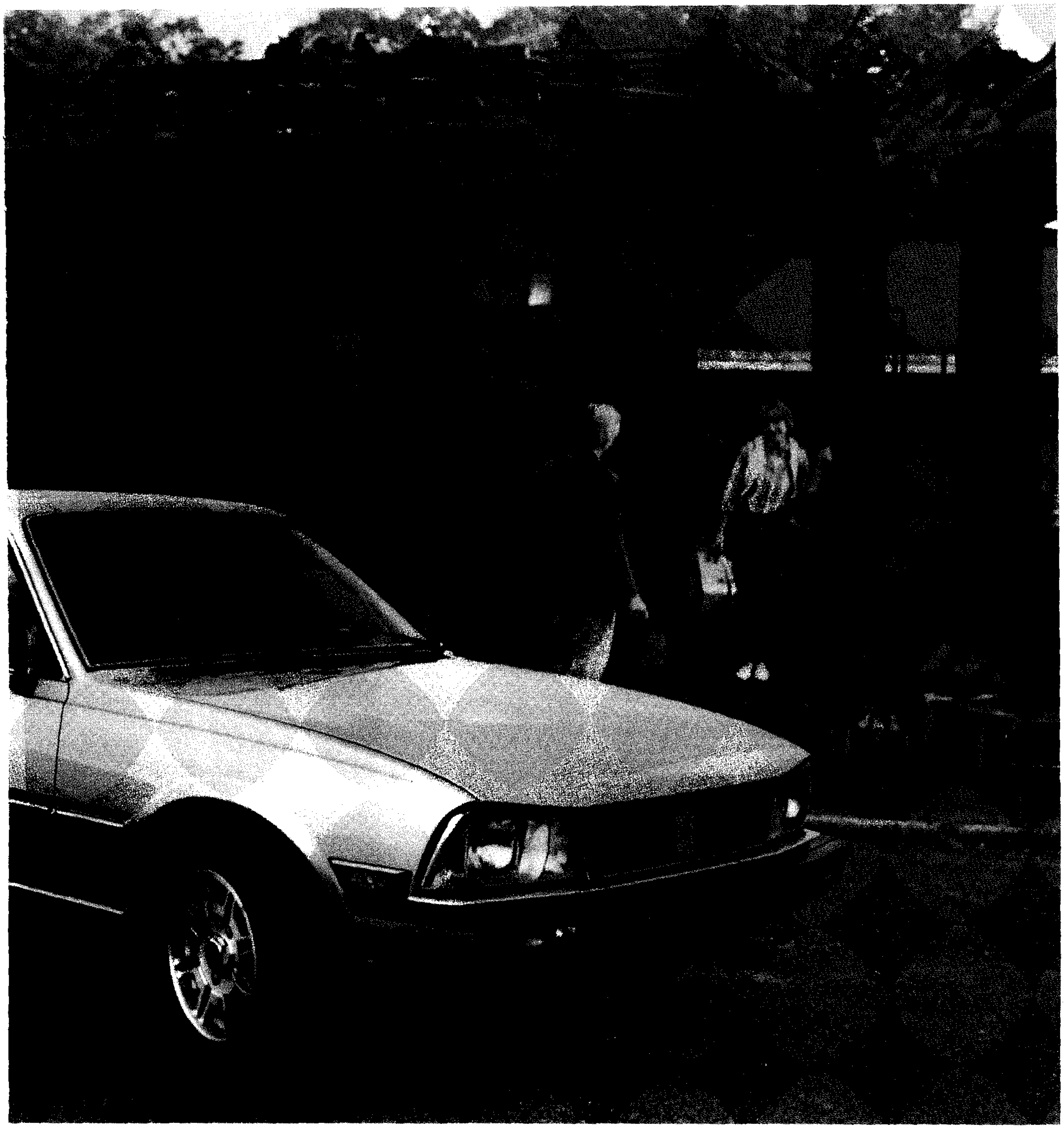

omfort of body.

It is also a car for comfort of mind. 'he Peugeot 505 STI bristles with ıfety features, including 4-wheel isc brakes that "weigh" the passeners and luggage, then adjust themelves to help prevent the rear /heels from locking and skidding.

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1972, Claire asked her mother if she wanted to go to Brooklyn; she spent a happy week with Eileen, Sheila, and Anne, and had tea with Mrs. Stern. When she returned to Teaneck, she was looking forward to cooking her first Thanksgiving turkey for the family in her new oven. The Quintons spent Christmas at the Gaylords'.

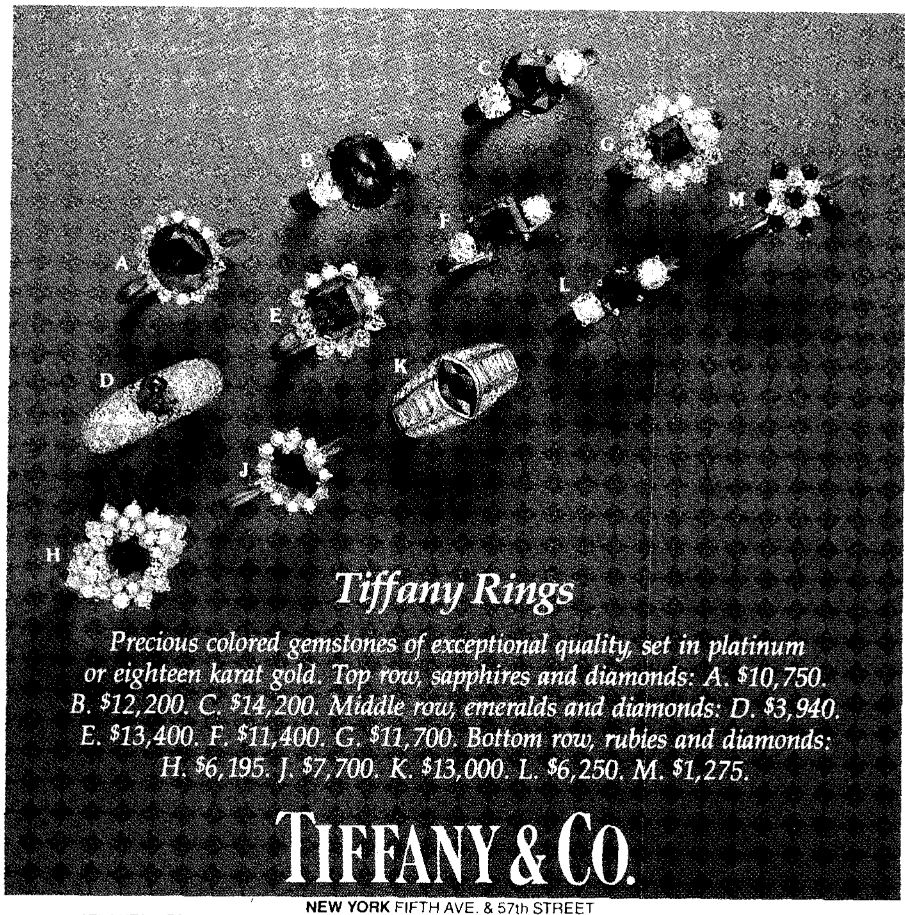
In 1973, there were fewer visitors from Brooklyn, and Claire lost her job. In August of 1974, Kate Quinton was run-down. She was put in a hospital, for the first time in almost thirty years, and spent a week there. In March of 1975, she fell and broke her elbow. The previous October, there had been a slight to-do at the Gaylords' house. The Quintons and one of their friends had been invited over for a drink, and Claire had parked her car in its customary place in the driveway. Dwight had to go out to buy some milk. Claire's car was blocking his car. "Why the hell do you always park your goddam car in my way?" he asked. "Give me your car keys."

In May of 1975, four days after the Quintons had spent a convivial Mother's Day with Barbara and Dwight at their golf club, Barbara came over to visit her mother and sister at eight o'clock in the evening.

As Claire recalls the conversation, Mrs. Quinton said, "What a pleasant surprise, Barbara. How nice to see you."

"You sell this house, Mama, and get yourself an apartment in Brooklyn near one of your sisters," Barbara said. "You, Claire, get yourself a pad in the city."

Nothing had prepared Claire for Barbara's outburst. She didn't speak to her sister or brother-in-law from May until August, when her mother, who hadn't been eating properly, lost her balance and fell again. Claire called Barbara to ask her to take Mrs. Quinton to the hospital, because her mother was so weak she didn't know what to do. Mrs. Quinton was again in a very run-down condition. For two years, she had been saying "You can't transplant an oak tree." She had seen less of Barbara than she had expected. Her grandson was away at college, and her granddaughters were busy with high-school and junior-high-school sports. She had started to suffer from arthritis; she blamed it on Teaneck. Property taxes were going up, and so were the prices of heating oil, gas, and electricity. The eight thousand dollars she had had when she



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came to Teaneck was gone. Claire had bought a 1970 Buick for two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in October of 1973, and she had missed work a good deal even before she gave up her last job, at the ship-repair firm, at the end of May, 1975. Mrs. Quinton's monthly Social Security checks were small. Patrick Quinton had earned a decent salary for only a few years before his death, and Kate Quinton had chosen to collect Social Security widow's benefits at the age of sixty-two. "I might die when I'm sixty-three or sixty-four," she had said when Claire urged her to wait until she was sixty-five. As soon as Kate Quinton got out of the hospital in August, she said, "Let's put the house up for sale and go back to Brooklyn." Claire was glad. The relationship with the Gaylords was a strain on her. She recalls that sometimes Barbara invited her to a cocktail party but said, "Mama can't come." Lindsay's car restrictions hadn't gone into effect; Claire thought it would be easier to get a good job in Manhattan than in New Jersey, and she would be able to drive to work. Rents were low in Windsor Terrace. The neighborhood had held. Claire gave a real-estate agent the exclusive right for sixty days to advertise and sell the house in Teaneck. Mrs. Quinton became impatient that the house wasn't sold immediately and, before the sixty days were up, gave another real-estate agent the exclusive right to advertise and sell it. Luckily, the first agent sold the house—for thirty-four thousand dollars—and there was no problem with the second agent. Claire had gone to the real-estate agent in Windsor Terrace who had sold the house on Vanderbilt Street. He helped her find an apartment in a two-family house in Windsor Terrace for two hundred dollars a month. The apartment, at 283 Seeley Street, needed some fixing up. The Quintons had to pay two hundred dollars to the real-estate agent, pay a two-hundred-dollar security deposit, and pay two hundred dollars' rent for the month of December while the apartment was being put in order. The place needed heavy cleaning, painting, carpeting in the foyer, a hundred and sixty dollars' worth of new window shades, and a four-hundred-dollar refrigerator. (The refrigerator from Teaneck was a quarter of an inch too big to fit into the kitchen of the apartment.) By the time the Quintons moved into their apartment, on December 26, 1975, Kate Quinton had

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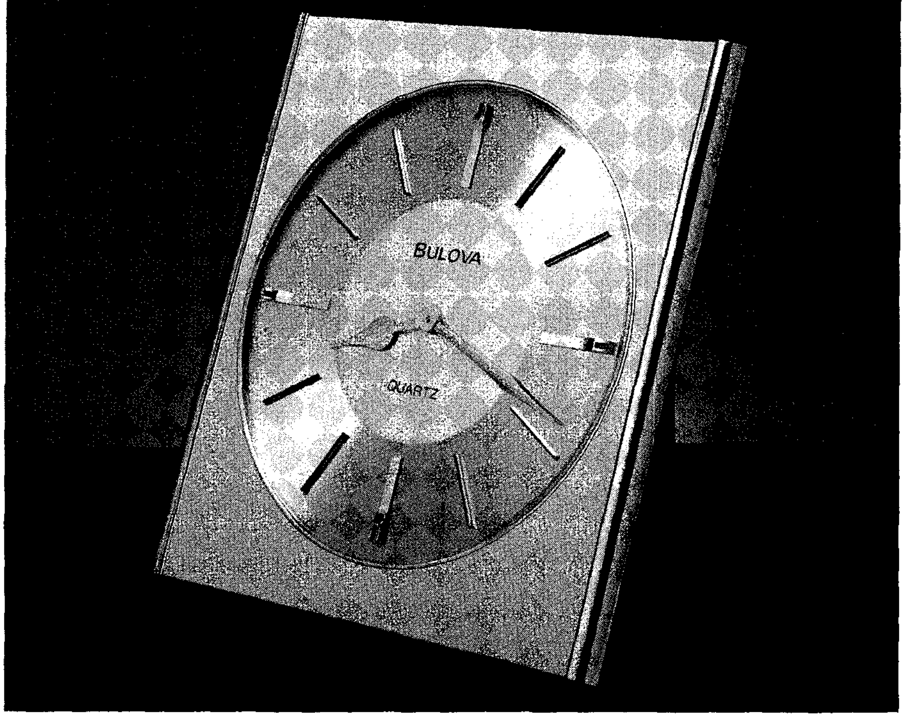

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twenty-three thousand dollars left from the sale of the house in Teaneck.

THE Quintons' new apartment was a few blocks from their former houses on Greenwood Avenue and Vanderbilt Street. The owner of the house lived in Delaware; his sister and her husband had the downstairs. Kate and Claire Quinton had a four-room apartment upstairs. In early 1976, Mrs. Quinton did all the unpacking. She could no longer go shopping, but she could get up and down the stairs to go to church, to get the newspaper, and to have tea with the owner's sister. Claire liked being back in Brooklyn; her close friend Helen Durbin had a house nearby. In May of 1976, Claire found a job at a plastics company in Manhattan. She was able to keep it for only three weeks, because of high blood pressure. (Claire Quinton sometimes suffers from high blood pressure and gets chest pains. At other times, her blood pressure is so low that she faints or blacks out.) At the urging of her local doctor, she went to the psychiatric outpatient clinic of a hospital in Brooklyn. Claire describes herself as a person who can face up to serious disappointments as they occur but who comes apart long afterward, when the reality of the disappointment sets in. She suddenly realized that her life hadn't turned out as she had expected it to, and felt as if she was a complete failure. She had had to leave the convent. She hadn't been able to marry Jack Devlin. (She had learned that he was happily married and had three children.) She had gone from being a young woman of eighteen who had perfect health and perfect attendance at her first job to being a woman of almost forty who had had five unsuccessful spinal fusions and who no longer kept jobs. Her back had started to hurt a great deal during her last year in Teaneck. The dry cough she had first got in the convent kept recurring. Hardly a year went by that she didn't have a bad cold or a case of flu for two months of the winter. She periodically felt overwhelmed by her mother's demands. She had fled the house in Teaneck in February of 1974 to spend two days with a friend. She had left 283 Seeley Street in June of 1976 to stay with another friend shortly before seeking psychiatric help.

In January of 1977, Claire fell down on a driveway near 283 Seeley Street and broke her right leg and ankle. She spent three weeks in the hospital. The bones didn't mend well.

Her leg was in a cast for five months. She filed for disability in September of 1977, because of her back and her leg, and didn't get it. Kate and Claire Quinton liked their apartment at 283 Seeley Street and were sorry when the owner told them, in the fall of 1977, that he wanted to move his own family back into it. They found a four-room, ground-floor apartment a block and a half away, for two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and moved in on February 1, 1978. The front door was at street level, and a door in Claire's bedroom opened onto a shady back yard. Mrs. Quinton's arthritis had been bothering her. Claire thought a ground-floor apartment would be sensible. Her mother didn't care for the apartment. She complained that water bugs were running rampant. She didn't like the pine tree in the front yard, which made the living room dark. She didn't like the looks of a gray house across the street. She didn't want to sit in the back yard. In April of 1978, Claire became severely depressed. She telephoned her therapist, who urged her to go to the hospital with which her psychiatric clinic was affiliated. Her mother opposed her going. The therapist told Claire to put her mother on the telephone and asked Mrs. Quinton to give Claire the money to get to the hospital by car service. Claire underwent many tests during her hospital stay. The psychiatrists diagnosed her as suffering from neurotic depression. She spent the eight days in the hospital in a wheelchair, because her back and her leg hurt so much. In July of 1978, she went back to Dr. Twigg, who sent her to a radiologist. The X-rays looked all right to Dr. Twigg, but Claire was still in pain, so he had her admitted to the hospital, where a myelogram was done. He called in a neurosurgeon for a consultation. The neurosurgeon was in favor of operating. Dr. Twigg said the myelogram showed that the last fusion was solid. "You don't need an operation, but you do look very washed out," he told Claire. "Stay in the hospital an extra few days." In October of 1978, Claire had another disability hearing. The judge seemed to be impressed by the psychiatric testimony, and granted her disability. It was retroactive for one year, and she got a check from Social Security for six thousand dollars. Kate Quinton insisted on moving out of the ground-floor apartment as soon as their one-year lease was up. Claire went back to the real-estate agent. He told her that

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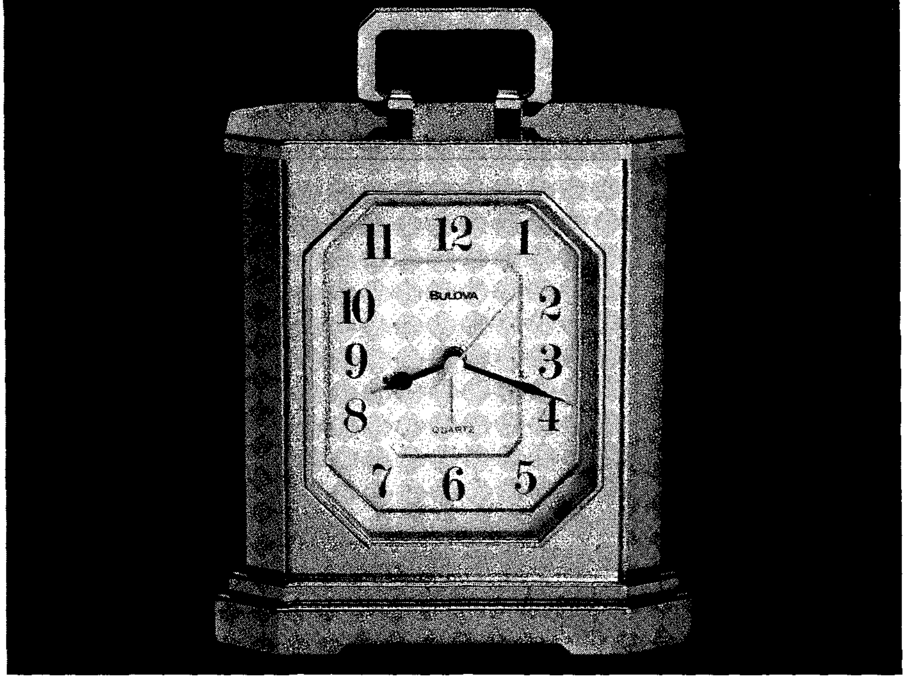

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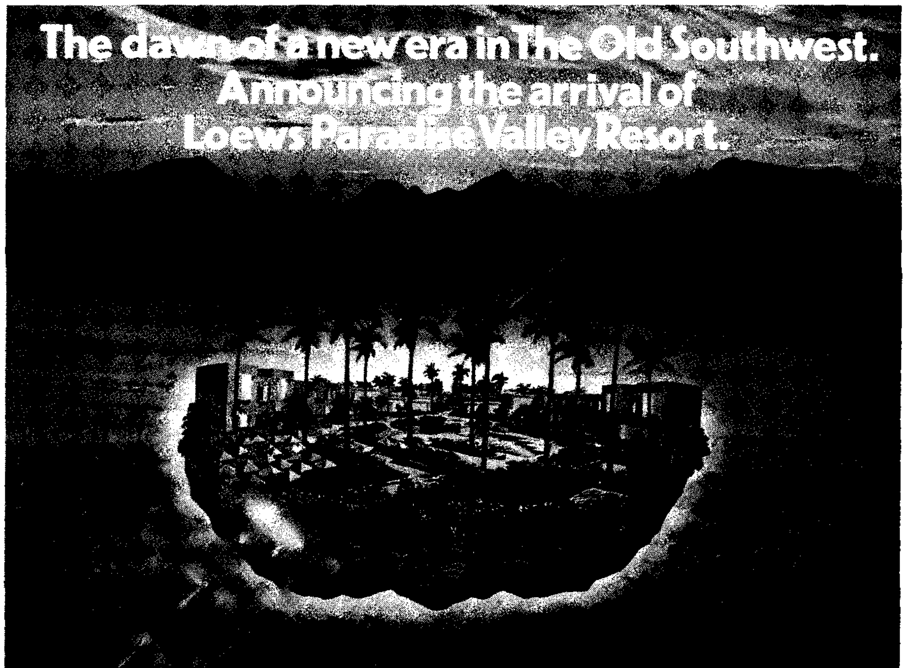
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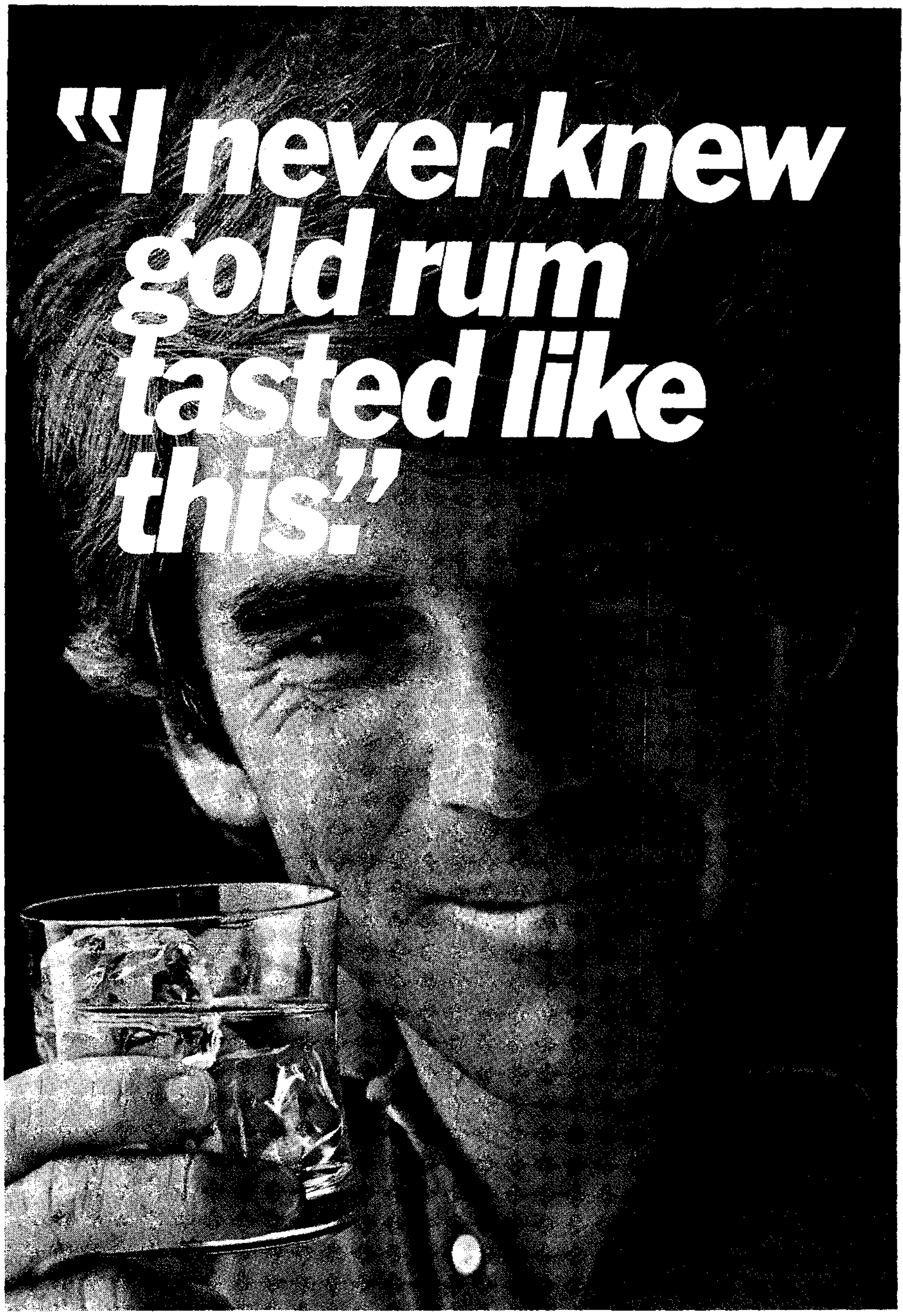

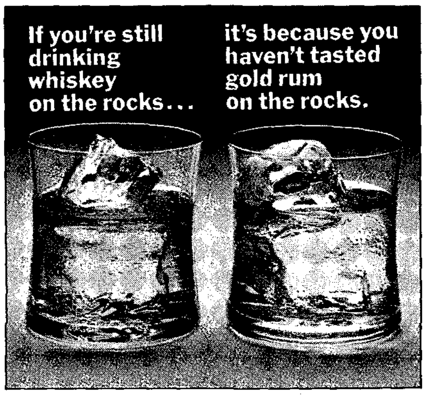
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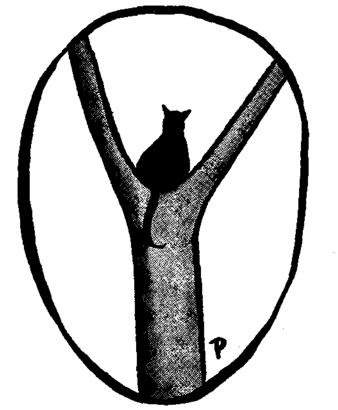
there was an apartment available at 292 Seeley Street, almost directly across from 283 Seeley. Kate and Claire Quinton had liked the block, with its well-maintained brick houses. Claire went to see the apartment with her friend Helen Durbin one evening, after Helen got home from work. The apartment was cold, but the landlord said he would heat it properly. It was in good shape. The rent was two hundred and sixty-five dollars a month. The Quintons moved in on February 1, 1979. Mrs. Quinton was soon dissatisfied with the apartment. The landlord didn't live up to his commitment to heat the house. His wife used a lot of garlic in her cooking. Garlic was one of Mrs. Quinton's least favorite aromas. In February of 1980, he raised the rent to three hundred dollars. In the fall of 1981, after the rent was increased another forty-five dollars, Barbara bought her mother an electric heater.

Kate Quinton also associated the new apartment with a precipitous decline in her health. In the spring of 1980, she had violent stomach pains. In June of 1980, she spent three weeks in a hospital in Brooklyn. Her ailment was diagnosed as diverticulosis, and she was put on a bland diet. After she got home, she still had pains. She went to Barbara's house in July. Barbara put her in a hospital in New Jersey in August. Once again, she had diverticulosis and was put on a bland diet. Barbara was angry with her for not complaining enough: the hospital discharged her after eight days. In 1979, Kate Quinton's sister Sheila had put her house in Brooklyn up for sale. She was planning to move into a housing complex for senior citizens in Connecticut to be near several of her children. She sold the house much sooner than she had expected, and rented a basement apartment next door to the Quintons', on Seeley Street, from the fall of 1979 until the fall of 1980, when her apartment in Connecticut became available. One Sunday evening in September of 1980, Kate Quinton went down to have dinner with Sheila. After dinner, her legs buckled. She couldn't walk up the stairs. Sheila brought her a chair. Some neighbors carried her up to bed. The arthritis in her knees was becoming more debilitating. She had stomach pains and no appetite again. Janet Grafton, a family friend who was a visiting nurse, gave Kate Quinton a walker and a commode. In the winter of 1980, Claire Quinton rented a wheelchair with a built-in commode for her mother. By February of 1981, Kate Quinton was confined to her wheelchair and her bed. Barbara wasn't satisfied with the Brooklyn doctor who had treated her mother for diverticulosis in 1980. In March of 1981, she found another doctor for her, through a friend of a friend—Dr. William Ruffolo, who was affiliated with Lutheran Medical Center, where he had done a residency in family practice. Dr. Ruffolo came to the Quintons' apartment three times in March. He treated Kate Quinton for her arthritic pain and her abdominal pain. On one of these visits, Dr. Ruffolo recalled later, Claire told him that her mother had drunk a bottle of gin and a bottle of something else (he didn't remember what) the previous evening. He had never seen any evidence of drinking in the Quinton household himself. He continued to talk to others as if he believed what Claire had said, however, and said that he thought Claire, too, had a penchant for drinking.

Janet Grafton had told Claire about Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service, a certified home health agency that provides short-term help to people who are ill, and advised her to ask Dr. Ruffolo to refer her to it, which he did in early April of 1981. On April 10th, a nurse from the agency's Park Slope office, which served Windsor Terrace, came to see the Quintons. She decided that Mrs. Quinton needed a physical therapist to get her out of her bed and wheelchair and back onto the walker; a nurse to care for a rash she had developed on her buttocks and to encourage her to improve her eating habits; and a home health aide. The nurse also decided that a medical social worker was needed to help Claire cope with her willful mother.

Evan Flint, a physical therapist, started to come to the Quintons' in late April. Kate Quinton seemed to have adapted to the role of invalid. She resisted doing the exercises she was supposed to do. She wouldn't move a small table in her hall, which got in the way of the walker and the wheelchair. The nurses who visited periodically in April and May found Mrs. Quinton "self-directed"—their way of saying that she did pretty much as she pleased. She ate as little as she wanted, smoked as much as she wanted, and once refused to let a nurse examine her raw buttocks. Dr. Ruffolo came to examine them in May. The medical social worker, whose name was Florence Franklyn, first visited Mrs. Quinton in late April. She found her depressed and full of complaints. Mrs. Quinton often seemed to complain for the sake of complaining. She said the apartment was cold and the landlord crude and rude, but she showed no interest in moving when that was proposed to her. Kate Quinton conveyed the impression that her problems weren't just physical ones but the emotional problems of old age as well. She had outlived many of her friends and relatives, and felt lonely and useless. Her sister Anne had recently died. She told Miss Franklyn she missed seeing Sheila now that Sheila had moved to Connecticut. She saw little of Eileen, who lived in Flatbush, because Eileen spent every day playing bingo. Mrs. Quinton took a dark view of ever regaining her health. She considered selling the house on Vanderbilt Street a "major mistake," because there she had had "more independence and more control." Florence Franklyn got in touch with Selfhelp, a local service center for senior citizens, to get Kate Quinton a home-care worker, because Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service couldn't provide one on a long-term basis. Mrs. Quinton told Florence Franklyn that she had ten thousand dollars in the bank. She wouldn't spend any money on a home attendant or on a pair of molded shoes that Evan Flint said she needed to help her walk. Miss Franklyn told Selfhelp that Kate Quinton had only five thousand dollars. She knew that that was close to the maximum amount a person could have and still get free home-care service from Selfhelp. She was willing to halve Mrs. Quinton's assets not for her sake but for Claire's. "The burden wasn't falling on Kate Quinton, it was falling on Claire," Florence Franklyn says. She noticed that Mrs. Quinton spoke more pleasantly to other people than she did to Claire, that she found fault with Claire's cooking, and that Barbara was obviously her favorite daughter. Her eyes sparkled when she spoke of Barbara.



In early May, Mrs. Quinton became slightly more coöperative—the table in the hall was finally moved into Claire's room—but she refused to elevate her swollen feet and declined large-type books. The situation in the Quinton household reached a crisis in mid-May, after Claire injured her back while trying to lift her mother. Mrs. Quinton felt a combination of guilt that Claire had hurt her back and anger that because Claire had hurt her back she couldn't do as much to help her. She made it clear to Florence Franklyn that Claire could never meet the high standards she had set for herself and had been able to live up to. She had never failed her own mother, she said. Mrs. Quinton let Claire know this, and as a result Claire felt angry and trapped. Florence Franklyn believed Mrs. Quinton needed more than four hours of home care a week—the maximum Selfhelp provided any client. She was more of a burden than Miss Franklyn felt that Claire could bear. Claire could scarcely leave the apartment to shop. When Miss Franklyn told Kate Quinton she needed more home-care hours and would have to pay for them, she said she couldn't afford to pay, and started to cry. She said she preferred to rely solely on Claire. When Claire told Florence Franklyn that Barbara had once offered to pay for a distant relative to help out with her mother if things got very bad, Mrs. Quinton reluctantly consented to accept Barbara's offer of help. Claire said she would call Barbara. After eleven days had gone by and Claire hadn't called Barbara, Florence Franklyn called her. Barbara said the relative she had previously offered was no longer available. When Miss Franklyn proposed hiring a home attendant privately for about eight additional hours a week, at a cost of about twenty-five dollars a week, Barbara said she couldn't afford it. Florence Franklyn's impression was that Barbara sounded defensive. She said that she had children in school and that her mother was stubborn. It seemed to Florence Franklyn that Barbara was not the wonderful doting daughter Mrs. Quinton had wanted her to believe Barbara was. Barbara said she would call Miss Franklyn back if she could help pay for the home attendant. She never called. Florence Franklyn believed that Barbara could have afforded the money if she had wanted to spend it.

In late May of 1981, just as Mrs.

Quinton was getting over a bad rash on her buttocks and was walking twenty or thirty feet a day with the walker, a nurse discovered a lump in her right breast. Dr. Ruffolo was on vacation. He came to see Mrs. Quinton immediately after he returned, on June 3rd. He said he would admit Mrs. Quinton to Lutheran Medical Center as soon as a bed was available. He couldn't get a bed, so he admitted her to Lutheran by way of the emergency room on June 9th. The lump was removed; it was benign, and Kate Quinton returned home on June 28th.

The home-care worker from Selfhelp resumed her visits in July, and Evan Flint returned that month to give Kate Quinton physical therapy. Mrs. Quinton's outlook was brighter than it had been before the breast operation, and she and Claire seemed to be getting along better. Prior to the operation, the director of the Nursing Sisters' Park Slope office had decided that the Quintons no longer needed a medical social worker. Shortly after her return home, Kate Quinton told Claire to return the rented wheelchair, and started to use the walker. By the end of August, Evan Flint had her walking up and down the stairs; his mission accomplished, his visits stopped. In late August, Kate Quinton went to Teaneck to see Barbara and Dwight there for the first time since the previous Christmas.

In September, Mrs. Quinton's condition started to decline. Once again, her buttocks were raw. Dr. Ruffolo made one house call, and a dermatologist, to whom he had referred Mrs. Quinton, made two house calls. Mrs. Quinton gradually became weaker. She used the walker, but she couldn't get up and down the stairs. Claire had made plans to go to Lake Winnipesaukee with Helen Durbin in the fall. She got a bad case of the flu and had to cancel her travel plans. In mid-October, she was so discouraged about her own health and her mother's deterioration that she telephoned Selfhelp to inquire about nursing-home placement for her mother. Barbara and Dwight came in for Thanksgiving dinner and, in mid-December, for an early Christmas dinner. They were going to fly to Arkansas to spend the holidays with their son, Charles, and his family.

Although Mrs. Quinton was far from well at Christmastime, neither she nor Claire had any idea that on January 5, 1982, she would be in such pain that she would be admitted to Lutheran Medical Center, would stay there for two months, and would be so weak during her first month and a half there that Claire would again consider putting her in a nursing home for a few weeks, until she regained some of her strength. With the assistance of Lutheran's Social Service Department and its Patient Accounts Department, Claire helped her mother apply for Medicaid in late January: most nursing homes require patients who cannot afford the annual cost (about twenty-nine thousand five hundred dollars in New York City) to have Medicaid, because Medicare, with very few exceptions, doesn't pay for nursing-home care. In late February, Claire learned of a new program called Transitional Community Placement (T.C.P.), a collaboration between the New York City Department of City Planning and Lutheran Medical Center, which enabled a few patients at Lutheran to try home care instead of waiting in the hospital either for a bed in a nursing home to become available or for their Medicaid applications to be approved (a process that often took as long as three months). Barbara and Dwight Gaylord had been in favor of Mrs. Quinton's going to a nursing home—permanently. When Claire changed her mind about putting her mother in a nursing home even temporarily, because of Kate Quinton's adamant opposition, the Gaylords expressed *their* adamant opposition to T.C.P. According to Claire, Dwight had telephoned her one evening in late February, had told her that her mother belonged in a nursing home with people her own age, and had described Kate Quinton as "senile" and "nothing but a bitch." Claire had reported Dwight's call to her mother. Mrs. Quinton had seen Barbara and Dwight only once since February—in May, at their daughter Sarah's wedding. Barbara telephoned her mother once or twice a week, usually when Claire was at church, but the relationship between the Quintons and the Gaylords was strained. Claire preferred it that way.

T.C.P. offered its patients regular visits by a public-health nurse and a home attendant for as many hours a day as the nurse considered necessary. Cindy Strong, T.C.P.'s nurse from February to May, determined that Kate Quinton needed a home attendant eight hours a day, seven days a week. When Mrs. Quinton became the second patient at Lutheran to go home on T.C.P., on March 3, 1982, the home attendant's hours were 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., because Mrs. Quinton suffered from insomnia; sometimes she was up until dawn but slept well in the morning.

Life on T.C.P. had had many ups and downs. Most of the downs were the home attendants: between March 3rd and August 8th, Mrs. Quinton had fifteen of them. Her first weekday home attendant was an uncommunicative, unwilling young woman named Mercedes Robbins. Miss Robbins was let go after two weeks. Kate Quinton's second weekday home attendant, Felicity Sánchez, a young woman from El Salvador, had started work on March 25th. Felicity Sánchez was willing, if not particularly able, and at the outset she was reliable. Over a period of months, Felicity became less willing and less reliable. She did her assigned tasks perfunctorily and began to arrive late and leave early. When Mrs. Quinton and Claire tried to crack down on her in July, she said she would stay with them only until a replacement could be found. During the month of June, Mrs. Quinton had five weekend home attendants on four weekends; the worst one had lasted only forty-five minutes. Yolanda Encalada, a native of Ecuador, had become Kate Quinton's weekend home attendant on July 10th. Her humming, her lackadaisical attitude, and her vulgar language made Mrs. Quinton nervous, but weekend home attendants were hard to find and she kept Yolanda because she had no choice.

Kate Quinton's Medicaid application was approved in May. She had been accepted at a nursing home while she was on T.C.P., but she didn't want to go to one. She was delighted to be at home, no matter how bad and how transient the home attendants. In early July, she was officially discharged from T.C.P. to New York City's Human Resources Administration's Home Attendant Program, a program which serves only those who have Medicaid. H.R.A.'s home attendants are employees of various nonprofit "vender" agencies in the

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city. T.C.P. worked with one such agency—Family Home Care Services of Brooklyn and Queens. When H.R.A. rather than T.C.P. began to pay for Mrs. Quinton's home attendants, the home attendants were still supplied and supervised by one of Family Home Care's case coördinators. In July, Claire continued to deal with the same Family Home Care coordinator, Louisa Dyson, so the Quintons scarcely felt a difference between T.C.P. and H.R.A. That month, Mrs. Quinton began to take advantage of some of Medicaid's other services. Her application for molded shoes was approved, and on July 22nd she went to a shoe store to be fitted for the shoes she hadn't wanted to pay for in 1981. While she waited impatiently for the shoes to be made—she had been told they would take at least six weeks—she started thinking about the new eyeglasses she wanted to get, courtesy of Medicaid. Her vision with her old glasses was blurred, and her eyes watered almost constantly.

Between March and August, Kate Quinton had gained back a little of the weight she had lost in 1981 and had continued to lose at Lutheran in early 1982. She had returned home from the hospital weighing a hundred pounds. In the spring of 1981, Claire had weighed a hundred and thirty-five pounds and had worn a size 12. She had started to overeat, as a result of her mother's illness. On January 20, 1982, she weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds and wore a size 16; in February she weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds. The combination of the constant turnover in home attendants and a winter cold that lasted until summer had taken a toll on Claire and had caused her to lose weight. In early August, she weighed a hundred and sixty, which pleased her.

WHEN Louisa Dyson was promoted to office manager at Family Home Care Services, Grace D'Agostino became Kate Quinton's case coördinator. Mrs. D'Agostino looked at the long list of home attendants that Mrs. Quinton had had since early March and thought she must be a problem client. Louisa Dyson assured her that this wasn't true—that Mrs. Quinton had simply been an unlucky client as far as home attendants were concerned. Mrs. D'Agostino knew of an excellent home attendant who was looking for a nine-to-five job. She telephoned Claire and asked if those hours were acceptable. Kate Quinton was getting up earlier than she had when she went home on T.C.P., and Claire said they were. The woman was Jasmine Pagano, who owned a two-family house near Grace D'Agostino in Bensonhurst. Jasmine Pagano had become a home attendant in April of 1982. She had been assigned to work eight hours a day, seven days a week, for two women who shared an apartment—a ninety-year-old retarded woman and an eighty-one-year-old blind woman, who often attacked her retarded housemate. As the condition of both women declined, the case became a twenty-four-hour case, though Jasmine was paid for only twelve hours of work. She stayed on, sleeping in a room with the blind woman, because she felt a human commitment to the women, and also because she wanted the extra four hours' wages; her husband, Emilio, had been laid off in the spring from his job as a roofer and was collecting unemployment insurance. Jasmine's younger son, Victor, who was five, complained that he wasn't seeing his mother enough. She gave her oldest daughter, Donna, the job on weekends, but five days a week away from her family were still too many. In August, she requested a five-day-a-week, eight-hour-a-day job.

Judith Shahn

Jasmine Pagano, a sturdily built, animated Trinidadian woman in her late thirties, came to the Quintons' on August 9th. The first words she said, in a disapproving tone, were "Oh, this kitchen floor. It should have a shine." Claire explained her mother's daily routine and showed Jasmine where everything was. Jasmine caught on quickly, had strong arms, and handled Mrs. Quinton easily. After Mrs. Quinton had had her breakfast, Jasmine said, "All right, Kate, you have to go bye-bye" and had Mrs. Quinton wheel herself into the living room, where she could look out the window to see what was happening on Seeley Street. "I always do the kitchen and bathroom floors every day," Jasmine said, and she took both rooms by storm. She scoured the bathtub, she polished the kitchen cabinets. Then she dusted and vacuumed Mrs. Quinton's bedroom and did all her personal laundry. After the cleaning and washing were done, she made an eggnog for Mrs. Quinton and sat down to chat with her while she ate her own lunch—a sandwich she had brought from home: mayonnaise was spread on one piece of white bread, grape jelly on the other, with some American cheese in the middle; the grape jelly had soaked through the bread. (Claire eventually prevailed upon Jasmine to use the Quintons' strawberry preserves.) After lunch, Jasmine got Kate Quinton to use the walker, supervised her exercises, massaged her legs, and helped her prepare dinner.

Before Kate Quinton went into the hospital, she had watched "Another World" on TV at two o'clock every day. She had lost track of the soap opera's characters while she was at Lutheran and had shown no interest in watching it for months after she got home. Claire thought that "Another World" broke up the day for her mother, so she encouraged her to watch it. Watching it with Jasmine was fun. Jasmine took the characters very seriously, offering a running commentary on their misdeeds and clapping when the plot became particularly exciting. In the fall, Kate Quinton and Jasmine Pagano added a 3 P.M. show called "Fantasy" to their television-viewing schedule. At four o'clock, Jasmine said, "It's Snowy Bleach time, Kate," and they went into the kitchen. Kate Quinton's dentures were more than twenty years old and had become stained from use and from smoking. Baking soda no longer made them bright enough, so she brushed them with and rinsed them in bleach. Then she and Jasmine finished preparing dinner. Before Jasmine left, she carried Claire's small black-and-white TV set from Claire's room into the kitchen, so that Mrs. Quinton could watch the news at five o'clock. One day during Jasmine's first week at work, Claire heard the grandfather clock in the hall strike the hour of five. She told Jasmine that it was time for her to go home. "No, I want to hear the end of Kate's story," she said. Kate Quinton told Jasmine a few stories about her past—about the day she had learned to swim in Lakeville, Connecticut, by simply plunging into the water and nearly drowning—and was delighted to have such an appreciative audience.

Mrs. Quinton was somewhat guarded about her past—she never let on that she had been a maid—and preferred to listen to Jasmine's confidences. Jasmine had married as a teenager in Trinidad and had two daughters with her first husband. While he was away working on another part of the island, he heard rumors that Jasmine was being unfaithful to him. He divorced her before discovering that the rumors were false. Jasmine came to the United States in 1967 to live with an aunt in Brooklyn. She soon found work in a factory. She met Emilio Pagano there, and they married several years later. Jasmine eventually sent for her daughter Donna, who is now nineteen. Her second daughter still lives with her father in Trinidad. Jasmine and Emilio, a Costa Rican, had three children—Raymond, twelve, Dora, eleven, and Victor. They bought their house in 1974. To Kate Quinton, Jasmine's life had soap-operatic possibilities. One day, Jasmine told her that Donna had accepted some long-distance collect calls from a boyfriend in Trinidad; Jasmine's telephone bill was a hundred and eighty dollars. She couldn't pay the bill, and the telephone was disconnected. If the Quintons wanted to reach her, they had to call the couple who rented her second floor. One day, Emilio—who often got drunk—threatened to beat Donna; she moved out and lived with one of Jasmine's relatives for a few weeks. One night when Emilio got drunk, he was banished from Jasmine's bed for a while. Another night when he was drunk, he fell down a flight of stairs. One day at school, Victor was given an ear test. He was told to raise his hand whenever he heard something. When the school informed Jasmine that Victor had a hearing problem, Victor admitted that he hadn't felt like raising his hand. "I must have that child baptized to get the demons out of him," Jasmine told Mrs. Quinton. Cindy Strong, the T.C.P. public-health nurse who had outlined the tasks that home attendants were expected to perform in the Quinton household, had written on Kate Quinton's T.C.P. chart that one of the home attendant's tasks was to "encourage daughter to take naps or rest and go outside to provide some relief from constant care of patient." Jasmine understood this aspect of her job. She arrived punctually every morning and kept Kate Quinton happily occupied, so that Claire was able to get out when she felt well and had things to do, and was able to stay in her room when her back ached. In the evening, after Jasmine left, Claire heated the dinner and ate with her mother. Claire felt that "at five o'clock, when I come on duty, I'm a fresh face," and her mother had something to talk about—all the things Jasmine had told her. Jasmine and Claire did each other favors. When Jasmine was broke, she borrowed money from Claire. When Claire embroidered a growth chart for Charles' son's birthday which required finishing on a sewing machine, Jasmine asked her tenant to do it on her machine. As Claire's weight continued to decline—by November she weighed a hundred and fifty pounds and was wearing size 14 pants—she gave Jasmine many of the clothes that were now too big for her. When Claire was sick, Jasmine cleaned Claire's room, which wasn't in her job description, and she tried to encourage Claire. Whenever Mrs. Quinton praised Barbara, Jasmine reminded her it was Claire who had kept her out of a nursing home. In September, Kate Quinton called Grace D'Agostino to tell her she could no longer tolerate Yolanda Encalada on weekends. Mrs. D'Agostino replaced her with Suzanne Blanc, a shy young Haitian who had few skills and a sickly nature; she often sat with her head in her hands or spent hours in the bathroom. Mrs. Quinton dreaded the weekends with Suzanne but got through them by thinking that on Monday morning at nine she would see Jasmine's bright smile.

Jasmine Pagano was a great comfort to the Quintons in the fall and winter of 1982. The shoe store had finally called, and on September 7th Jasmine set off by ambulette with Kate and Claire Quinton to fetch the molded shoes. Kate Quinton telephoned Evan Flint on September 8th. She didn't hear from him right away. Claire had forgotten that a doctor would have to call Nursing Sisters Home Visiting Service before a nurse would come to the house to make an assessment and reinstate service. Evan Flint gave Mrs. Quinton physical therapy eight times between October 15th and November 12th. Even with the molded shoes, Kate Quinton could do little walking. Evan Flint's main goal was to assist her in walking up and down the stairs. She could only get down and up three steps. Evan Flint observed that she was unable to walk up without great pain. Mrs. Quinton's hopes of walking downstairs by Christmas were gone.

As soon as Kate Quinton had her molded shoes, she started to nag Claire about her eyeglasses. Claire made a number of calls before she found an optometrist who would take Medicaid, and then she arranged for free transportation to his office by ambulette—another time-consuming procedure that she had mastered for the trips to the shoe store in July and September. The optometrist who tested Mrs. Quinton's eyes on October 11th determined the strength of the lenses she needed and let her select new frames. He was grumpy, but his assistant was kindly and offered to drop the eyeglasses off at her home, and did, on October 21st. With the new glasses, Kate Quinton's eyes stopped tearing, and she could see a little better. As soon as she had the glasses, she told Claire to make inquiries about new dentures, for which Medicaid would also pay. Hers were worn and had become too big for her over the years; she could no longer chew meat. She also asked Claire to buy two electric radiators. The apartment was still frigid except for the area immediately next to the electric heater Barbara had bought. Claire went to Macy's to buy the new radiators, but Mrs. Quinton fell sick again before Claire could get around to finding a dentist who would accept Medicaid.

Mrs. Quinton had been ill periodically and had seen a doctor from Family Physician Service, a group of Lutheran Medical Center residents who specialized in family practice. Dr. Louis Romero had come to the house when she had had an ear infection in mid-July. One of his colleagues had come on August 1st, when she had had a urinary-tract infection. Dr. Romero had visited her twice in August and once in September. He had told her that he wanted to get to know her and would visit her every second

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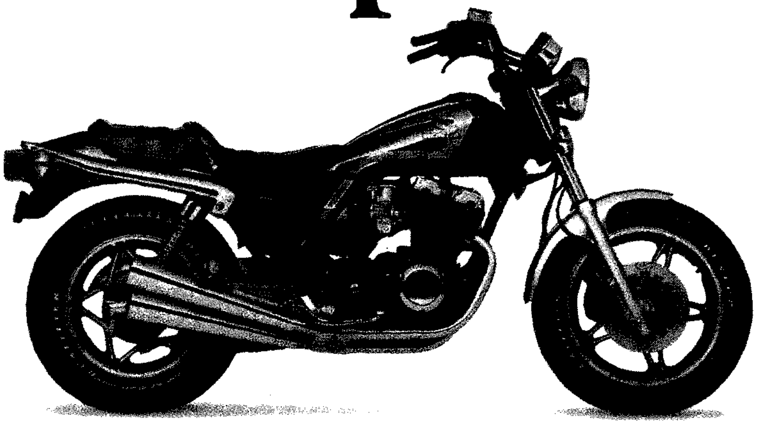

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†† Escort GL (shown) compared to Toyota Tercel 3-door deluxe liftback.

Thursday. He had returned to the house only once, in early October, when she telephoned him to say that her bones ached, that she was nauseated, and that she had the flu; he had prescribed the appropriate medications.

On the evening of October 29th, Claire's friend Veronica O'Connell came in from Long Island for three days. Claire had a good time going out with her. On Saturday, they saw "E.T." and drove around Greenwood Cemetery admiring the elaborate monuments. On Sunday, they went to church, saw "An Officer and a Gentleman," ate pastrami sandwiches in a luncheonette, and did some shopping. When they returned, they had a good dinner with Mrs. Quinton, who had done the cooking. After dinner, Kate Quinton said she was feeling tired and went to bed. At 10:05 P.M., Veronica was taking a shower and Claire was watching "Trapper John M.D." She heard her mother cry out, "Claire, Claire, I can't breathe!" Claire called Family Physician Service and then an ambulance. She and Veronica accompanied Kate Quinton to Lutheran's emergency room, where one of Dr. Romero's colleagues took a chest X-ray, and told her to stop smoking at once. He said he didn't like to admit elderly patients to the hospital unless it was absolutely necessary, and sent her home by ambulance at 1:50 A.M.

On Thursday, November 11th, Kate Quinton felt ill. She didn't eat anything. She became disoriented: at 10:20 P.M. she woke up and asked Claire where Jasmine was. She didn't eat on Friday. On Saturday, she became incontinent. On Sunday morning, she decided to get herself out of bed and into the wheelchair; she fell out of the wheelchair. Claire strained her back picking her up and helping her back to bed. That evening, Kate Quinton was again disoriented. On Monday, November 15th, her pains increased. In the afternoon, Claire telephoned Family Physician Service. In the early evening, one of Dr. Romero's colleagues came to the house, examined Mrs. Quinton, and decided to admit her to the hospital. She had a urinary-tract infection and was dehydrated. The infection cleared up with antibiotics, and she was soon rehydrated on I.V.s. She was occasionally disoriented. "Please get out of my kitchen," she told a nurse. One afternoon, she said to Jasmine, who visited her faithfully, "It's five o'clock. Time to go home. I'll see you tomorrow morning at nine." Mrs. Quinton didn't want to eat lunch in her room; the nurses humored her by letting her eat at the nurses' station. She became irascible when anyone mentioned the word "hospital," and protested when Claire tried to order her a television set; she didn't want a television set—she wanted to go home. She asked the nurses where Claire was before visiting hours and was nasty to Claire when she came to the hospital shortly after visiting hours began. On November 21st, she accused Claire of having an orgy in her bedroom "with fifty men." Claire walked out of her mother's room. Kate Quinton was sent home on Monday morning, November 22nd.

Back in July, Barbara Gaylord had invited her mother out to Teaneck for a visit. At Claire's insistence, Mrs. Quinton hadn't simply declined the invitation but had given her reasons for declining it. She had told Barbara she was hurt that Barbara had wanted to put her in a nursing home. "The day you make any plans for me, I'll be six feet underground," she said. In late August, Barbara had called her mother to say that she and Dwight were going to be in Brooklyn for a wedding and wanted to stop by. This time, Claire had prevailed upon her mother to tell Barbara how angry she had been when Dwight had telephoned Claire the previous February to say that his mother-in-law was a senile bitch who belonged in a nursing home. Barbara had replied that Dwight didn't say she was senile. "All Dwight said was that you could be a bitch, meaning that you could be stubborn," Barbara had said. Mrs. Quinton had told Barbara she was welcome to visit her but Dwight was not. Barbara had said she wouldn't come alone.

At the beginning of October, Claire received a letter from Barbara:

DEAR CLAIRE,

I am sorry for what has happened.

I had no right to talk to you in that way.

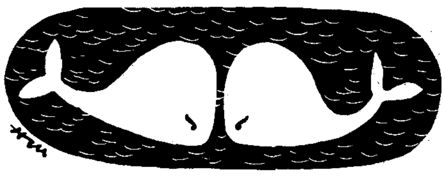
I hope you will accept my apologies. I went to say I'm sorry at Sarah's wedding but you turned away. I hope you don't turn away now.

Love,
BARBARA

Kate Quinton cried when Claire showed her Barbara's note; she was eager for a reconciliation. Claire was not. She didn't call Barbara for more than two weeks. She told Helen Durbin she knew that Barbara had written her partly because she felt guilty and partly because the holidays were coming. A week later, Claire spoke to Barbara on the telephone. "After all, we are sisters and the holidays are coming," Barbara said. Claire told Barbara that she accepted her apology and didn't mind talking to her on the telephone but that she didn't want to go to Teaneck before she got a few things cleared up. She said she was sick of feeling that Barbara and Dwight only tolerated her and her mother, as they had when the Quintons lived in Teaneck and as they had the weekend of Sarah's wedding. "Oh, no, that's not the case," Barbara said. "Can you think it over and I'll call you back?"

Claire told her mother to go to Teaneck for Thanksgiving alone; she would spend the holiday with friends. Kate Quinton said she wouldn't go to Teaneck without Claire. The next time Helen Durbin talked to Claire, Helen asked her, "How many more years does your mother have left? It would mean so much to her." In early November, Claire agreed to go to Teaneck for Thanksgiving. "I usually don't buck my mother," she told another friend. "I'm like my father. I give in." In mid-November, Claire's psychiatrist increased her anti-depression medication, because of her anxiety about going to Teaneck. After Kate Quinton went into the hospital on November 15th, Claire hoped that the Thanksgiving trip to Teaneck would be cancelled. When her mother returned home from Lutheran on November 22nd, she was feeling chipper, she wasn't the least bit disoriented, and she was perfectly pleasant to Claire. The Quintons would be going to Teaneck on November 25th, Thanksgiving morning, as planned.

Jasmine came early on Thanksgiving morning to help Mrs. Quinton get washed and dressed. Barbara's daughter Sarah and her husband, Brian, came to fetch the Quintons at ten-twenty. They reached Teaneck at eleven-thirty. Sarah honked the horn of her car. Dwight came out. "Oh, you're here, Kate," he said. Twenty-five minutes later, he said to Claire, "Oh, by the way, happy Thanksgiving." Claire remembers being hurt by the slight. Sarah made sandwiches for lunch; Claire ate hers with a bottle of beer. Barbara had



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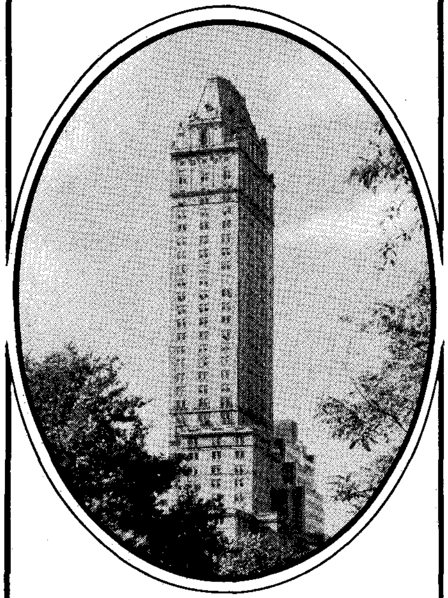

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slipped ten days earlier and injured her ankle. Barbara’s ankle was bandaged, and she could do only a limited amount of walking and standing. She politely told Dwight how to set the table, when to baste the turkey, and when to go to the florist to fetch the centerpiece for the table. She had prepared many of the vegetables and desserts ahead of time and had them in the freezer. Eleven people sat down to a Thanksgiving feast at the Gaylords’ at 7 P.M. Barbara’s cooking compared favorably with her mother’s. After dinner, Claire lay down in the living room to rest her back. A while later, Mrs. Quinton went to bed. She slept on a convertible sofa in the living room.

Around eleven-forty-five, Barbara and Claire went into the family room to chat. Barbara was drinking Manhattans; Claire was drinking beer.

As Claire recalls the conversation, Barbara said, “I think Mama has a terrible ‘I’ problem.”

“I just took her to the doctor a few weeks ago and got her new glasses,” Claire said.

“I mean an ‘I’ problem—first-person-singular pronoun, as in ‘I did this, I did that.’ ”

Barbara told Claire that their friend Helen Durbin had an awfully easy life. She had worked for a utility company for more than thirty years and would be getting a good pension. Claire knew that Helen had been having a hard time at work and a hard time at home with her sister, who was staying at her house while she was getting a divorce.

APP
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“Why don’t you buy Helen’s car?” Barbara asked.

“Helen’s having a lot of trouble with her car, and there’s nothing wrong with my Buick,” Claire answered. “I had to put a new vinyl roof on it in April, but it’s only got sixty thousand miles on it and it’s running fine.”

“Why don’t you get a job as a civil servant?” Barbara asked.

“I don’t think I could hack it,” Claire said, and she reminded Barbara of a couple they both knew who had spent a life of misery in civil-service jobs. She thought of some of the grubby office buildings where civil servants worked in downtown Brooklyn. She didn’t like to consider herself a snob, she said, but she had been accustomed to working for companies that had nicely decorated offices. Her bosses’ offices had had carpeting, even if the area around her own desk hadn’t.

“Claire, you never complain,” Barbara said; she seemed to be on the verge of telling Claire to put their mother in a nursing home.

“What’s the use of complaining?” Claire said.

Around one o’clock, Barbara said, “Let’s pack it in.”

Claire said she was going to check on her mother, read a little, have another bottle of beer, and go up to bed.

“Do you know how many beers you’ve had today?” Barbara asked. “Eight or nine.”

“Yes, between 1 P.M. and 1 A.M.,” Claire said.

Claire looked in on Mrs. Quinton and went upstairs to bed. She hadn’t been counting the Manhattans Barbara had drunk during the day.

On Friday morning, Barbara shouted up to Claire’s room, “Rise and shine, it’s Teaneck time.” Claire brushed her teeth, splashed some water on her face, and came downstairs. “You’d better get rid of that commode,” Barbara said. “I can’t do it.” Claire remembered that Barbara had always hated changing her children’s diapers. “When did we go to bed last night?” Barbara asked.

“About one-fifteen,” Claire answered, thinking to herself that Barbara had criticized her beer drinking but that it was Barbara who couldn’t remember when they had packed it in. Barbara had already helped her mother from the sofa into her wheelchair. Claire emptied the commode and helped her mother wash, dress, and do her hair. Mrs. Quinton was wearing a red dress and a white sweater. “Get that dress off your back,” Barbara said when she saw her mother in it. “It’s too tight.” Mrs. Quinton weighed a hundred and ten pounds at the end of November. The ten pounds she had gained—mostly from eating butter cookies and ice cream during the afternoon—was in her chest. “I realize it’s too tight, but I’m wearing a sweater over it and I’m not going to take it off,” Mrs. Quinton said.

On Friday evening, Barbara went to bed early. Claire watched a heavyweight boxing match on TV with Dwight. She tried to comment on the fight, but Dwight didn’t respond.

On Saturday, Kate and Claire

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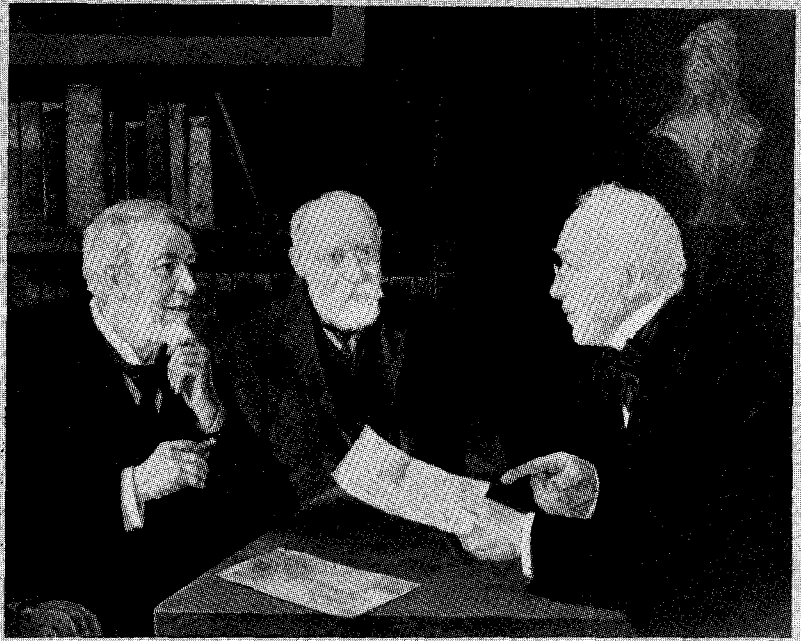

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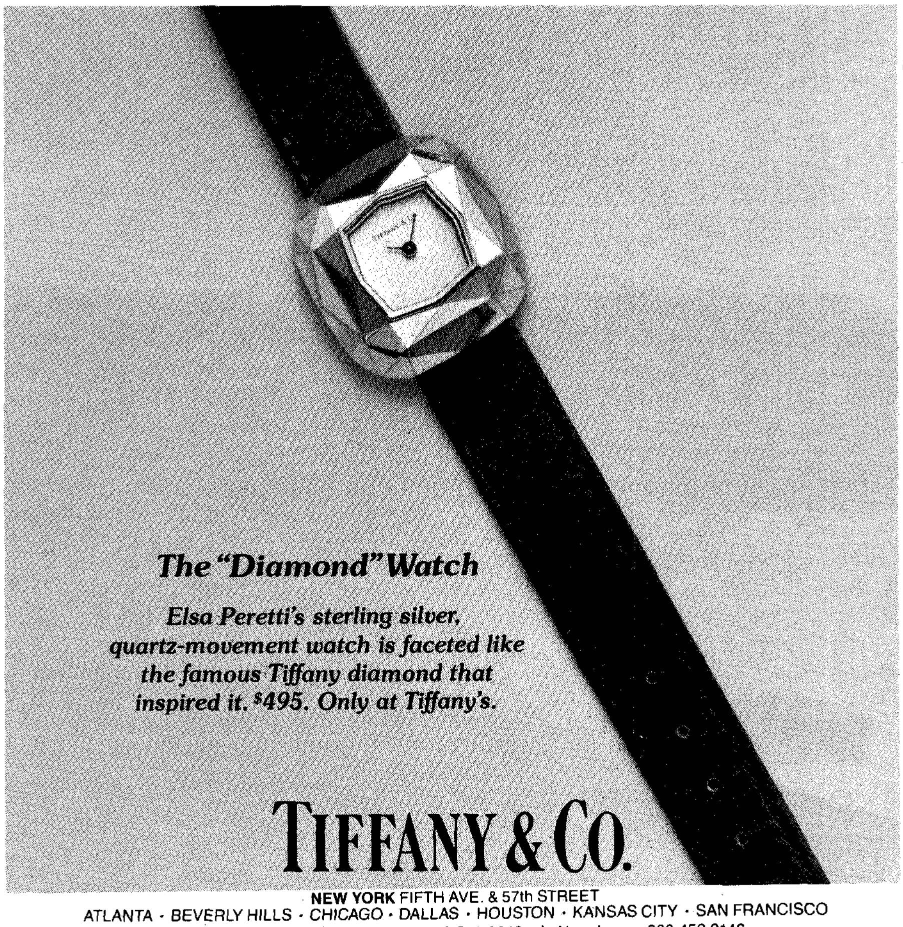

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Quinton were driven to Sarah and Brian's house, which they had never seen. Shortly after they returned to the Gaylords', they were sent on their way. Barbara and Dwight were expecting twenty-two people for cocktails at five o'clock. Claire suspected that Barbara didn't want her guests to see her mother in her wheelchair, wearing molded shoes. Claire returned to Brooklyn considerably upset by the stay in Teaneck. She regarded Barbara as someone who put little sticks into people; the sticks were her gratuitous remarks, like the ones about Claire's beer drinking and her mother's dress.

On Monday, November 29th, Kate Quinton told Jasmine that on Thursday evening, while Claire had been resting in the living room, she and Barbara and some of the other guests had been in the dining room. Barbara had said she wanted her mother's blue-and-white teapot; Mrs. Quinton told Jasmine she had lit into her older daughter. "I said to Barbara, 'Don't ever ask me for anything,'" Mrs. Quinton reported to Jasmine. "'If I want to give you anything, I'll give it and it will be from my heart. You have a sister, and someday she might want to use the teapot.'" Jasmine repeated the incident to Claire, who relished it. Her mother had given Barbara the fluted silver rose-water dish years before. Claire told her mother what Barbara had said about her "I" problem. "I probably shouldn't have done it, but if someone was coming at me with a knife I'd want to be forewarned," Claire told a friend.

ONE day in late November, Claire drove Jasmine to a food-stamp center. Other days, she gave Jasmine time off to go to the food-stamp center. Jasmine had had food stamps once before when Emilio was out of work. She had dutifully reported his return to work, and the food stamps had been discontinued. She told Claire she regretted her honesty. With Emilio on unemployment since spring, money was short. She said that when she went to reapply for food stamps she wouldn't tell anyone at the center that Emilio was collecting unemployment; she was going to say that he had taken off for the Caribbean. She told Claire that she planned to show the people at the food-stamp center her paycheck and to get a letter from her tenants saying that they paid only two hundred and some dollars rent a month instead of three hundred and fifty dol-

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lars—what they actually paid. Jasmine was awarded food stamps worth two hundred and thirty-one dollars a month. To express her gratitude to Claire for the ride and for the time off, she gave the Quintons a large bottle of ginger ale, a half gallon of milk, a package of corn muffins and one of bran muffins, a box of cookies, and two large packages of Philadelphia cream cheese. "Not a supermarket brand, a name brand," Claire observed. Mrs. Quinton had thought of applying for food stamps that fall after watching a segment of "60 Minutes" which showed that people in Puerto Rico who were deemed eligible for food stamps were getting cash instead of food stamps and were spending the cash on many things besides food. "And they're not a state, they're just a commonwealth," Kate Quinton had said disparagingly. After Jasmine had successfully reapplied for food stamps, Claire looked into the matter, learned that it would be advantageous for the Quintons to apply separately rather than together, and applied for food stamps first for her mother and then for herself. Kate Quinton had not been reluctant to go on Medicaid, as some other T.C.P. patients have been. She felt she had worked hard all her life and hadn't asked the government for anything until she was almost eighty. When her Medicaid came through, she was delighted to learn that it was retroactive to January 1st and therefore she wouldn't have to pay Lutheran a two-hundred-and-sixty-dollar Medicare deductible for her January-to-March hospitalization. In 1981, she had had to pay Lutheran a two-hundred-and-nineteen-dollar Medicare deductible when she was there for her breast operation. Medicare patients had to pay the full price for all prescriptions. Medicaid patients paid nothing for prescriptions. One of the main reasons her funds were always dwindling was her medical bills. She wanted to be sure to have enough money in the bank for a proper burial, which would cost about four thousand dollars. Kate Quinton was granted seventy-five dollars a month in food stamps, Claire seventeen dollars a month. Claire soon found a store in the neighborhood that would accept the food stamps for cigarettes (her mother had resumed smoking a pack a day not long after the doctor advised her never to smoke again), paper towels and tissues, and other products for which food stamps were not supposed to be used. The Quintons also occa-

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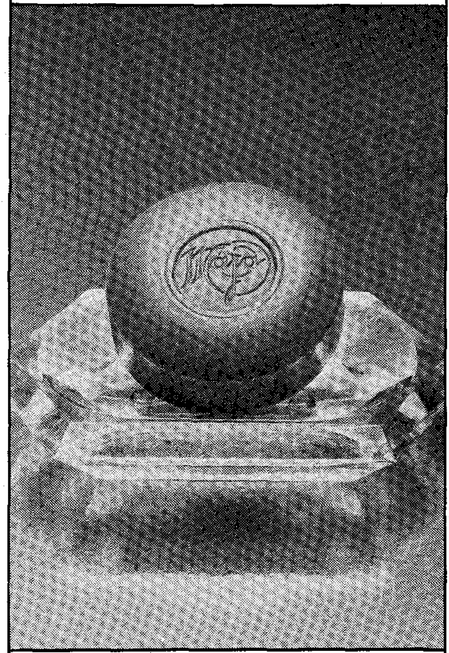

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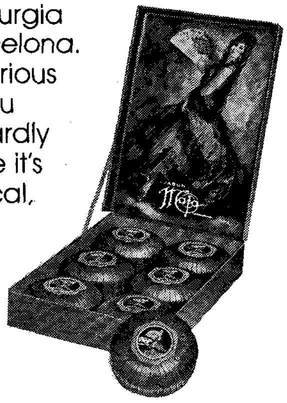

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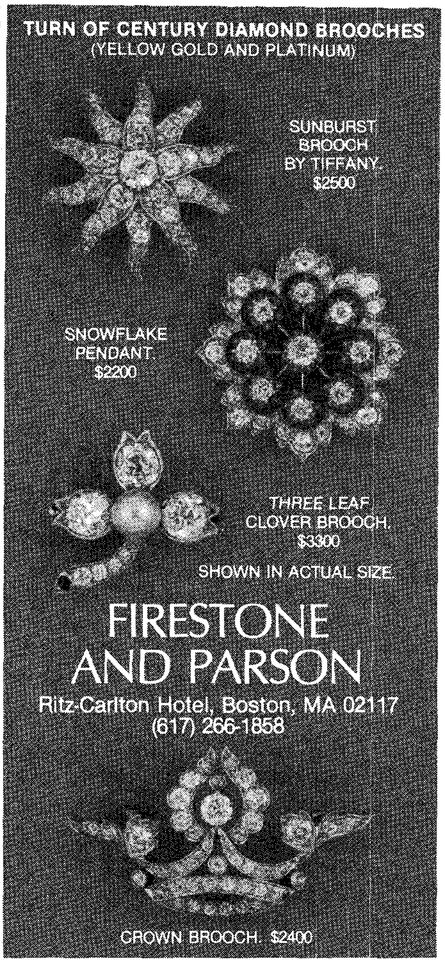

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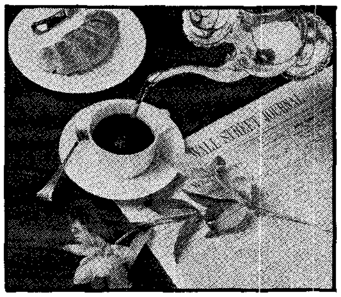

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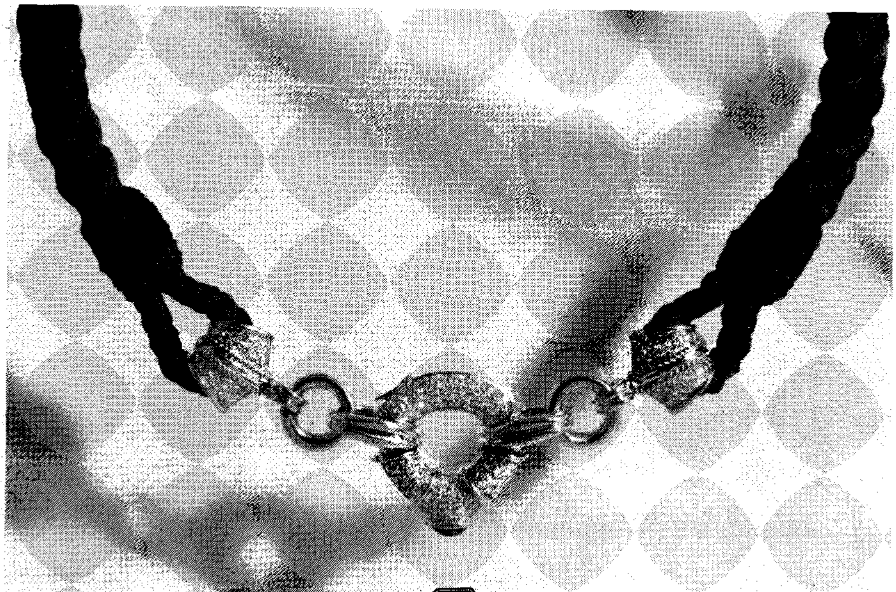

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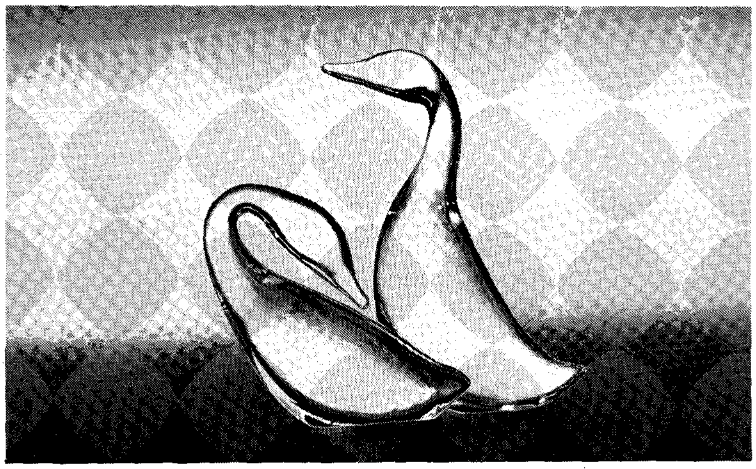

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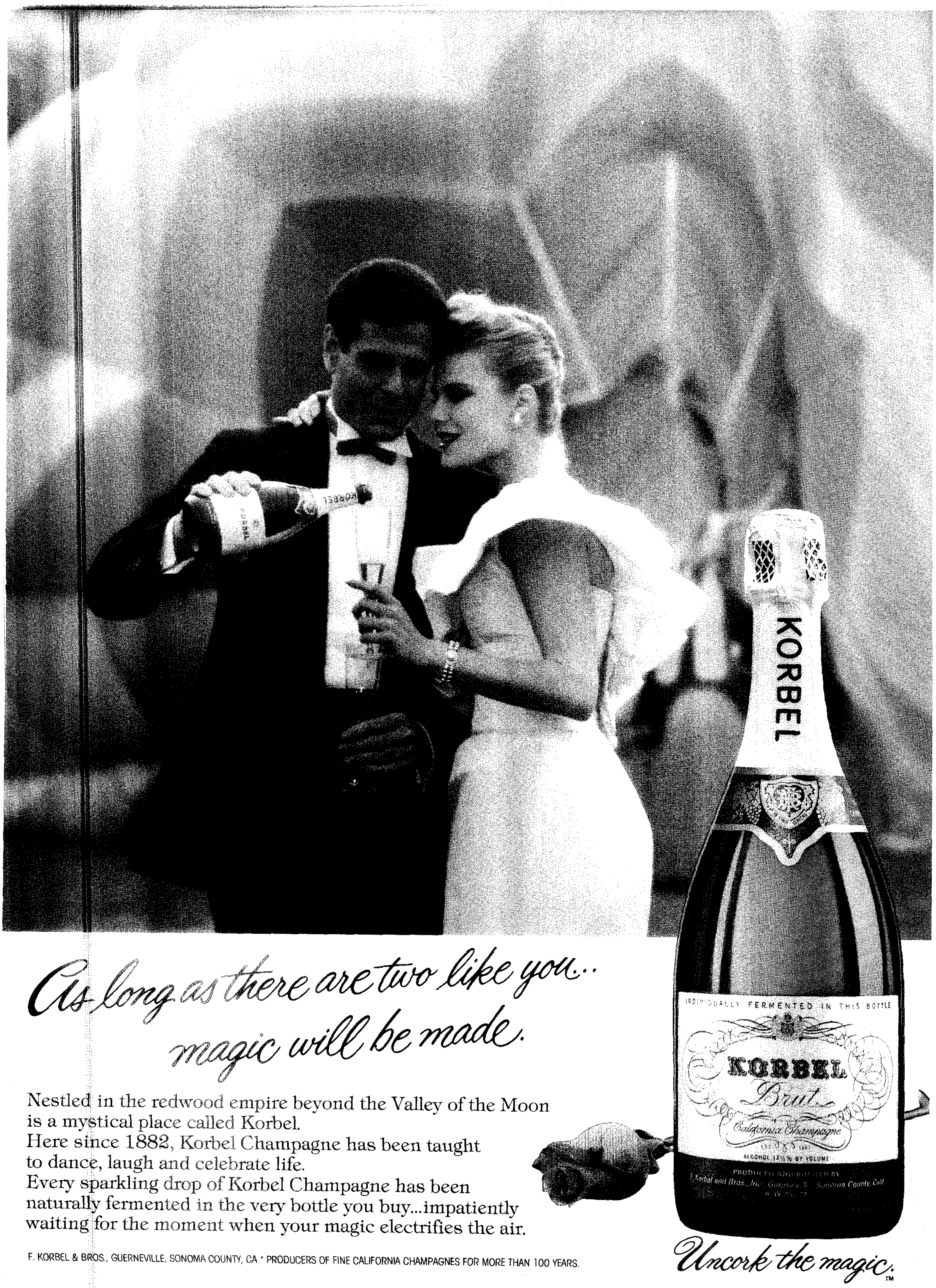
In December, Kate Quinton's arthritis became more painful. She rarely did her exercises or used her walker. She slept fitfully. At the same time, Claire came down with a bad cold. The Quintons were supposed to go to Teaneck for Christmas, but Claire couldn't face another holiday at the Gaylords'. She went to see a priest, described Thanksgiving in Teaneck, and told him that her mother's sisters had made plans to eat Christmas dinner together and that she had invited them to come to the apartment for dinner. She asked the priest if she had done wrong. He assured her that she had made a wise decision. The Quintons had a quietly festive Christmas dinner with Eileen and Sheila. Mrs. Quinton wrote two Christmas cards. She couldn't write any more, because of the arthritic pain in her right thumb and little finger. She couldn't even use her Bic lighter. Claire finished writing her mother's cards. Then she wrote her own cards, to some of her cousins and to several of the women she had worked with years ago on Wall Street, and mailed them on December 26th.

Barbara and Dwight, Sarah and Brian, Elizabeth, Eileen, and two of Dwight's aunts came to the Quintons' on January 9, 1983, for a post-Christmas celebration. Barbara brought all the food, as well as plastic plates and utensils, and after a pleasant dinner she put all the plastic ware and paper ware into a trash bag she had brought with her and took it away, leaving the kitchen as tidy as it had been on her arrival. She and Dwight were flying to Arizona on February 1st, and this was the last time the Quintons would see them before their departure. Dwight had bought time shares in a golf resort in Arizona several years before. The air-conditioning business was in its winter lull, and they were going to start looking for a retirement condominium. Claire was elated that Barbara and Dwight would be so far away.

Kate Quinton woke up on January 13th with a bad stomach ache. She went to the Family Physician clinic by ambulette. She had another urinary-tract infection. The rest of January was dreary. Mrs. Quinton didn't feel well. Claire couldn't shake her cold, and spent a good deal of time in bed.

Friday, February 11th, was Kate Quinton's eighty-first birthday. She



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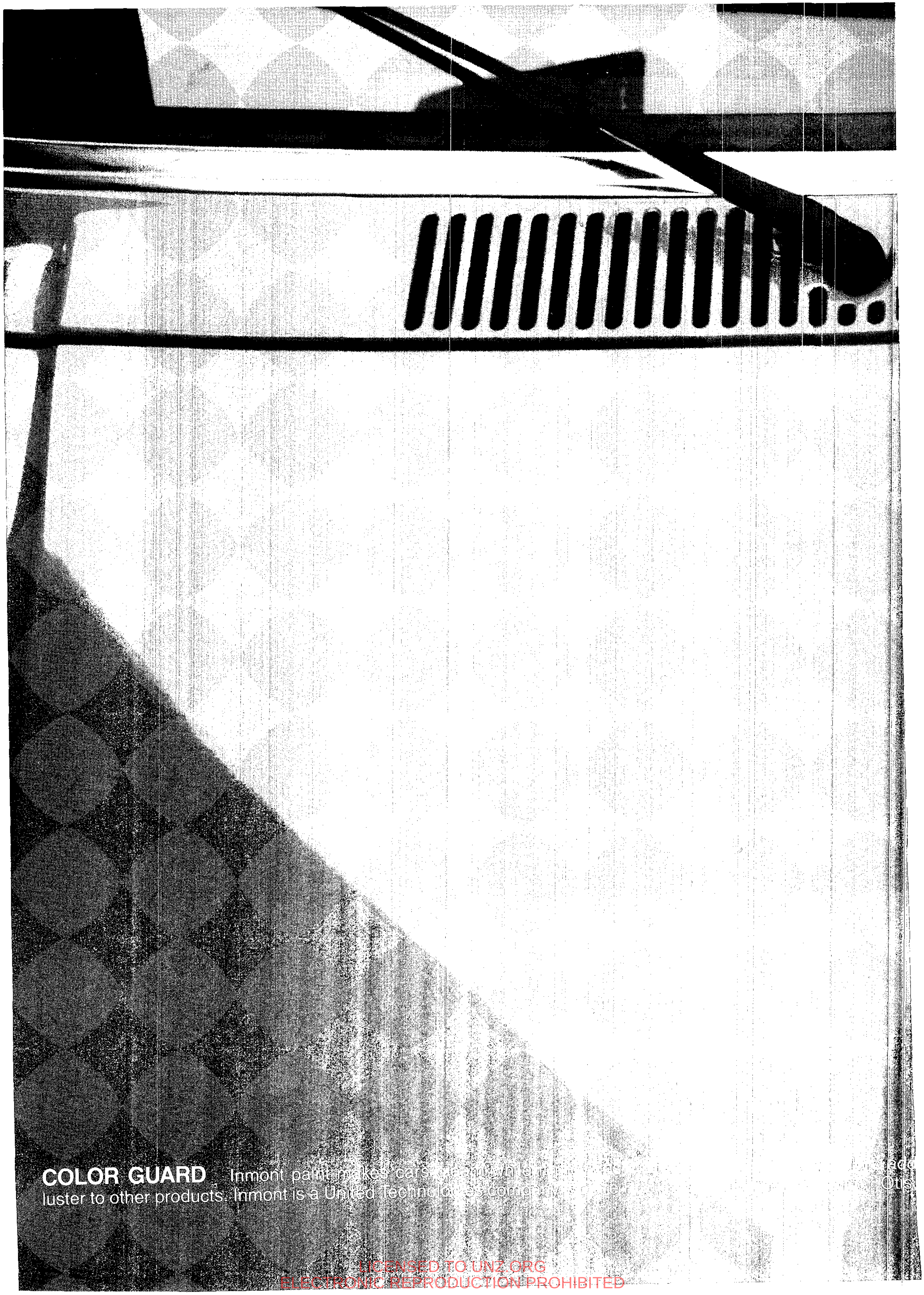

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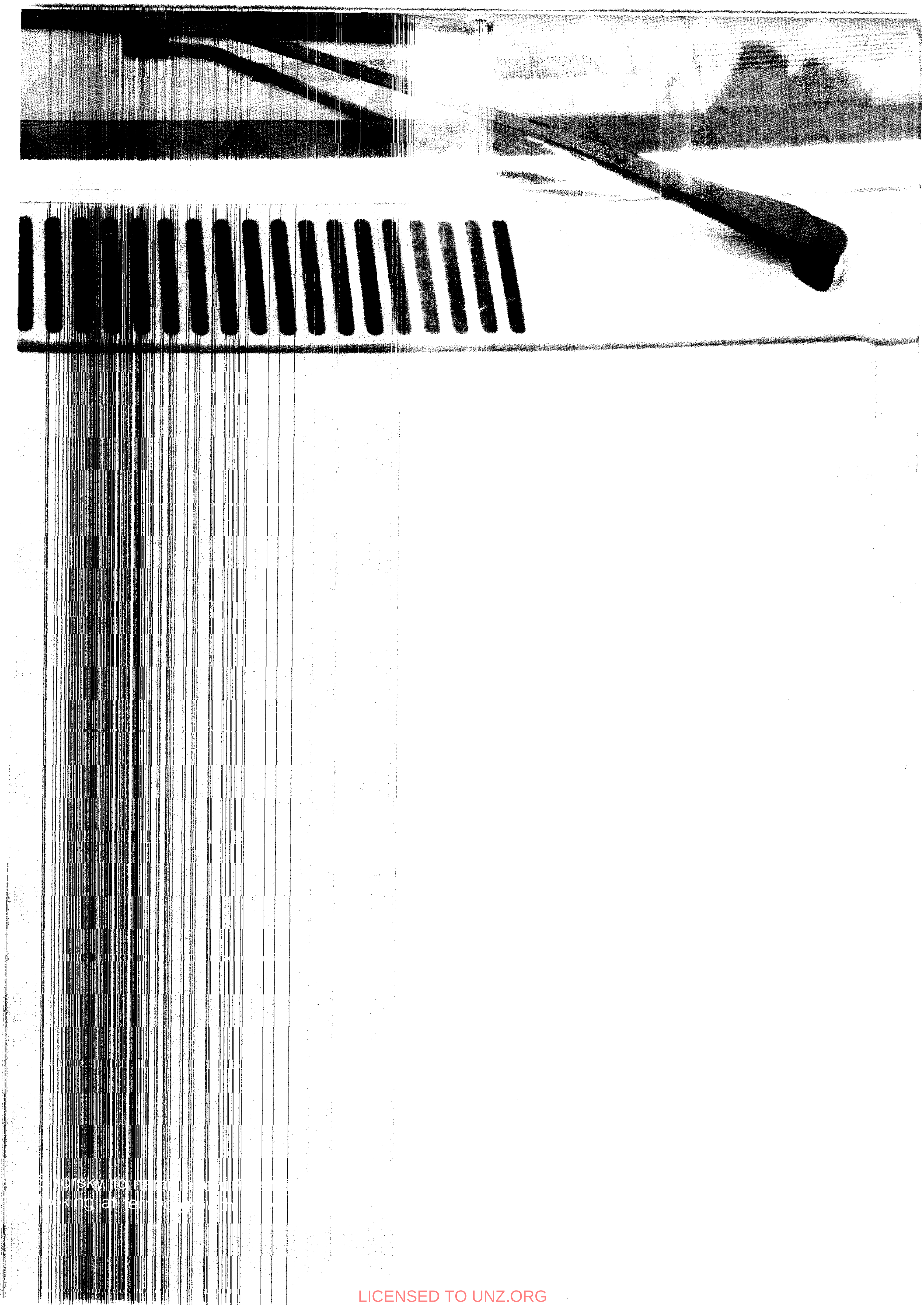

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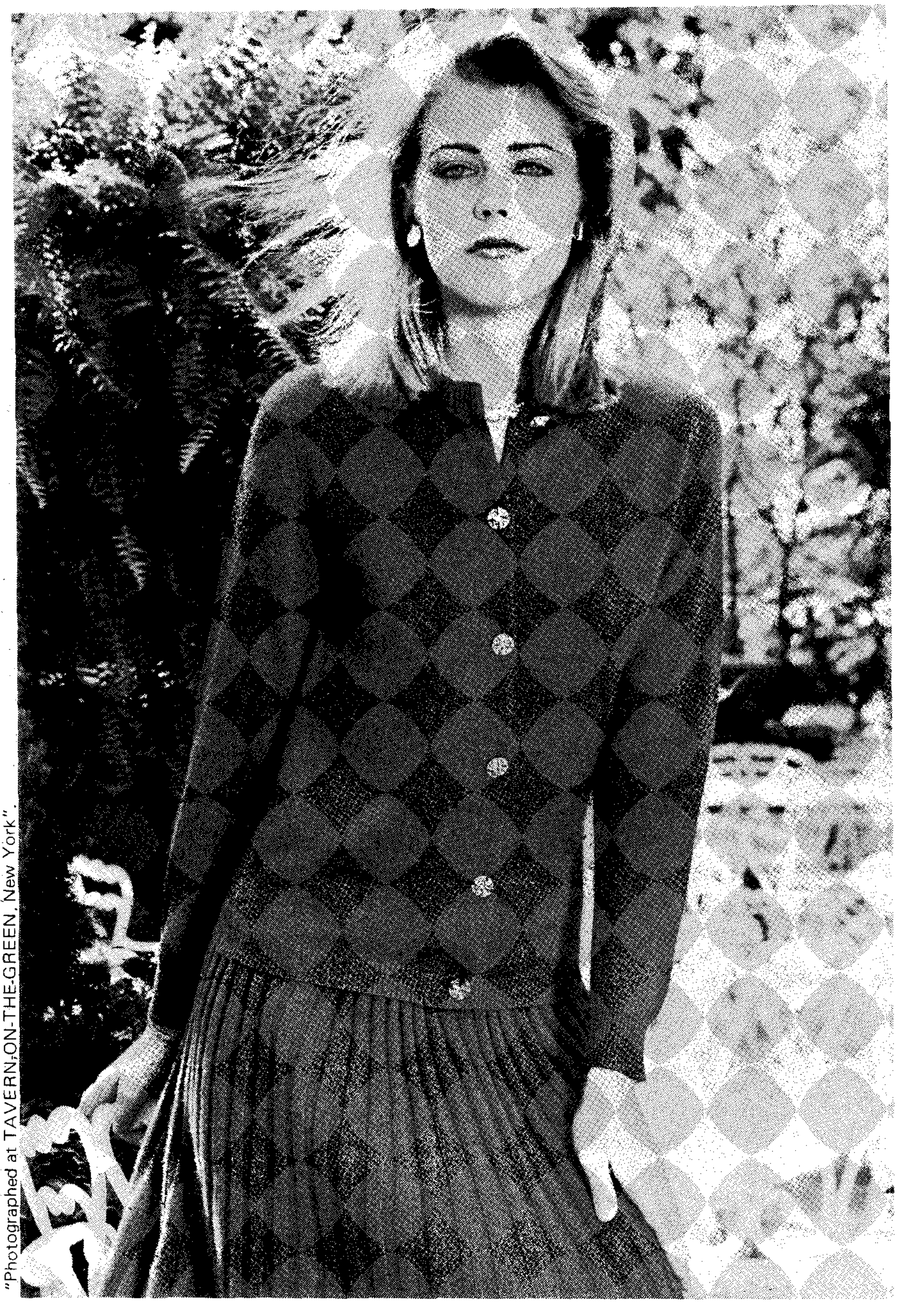
[illegible] iittala dealer, [illegible] Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. [illegible] In Canada [illegible] received a number of telephone calls from friends and relatives. Charles and his wife, Jessica, telephoned from Arkansas, Barbara and Dwight from Arizona, and their daughter Elizabeth from Boston, where she was attending college. Eileen and Sheila had each sent a card and ten dollars. Barbara and Dwight had sent a card and twenty-five dollars, and Charles and Jessica had, too. Claire treated her mother to a shampoo and set by a visiting hairdresser and gave her a Mass card. Kate Quinton's birthday celebration was held a day late, because Brian, Sarah's husband, who was a computer operator, had had to go to night school on Friday. On the twelfth, he and Sarah brought assorted cold meats, salads, and bread for dinner, some cut flowers that Barbara had paid for, two pretty plants as their gift, and six balloons that were imprinted with "HAPPY BIRTHDAY GRANDMA." The two other guests were Janet Grafton, who brought Mrs. Quinton some hand lotion, and Helen Durbin, who brought her some cologne. Another family friend had given Mrs. Quinton a birthday cake. Claire put five candles on it—one for her mother, one each for Sarah and Brian, one for Janet Grafton, and one for Helen Durbin, all of whom had birthdays in February. When Kate Quinton was asked if she wanted a second piece of cake, she declined it, saying, "I have had an elegant sufficiency." The line was Claire's cue to say, "Any more would be a superfluous redundancy." A few days later, Claire took down the cards and the balloons. "There goes my birthday," Kate Quinton said wistfully.

Claire's cold dragged on into February. Some days, she couldn't keep her eyes open. Some days, she couldn't keep any food down. Jasmine made Claire tea and prepared muffins for her and did the grocery shopping. Claire's weight went down to a hundred and forty pounds; she was a size 12 again. On February 17th, she woke up with a fever and couldn't eat. She telephoned Doctors-on-Call, an organization of doctors who make house calls. The doctor who answered the call examined Claire. He prescribed an antibiotic for her cold and told her to take it for two weeks. He prescribed codeine for the pain she had in her chest as a result of months of coughing. On February 23rd, Claire was feeling no better. She called Family Physician Service. She was told to come to their clinic. She went there by car service



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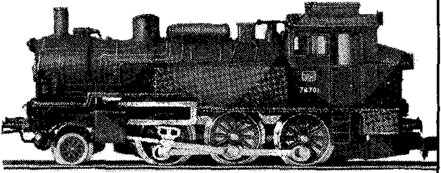
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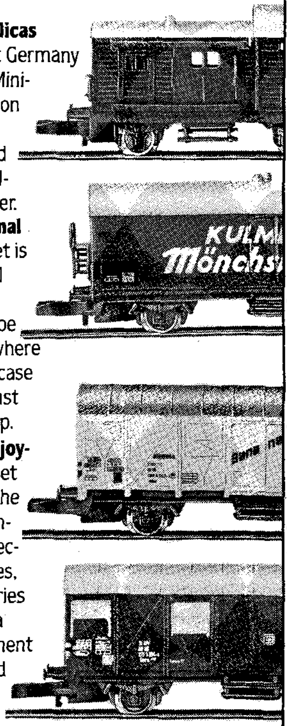

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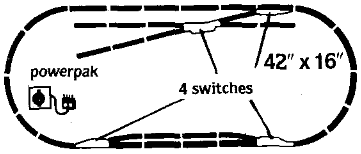

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with Jasmine late in the day, while a neighbor stayed with Mrs. Quinton. The doctor at the clinic took her temperature, listened to her heart, examined her stomach, and checked her lungs. He said they were clear, for which she was grateful: she had suffered from pleurisy several times in the past. He told her to take Tylenol. The following morning, Claire felt a little better; perhaps the two-and-a-half-month-long cold was breaking. She felt stronger. When Jasmine said "Kate, how about a walk?" her mother answered, "I don't feel up to it." Claire said, "Mama, you're going to do it." Kate Quinton walked slowly from the kitchen table to the kitchen sink and back to the table on the walker, with Jasmine behind her. It was only the third time in the new year that Mrs. Quinton had been on the walker, and her weak legs ached, but she said she was determined to regain the use of them.

February 24, 1983, was a cold day in New York City. Kate Quinton, a pale, thin elderly woman, sat in a wheelchair in her apartment in Brooklyn. While she and Jasmine Pagano, whom she had come to regard as highly as Mrs. Lawson had once regarded her, watched "Another World," a few rays of sun illuminated the living room. By the time "Fantasy" was over, the sky had clouded and darkened. Snow had been predicted for the following day. Mrs. Quinton had never liked snow. At five o'clock, Kate Quinton sat in her kitchen sipping sherry and ginger ale. She listened to the ticktock of the grandfather clock she had first heard as a child in the kitchen of the house in Kirkintilloch. Time was passing as agreeably as she could expect. She looked forward to walking in the spring.

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

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[*Carol Owens in the Highland Park* (*Ill.*) *News/Voice*]

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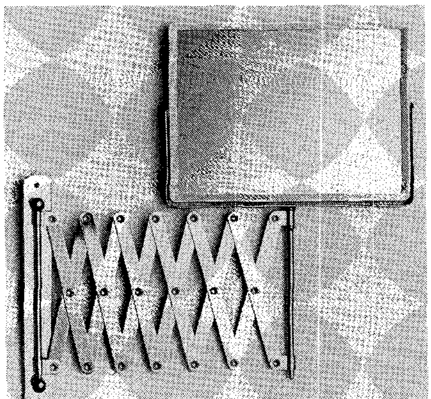

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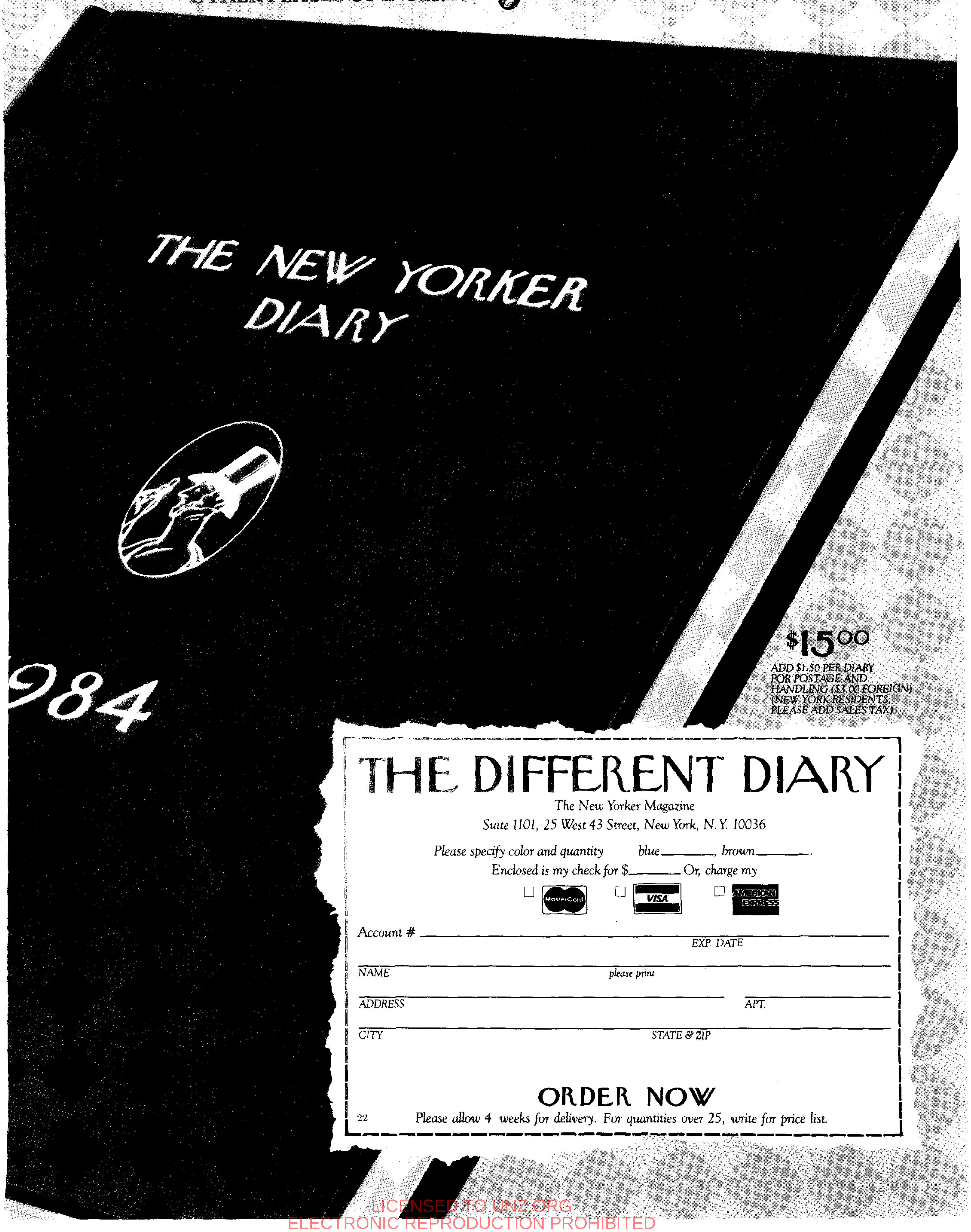

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THE SPORTING SCENE

A CALM FEELING

MIDSUMMER baseball feels as if it would last forever; late-season baseball becomes quicker and terser, as if sensing its coming end, and sometimes, if we are lucky, it explodes into thrilling terminal colors, leaving bright pictures in memory to carry us through the miserable months to come. Not this year. This time, the long campaigns closed almost silently, never producing that two-team or three-team, final-weekend rush to the wire that we have come to expect in at least a couple of the divisions. In the Championship Series—those brusque, dangerous best-of-five playoffs—the Chicago White Sox scored but one run in their last twenty-seven innings of the year and fell dead before the Baltimore Orioles, while the Dodgers, it will be recalled, performed even more feebly in losing to the Phillies; both winners needed only four games to wrap up their pennants. This sort of preamble sometimes sets the stage for a protracted and melodramatic World Series, as happened in 1979, when the Pirates overcame a two-game deficit to put down the Orioles, and in 1975, when we had that incomparable seven-game Series—the "War and Peace" of baseball—between the Red Sox and the ultimately victorious Cincinnati Reds. This year, however, the Phillies put up such a minimal offense in the Series—mostly the little popping sounds of solo home runs—that as the games went along our attention shifted away from the events on the field and toward the very different team personae and styles of play of the two clubs: a useful baseball seminar, to be sure, but not quite the entertainment we had wished for. The Orioles, after dropping the opener by 2–1, swept the next four games behind some exemplary sustained staff pitching, concluding with a numbing 5–0 shutout by Scott McGregor, which not only closed the lid on the Phillies but seemed to put away this particular baseball year altogether, quickly and for good. Such a baseball year does not require a grand retrospective, but one can still sort out a few souvenirs of '83—a handful of innings and moments, faces and numbers—to wrap away with our private recollections.

Fans in some unlikely places will have much to savor, once they recover from the pain of their ultimate disappointments. In Toronto, there were those weeks in mid-July when the Blue Jays, who had tied for last place in 1982, were leading the pack in the A.L. East and everyone in town was talking about the young pitchers Dave Stieb, Jim Clancy, and Luis Leal (a new Tiant, it sometimes seemed), and first baseman Willie Upshaw, and the dashing Lloyd Moseby, in center, and the late-blooming slugger Jesse Barfield, and the club's utterly unexpected show of power. (The Blue Jays led their league in batting this year, and fell two homers short of taking the home-run title as well.) The Jays stayed in the thick of things until a road trip in late August, when they were beaten in the tenth inning on three successive nights; the following week, in deep shock, they gave up winning runs in the ninth, ninth, and twelfth innings and dropped out of the race for good. They will be back, surely, and so will their politely exuberant fans, who turned out in amazing numbers (1,930,292) at the little local ball yard, Exhibition Stadium, which was built for football and thus seats its bleacher fans in stands that angle oddly away from the center of the diamond. (Baseball attendance over all was at a record high of 45,565,910 this summer—almost a million more than last year. Seven teams set new attendance marks, and ten clubs drew more than two million fans apiece.) The Torontos finished up in fourth place, nine games back, but their season had a cheerful final fillip on its last Friday, when Dave Stieb instantly became fifty thousand dollars richer by going to the mound in the sixth inning, in the course of pitching an 8–0 shutout against the Twins: it was his two-hundred-and-seventy-fifth inning of work this season, which, according to his nifty contract, qualified him for the bonus.

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Not many warm fan feelings were evident in Montreal, where the Expos' partisans, made wary by the team's late failures in recent summers, took to booing their heroes at every opportunity; prime targets for *la framboise* were fifteen-million-dollar (for eight years) catcher Gary Carter, who had a subpar .270, seventeen-home-run season, and bullpen ace Jeff Reardon, who during one barren stretch was obdurately booed whenever he threw a ball *or* a strike. Reardon's wife, making an invited appearance during a midseason charity affair at Olympic Stadium, was also booed, and left the field in tears. The Expos, fulfilling something or other, still held first place in their division on September 14th and then fell into the well again, finishing third, eight games out.

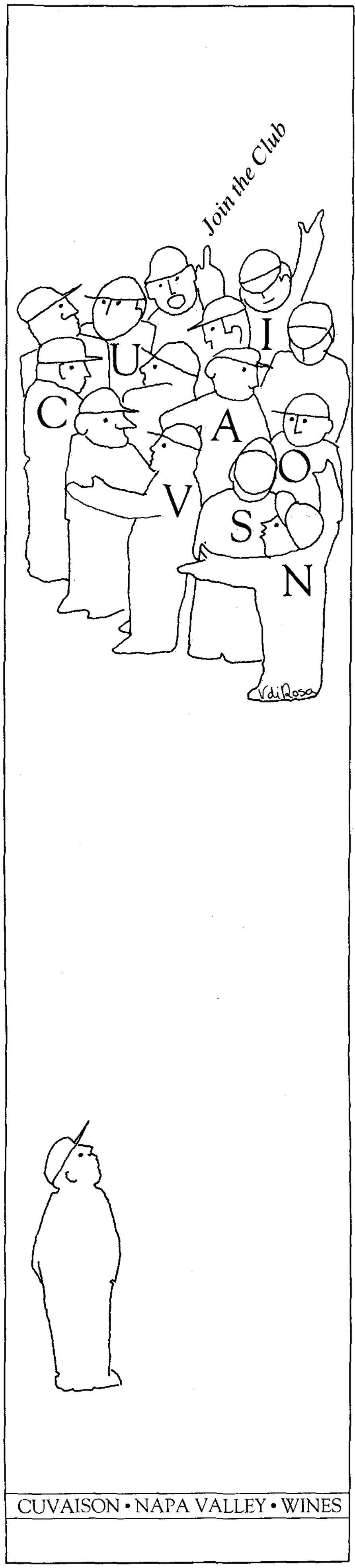
There were other horrid collapses. For the second year running, the Atlanta Braves' front office removed the tacky wigwam of their club mascot, Chief Noc-A-Homa, from its reservation in left field, thereby making room for two hundred and fifty more paying customers, and once again the team suffered immediate disaster, this time losing its muscular third baseman Bob Horner for the rest of the year with a wrist injury, and its entire bullpen to an epidemic seizure of pitching vapors, while the club slipped from its comfy five-and-a-half-game lead in the N.L. West to a three-game deficit, behind the Dodgers, all in the space of a month. The tepee, which perhaps should be traded in for a Winnebago, was hastily re-reërected, but too late. Maybe next year the Great Spirit of Baseball, if left alone, will bring the Braves what they really need, which is some bench strength.

Who else failed? Why, the Milwaukee Brewers, defending champions in the American League, who somehow remained afloat until Labor Day but went through September like an ember in a snowbank, to finish fifth, eleven games back—exactly the same distance from the top achieved in the other league by their rivals of last October, the World Champion Cardinals. The difference for Milwaukee was diminished clout—eighty-four fewer homers and an amazing two hundred and fifty-nine fewer total bases than the splendid numbers put up by the clattering Brewer juggernaut of '82. Lost from the club by the end of the year were center fielder Gorman Thomas, who was traded off to the Indians, and manager Harvey Kuenn, who will be succeeded by Rene Lachemann. The Cardinals, for their part, also suffered most where they had been best—on the mound, in their case. This Redbird staff gave up a hundred and one more runs than they did last year, while ace starter Joaquin Andujar won only six games and lost sixteen, and ace finisher Bruce Sutter achieved an earned-run average of 4.23 and fifteen fewer saves than last year. And then (to have done with this litany of unsuccess) one must make whispered mention of the California Angels, the wealthy and once-proud celebrity all-stars, winners of the American League West last year, who this time concluded their business twenty-nine games behind the White Sox, in a tie for fifth with the Minnesota Twins. Reggie Jackson batted .194 (and failed to hit a home run in the last two months of the season), but the Angels' failure cannot be blamed on him alone; this was a team collapse, earned by all hands, and frightful to behold and think about.

A good many clubs, it will be perceived, suddenly came up short in the last three or four weeks of the season, which is probably attributable to a long-term drought of reserves around the leagues. At the topmost levels of talent, baseball just now may have as fine an assortment of great or close-to-great pitchers and sluggers and base runners as it has had at any time in the past couple of decades, but when one scans the performances of the No. 3 and No. 4 starting pitchers, of the second-line short-relief men in the bullpen, and of the batters in the bottom three slots in the lineup, the sag in quality (attributable, I think, to expansion and to the loss of so many prime athletes to other professional sports) is dismaying. Indeed, the only teams with true reserve strength observable in September this year were the Orioles and the Phillies, who wound up in the World Series, and the Yankees, whose array of talent and experience, surpassed by no other team in either league, was somehow turned into a liability this season.

On an up note, the most vivid statistic of the year was perhaps the .361 batting mark of the Red Sox' resourceful and patient left-side swinger Wade Boggs, whose .357 average for his first two years' work in the majors has not been exceeded (according to baseball historian Bob Davids) since Lefty O'Doul's .358 (figured on a slightly different basis) in 1928-29. His teammate Jim Rice led the American League in homers (thirty-nine) and tied for runs batted in (a hundred and twenty-six) with the Brewers' Cecil Cooper; other reliable brand names came through in the National League, where Mike Schmidt won his sixth home-run title, with forty downtowners, and Bill Madlock, the Pirates' short-stroke Zen master, captured his fourth batting title, at .323. Oakland's Rickey Henderson and Montreal's Tim Raines repeated as base-stealing champs, with a hundred and eight and ninety swipes, respectively. Some mention must also be made of Detroit's well-established midfield duo of second baseman Lou Whitaker and shortstop Alan Trammell, both now in their sixth year on the Tiger varsity, who truly outdid themselves at the plate: batting one-two in the Tiger order, they finished third (.320) and fourth (.319)—behind Boggs and Rod Carew—in the American League batting race, and played a very large role in the Tigers' surprising second-place finish in the American League East.

The rookie crop of 1983—a famous vintage even before its summer decanting—turned out to be of rare quality, if not quite as abundant as promised. Some of the newcomers—Ron Kittle, of the White Sox, who is the *Sporting News* American League Rookie of the Year; Charles Hudson, of the Phillies; and Mike Boddicker, of the Orioles—will find their way into this account a little farther along, but meanwhile let us smile a bit as we think of the future of Craig McMurtry, say, who won fifteen games for the Braves; or of Marvell Wynne, who made himself wholly at home in center field for the Pirates, vivifying the team for their late-season dash to contention; or of Julio Franco, the Cleveland shortstop, who stole thirty-two bases,



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batted .273, and led his club in runs batted in. (High-quality shortstops, by the way, have always been in scarce supply, but there is a florescence of remarkable athletes at that position just now: a minimum list would include Trammell and Franco, plus Robin Yount, Cal Ripken, Andre Robertson, Dickie Thon, Dave Concepcion, Garry Templeton, and Ozzie Smith.)

All these rookies and Strawberry, too. In his first circuit around the league, the twenty-one-year-old Mets phenom, who was called up from the minors when the parent club found itself in desperate straits in early May, sometimes looked so overmatched against major-league pitching that one wanted to avert one's eyes, but he matured so swiftly in the late weeks of the season that one could almost see the change in him from one at-bat to the next. Skinny and almost languidly loose at the plate, he sometimes reminds you of a high-school slugger in his awkward insouciance, but such an estimation does not take into account the wrists that, in midswing, transform him from boy into behemoth. Strawberry worked hard with Mets batting coach Jim Frey (who will manage the Cubs next year), studied the pitchers, and became formidable indeed: twenty-six homers, seventy-four R.B.I.s, and a batting average (.257) that was sharply on the rise in the last six weeks of the summer. He is the *Sporting News* National League Rookie of the Year, and no wonder. My only wish is that we won't expect too much of him too soon.

The Mets' youth movement has been talked about so often in recent years (including in these columns) while the club has continued to play so poorly that there is dangerous impatience among the fans for a sudden leap in the standings. The team, which this year again finished last in its division, does have some legitimate hope of improvement down the line. It acquired (from the Cardinals) the redoubtable Keith Hernandez to play first base for the next decade or so, and found a shortstop in little Jose Oquendo and a brilliant reliever in Jesse Orosco: enough hope, with Strawberry, for one season. If the new Mets manager, Davey Johnson, can persuade Mookie Wilson to work a base on balls now and then next summer, I will be content, or *almost* content, and thus try not to think too often about the upcoming Dwight Gooden, an eighteen-year-old phenom who (*sh-h-h*) struck out three hundred batters for the Mets' Class A Lynchburg farm this year—the most by any pitcher in organized ball.

Among the grownups, LaMarr Hoyt, of the White Sox, won twenty-four games (and the Cy Young Award in his league), mostly by the useful expedient of throwing strikes; he walked just thirty-one batters in two hundred and sixty innings. The National League, for reasons I do not quite understand, produced not one twenty-game winner, for the first time in fifty-two years, but did wind up with both earned-run leaders: Atlee Hammaker, of the Giants (2.25), and Rick Honeycutt, of the Dodgers (whose 2.42, compiled in the American League before he was traded out of the league by the Texas Rangers, held up in the books). During this season, three famous hurlers—Steve Carlton, Nolan Ryan, and Gaylord Perry—sailed past Walter Johnson's previously inviolate record of 3,508 lifetime strikeouts. Perry, who announced his retirement late in the summer, went home with 3,534 whiffs (and with the secret recipes for his famous jellies still intact), but Ryan, at 3,677, and Carlton, at 3,709, are still motoring. Carlton's two hundred and seventy-five strikeouts were the most in either league in 1983, and this was the fifth time he has topped his league.

Dazzling work all around, but I think we should also take a moment here to attempt special recognition of Dan Quisenberry, the sidearming relief specialist of the Kansas City Royals, who finished at 5–3 and with a 1.94 earned-run average, with *forty-five* saves, all compiled for a truly so-so ball club. No previous reliever in either league has matched this number of saves or this total of saves-plus-wins, and no other pitcher looks or works quite like Quisenberry. It pleases me (and many other fans, I think) immensely that his style and stuff—which are of the unthreatening, maddening, wrist-up, looping, soft-sailing variety developed by Kent Tekulve, of the Pirates—seem so much of a piece with his funny name and his boyish appearance and his mild, off-putting outlook on things. (The birdlike Tekulve, come to think of it, has the same odd, morality-play unity of manner and moniker.) The Quis

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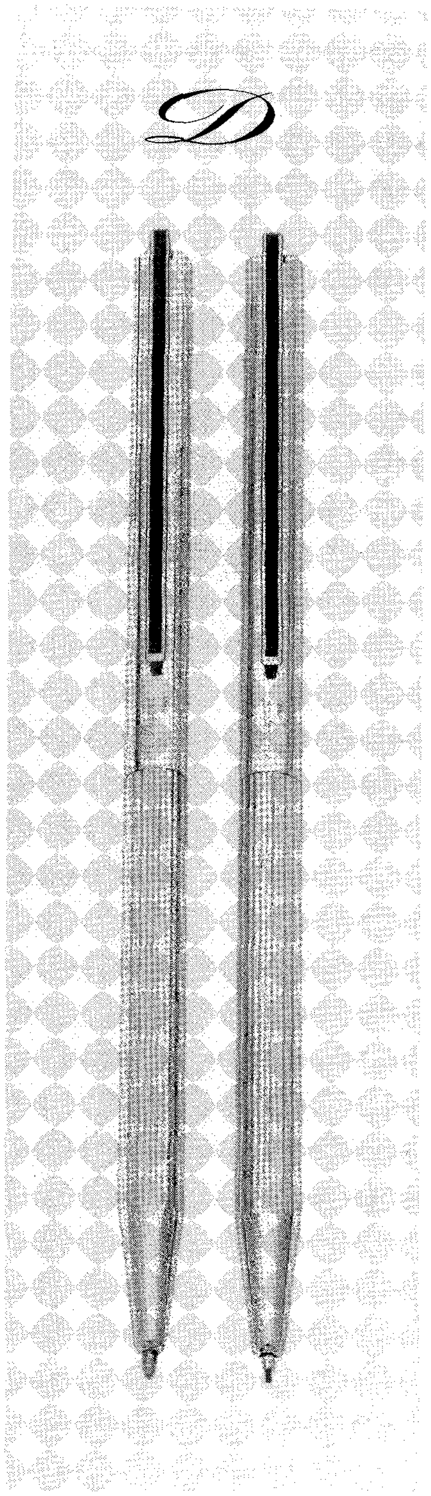

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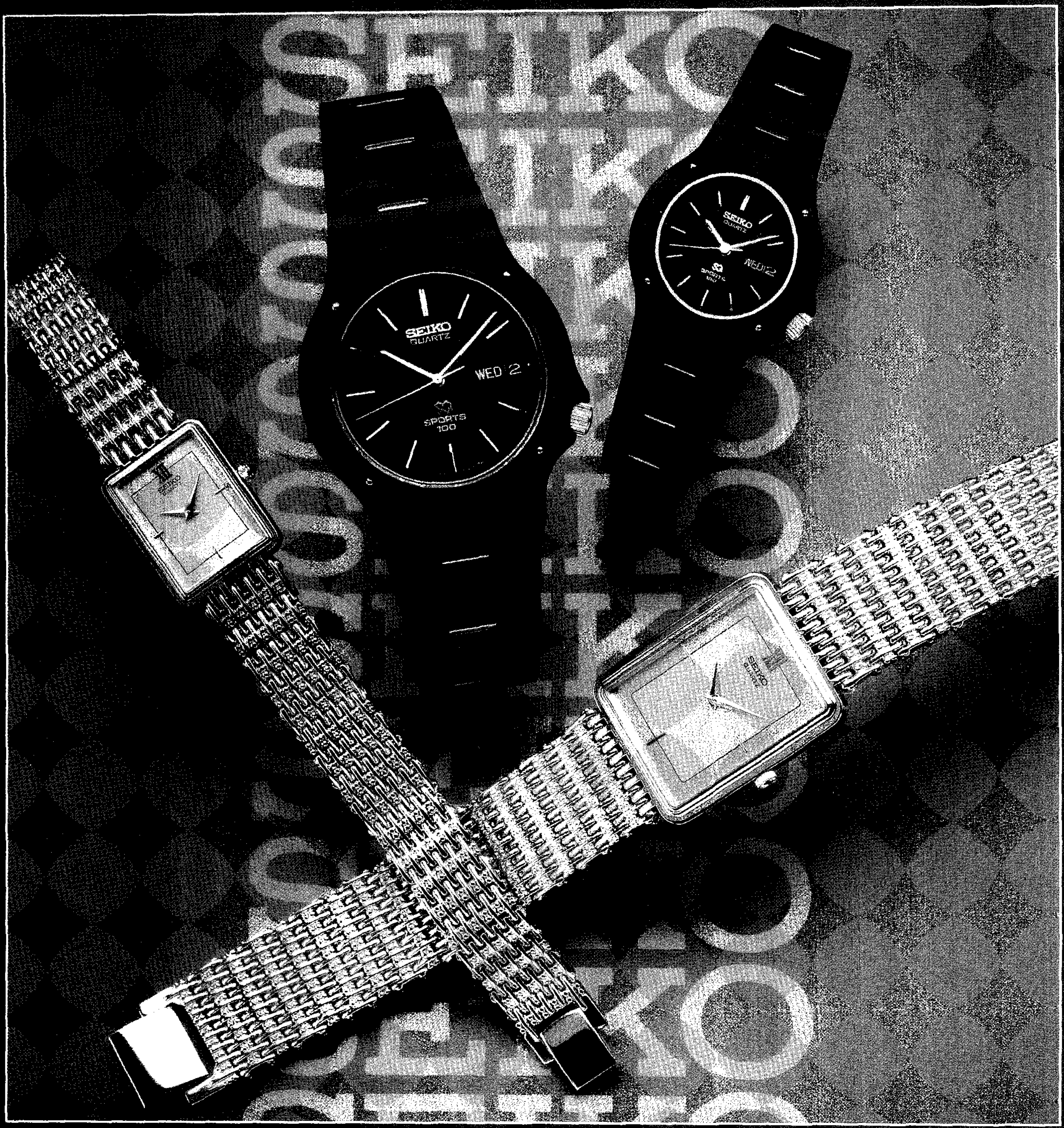
has round, pale-blue eyes, a reddish-tan skin awash in freckles, a stubby orange-red mustache, and a comical, throwaway assortment of bullpen epigrams and verbal sinkerballs. "I have seen the future," he once announced, "and it's very much like the present, only longer." Speaking of his success in inducing hulking sluggers to overswing and nub his pitches harmlessly into the dirt (or, in his home park, into the Tartan Turf), he said, "Reggie hit one off me that's still trying to burrow its way to Los Angeles." Quisenberry was voted the Joe Cronin Award at the end of this season—a combined good-guy/good-athlete trophy that is given in the American League each year—and when he turned up at the playoffs to receive it I looked forward to hearing how he would handle the dreary ceremonials. He did not disappoint us. Standing at the mike, he listened politely to the presentation speech by Joe Cronin's son, accepted the silverware, and murmured, "Thank you. I want to thank God, Lee MacPhail, and my offensive line." Side retired.

Lee MacPhail is the president of the American League and, since late July, the author of the most discussed legal ruling in the land since Plessy v. Ferguson. This, of course, was his fair and sensible resolution of the monumentally entertaining pine-tar fuss, which came to pass during a July Sunday afternoon at Yankee Stadium when George Brett, of the Royals, whacked a two-run, two-out homer against Goose Gossage, thereby putting his team ahead by 5–4 in the top of the ninth—only to have the runs disallowed and the homer turned into an out on a ruling by the umpires, who accepted an ex-post-facto protest by Yankee manager Billy Martin that the pine-tar stickum on the handle of Brett's bat extended beyond the eighteen inches above the bat knob specified by the regulations. Brett, in demurral, attempted thuggee upon the arbiters and was excused for the rest of the day, but the Royals protested the game, and after a few days they were upheld by MacPhail, who, citing "the spirit of the rules," ordered the homer restored and the contest resumed at a later date. The remainder of the inning was played without incident a few weeks later (before an audience of 1,245 second-year torts students), with the Royals holding their 5–4 lead, and the teams swapped the won (and lost) game on their records. Mr. MacPhail's statement attempted to mollify his umpires by deploring the fuzziness of the frequently amended baseball rule book but pointed out that the intent of the rule was simply to remove an offending bat from the game, and that there was no evidence of any sort to suggest that Brett's homer had been aided or abetted by goo. (The rule, in fact, appears to have been written in order to keep pine tar from discoloring balls in play, and thus is intended to deprive *pitchers* of an unfair advantage.) For me, the MacPhail decision is bathed in the clear sunshine of fairness and common sense, but the immoderate responses to it by the Yankees suggest the extent of the distemper and the almost frantic distractibility of so many people now connected with the sport. George Steinbrenner said that if the Yankees lost a pennant because of the ruling it would not be safe for Mr. MacPhail to continue living in New York. Billy Martin, who cannot exactly be faulted for trying the ploy in the first place, said later that in making the ruling Lee MacPhail had encouraged every kid in the country to "go ahead . . . and cheat, and they can get away with it," and then told his players during a team meeting that they had been bilked. If this was intended to inflame his troops for the remainder of the campaign, it did not succeed. At the end of the summer, Mr. Steinbrenner, looking back at the foolish crisis, said he thought that the game and its emotional offshoots might have cost his team a pennant, and there, for once, I agree with him.

Mr. MacPhail, who is retiring as league president but who will serve now as head of the owners' Player Relations Committee (a brilliant appointment, given his unflappable good sense and the approach of another negotiation of baseball's basic contract with the players, in 1984), was twice required to suspend Billy Martin during the summer because of the manager's intemperate disagreements with the umpires. In the Stadium pressroom one evening late in the season, I ran into Dick Butler, who is the chief of umpires for the American League, and made some reference to the hard times his minions had experienced in these and many other public disagreements,



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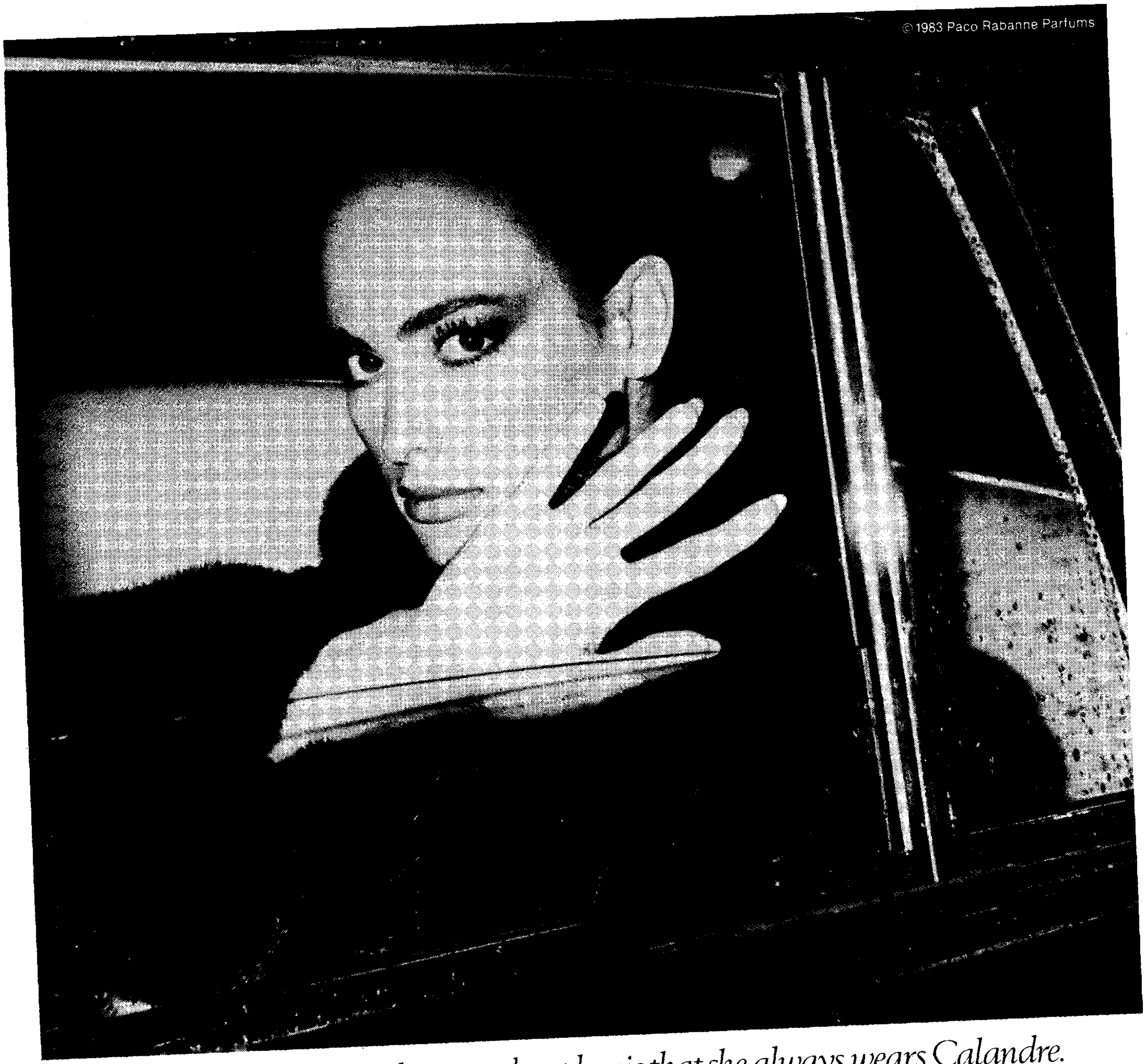
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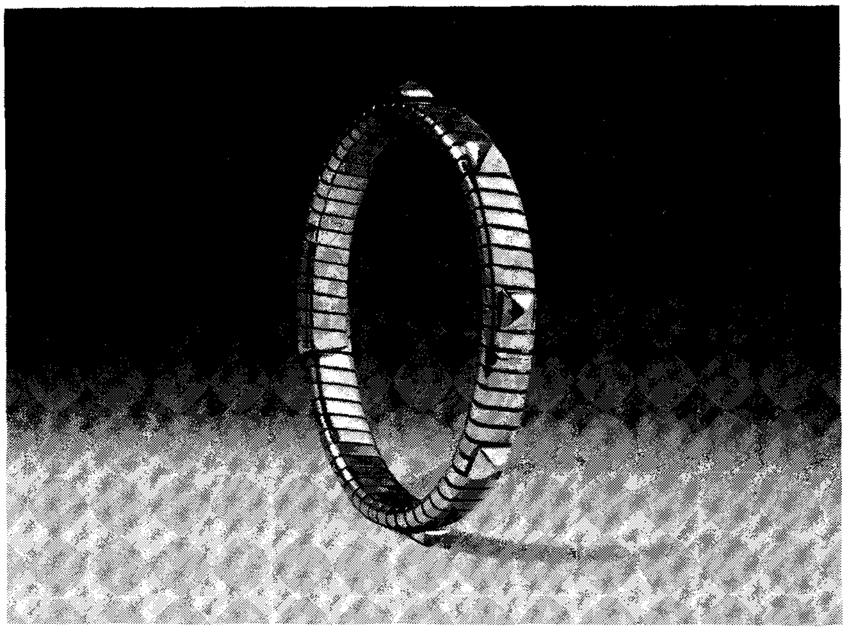
but Butler, who is as gentle and courtly in manner as his boss, dismissed the matter cheerfully. "It's always the same," he told me. "It's been this way ever since I can remember." He went on to say that only a day or two earlier he had happened upon some correspondence from the early nineteen-thirties in which Clark Griffith, the president of the Washington Senators, had complained angrily to A.L. president Will Harridge about the abilities and intelligence of the league's umps. "It was exactly like this year," Butler said. "Nothing was different—well, except for one thing, I guess. Nowadays, nobody calls my umpires Bolsheviks."

Another celebrated retiree is Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who resolved an apparently hopeless deadlock among the owners at the midsummer meetings by announcing that under no circumstances would he be a candidate to succeed himself for a third seven-year term in office. His decision was admirable, for he badly wanted to stay on, and was favored by a majority of the owners, but he had run into a cabal of five National League nabobs, who would not be budged (a three-quarters majority in each league is necessary for reëlection) from the position they had taken during a first balloting, last November. Baseball owners are a famously closed-mouthed insiders' club, and one that is not noted for its generosity of spirit. The decision of the five to throw Mr. Kuhn overboard was not based upon some group conclusion about his executive abilities but represented, rather, an anthology of private grievances and harbored grudges. Nelson Doubleday, of the Mets, hates Mr. Kuhn's tentative espousal of revenue-sharing among the clubs as a means of sustaining teams who try (and in most cases fail) to make do in smaller market areas of the sport—the Seattle Mariners, the Minnesota Twins, and so forth. The Williams brothers—James R. and William J.—of the Cincinnati club, are known to harbor bad feelings because they think Mr. Kuhn's extemporized split-season plan of resuming play after the 1981 strike was unfair to their Reds. Gussie Busch, the Cardinals' owner, has never forgiven Kuhn for ordering an early resumption of play during the owners' spring lockout maneuver in 1976. And so on. The circumstances of Mr. Kuhn's ouster thus confirm the central lesson about his post that emerged during his tenancy of the office: that the commissioner is never his



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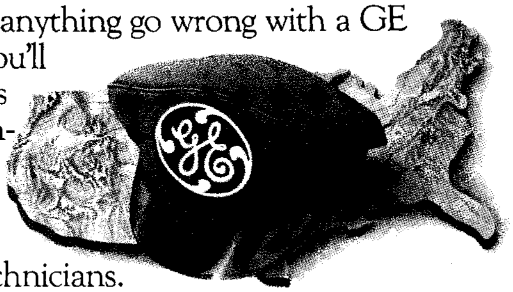

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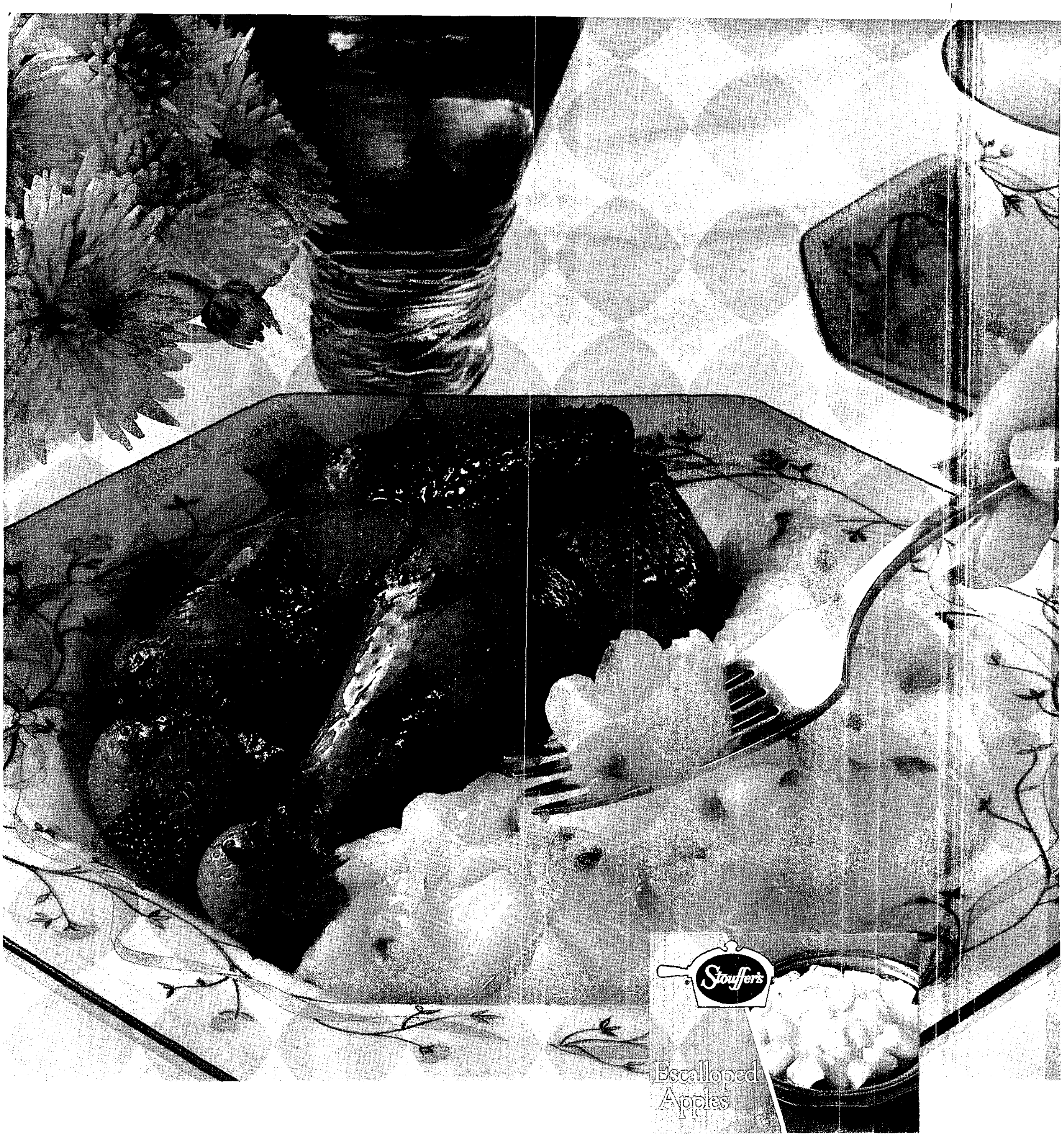

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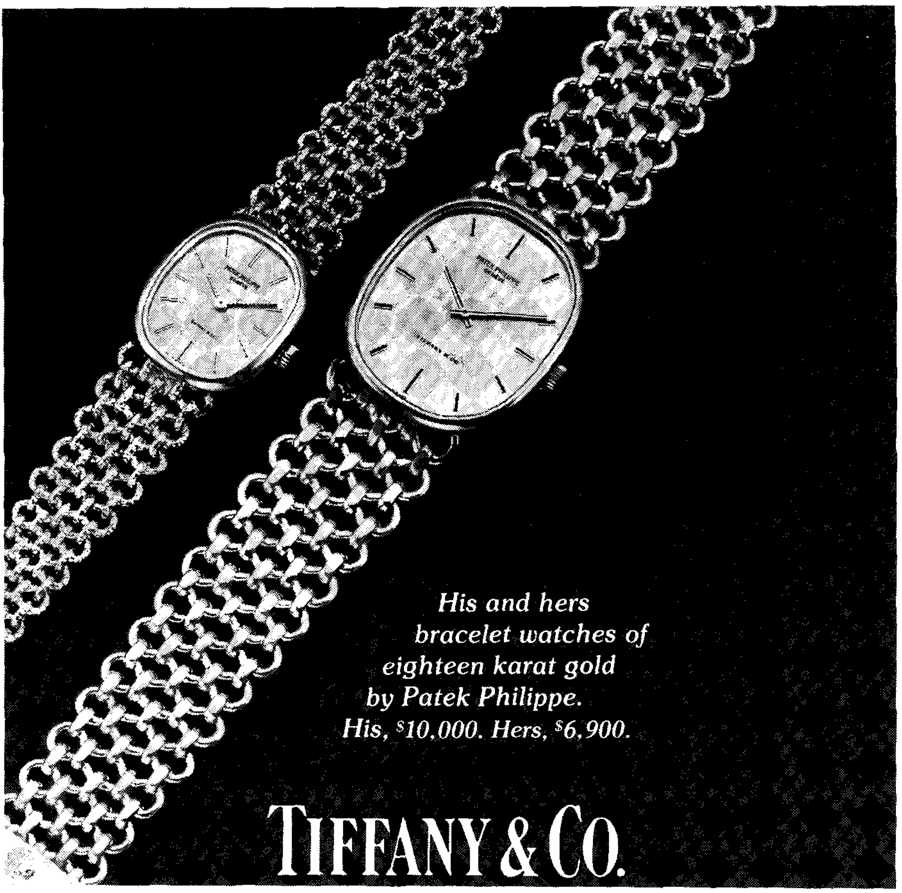
own man, and serves absolutely at the whim of the twenty-six franchise holders in the game. At times, Mr. Kuhn was able to reverse a trade or sustain a ruling that discomfited or enraged an individual owner, but always at the risk of accruing general disapprobation of the kind that finally brought him down. In view of this, it seems pointless to review here some severe reservations of my own about his baseball acumen, or lack of it, which I have set forth over the years (the worst, I think, was his failure to comprehend and to find a quick settlement for the great issues of free-agency), since it cannot be known if he ever had the faintest chance of taking the owners in the direction of some more moderate and accommodating positions and avoiding heavy damage to the sport. Mr. Kuhn is a pleasant and hardworking gent, with a deep love of the game, and I think he has been ill-used by his employers. The owners' current search committee has apparently run into difficulties in unearthing an acceptable candidate for the commissionership, which is unfortunate, since there was a fresh effort (emanating from the younger and more progressive owners, who are on the rise at last) to find someone of reasonable business intelligence and independence of spirit to fill the vacancy. A number of likely-looking nominees are said to have already turned the committee down, perhaps because they understand all too well the hollowness and vapid symbolism of the post. It's almost like that private club that Groucho said he had refused because it had asked him to join: who would like it to be known that he was dumb enough to want the job?

Dave Righetti, the big Yankee left-hander, pitched a no-hit game against the Red Sox on July 4th, and in September Bob Forsch, of the Cardinals, threw a 3–0 no-hitter against the Expos, and then Mike Warren, a twenty-two-year-old Oakland rookie, did the same thing to the White Sox. Righetti's perfecto did not exactly startle me, since I had been on hand for his previous outing—a 7–0 shutout of the Orioles—when it seemed to me that he had his always dazzling stuff fully in hand at last. Forsch's masterpiece was the second no-hit game of his career; his brother, Ken Forsch, now with the Angels, has a 1979 no-hitter to his credit, which makes them the only brothers ever to pull off the double. None of this is



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entirely surprising, nor should we be struck dumb with wonder by the news that there were no no-hit games at all during the 2,106 major-league encounters played in 1982, and that Bob Forsch's and Mike Warren's no-hitters came along within three days of each other. In baseball, Yogi Berra has told us, you don't know nothing. What we do know, perhaps, is that there is a large dollop of luck involved when any pitcher, no matter how imperious or crafty, gets by twenty-seven batters without seeing one harmless grounder bounced through the middle or a half-hit flare drop untouched in short right field. This late little scattering of no-hit games statistically illuminates the same essential attribute of the game. Luck does matter in baseball, as well as brilliant and resolute performance, and the proportions of the mixture—a recipe as subtle as the bèarnaise at La Grenouille—are exquisitely pleasing. If the sport were easier—if it rewarded only the Carltons and Ryans (and Rices and Schmidts) of the game and never the Forsches or the Mike Warrens—we would almost know the outcome of every game in advance. If it were much easier—if there were a no-hitter every week and a grand-slam homer every evening—we would gossip or snooze or read in the stands until the ninth, for only the score would matter, and the constant surprises of baseball would seem only eccentric or else would elude us altogether. Baseball's placid exterior and smooth, scheduled flow of games conceal so many possibilities for astounding circumstances that we old fans, picking up the morning paper or tuning in to the late-night sports, wait almost smugly for word of the newest first-ever play or utterly unexpected series of events. Early this August, the California Angels, playing a home game against the Minnesota Twins, appeared to have matters comfortably in hand when, already leading by 2–0, they put their first two batters on base in the bottom of the fourth, only to crash headlong into Yogi Berra's dictum. The next California batter, Ron Jackson, hit a low line drive to third baseman Gary Gaetti, who flipped to second to double off the lead base runner, and in plenty of time for the relay over to first, which beat the other retreating Angel base runner to the bag. Triple play. The next pitch of the game—delivered by Tommy John to the Twins' Gaetti, the leadoff batter in the top of the fifth—was smashed over the fence,

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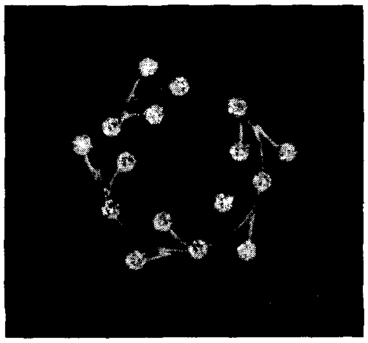

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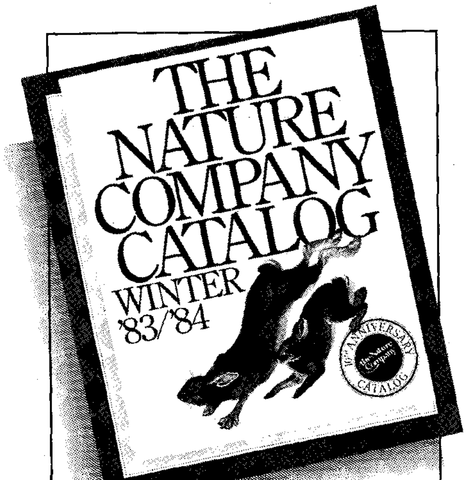

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and the *next* pitch, to Tom Brunansky, also departed the premises, tying the score of the game, which the Twins eventually won by 4–2. Three successive pitches, good for three outs, two runs, one ruined game, and uncounted broken hearts. According to the records, this had never happened before in major-league baseball. And no one could quite remember an inning like the one that the Orioles came up with a couple of weeks later, in a game against the Blue Jays at Baltimore. The Orioles had rallied for two runs in the bottom of the ninth, tying the game at 3–3, but in the process had used up their last catcher, who had given way to a pinch-hitter —a spendthrift maneuver that now required Baltimore manager Joe Altobelli to send a reserve infielder, Lenn Sakata, out to catch in the tenth. The visitors led off the extra inning with a home run and a single, thus bringing on a new Baltimore pitcher, Tippy Martinez. The Torontos, one may assume, had noted the presence of Sakata behind the plate, and were understandably eager—a bit overeager, in fact—to test him with attempted thefts of second, but they never did find the answer. Martinez instantly picked the base runner off first. He walked the next man but also picked him off, then surrendered a single, and notched the third out with his third pickoff of the inning. Ah, baseball. No one, I think, was particularly surprised when Sakata won the game in the bottom of the same inning, with a three-run homer.

Another extra-inning contretemps came along in a bitterly contested game at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium on September 9th, at a moment in the race when the Expos, the Phillies, the Cardinals, and the Pirates were clumped within a game and a half of each other in the upper stories of the National League East. Tied with the Pirates at 3–3 in the top of the thirteenth, the Phillies had base runners Willie Hernandez at second and Mike Schmidt at first; Pittsburgh hurler Jim Bibby, facing Joe Lefebvre, let go a wild pitch, but while Hernandez scampered to third, Schmidt, who had somehow considered this remote set of possibilities beforehand, oddly held his base. Not so oddly, when you think about it: with first base still occupied, Bibby, a right-hander, was deprived of the option of walking Lefebvre, a lefty swinger, in order to bring up the next man in the Philadelphia order, Garry Maddox, who bats right, Lefebvre singled, thereby winning the game (it turned out), moving the Phillies into first place for the moment, and certifying Schmidt as a genius—all in one stroke.

I SAID earlier that there were no late, great pennant races this summer, but that is not to suggest that there weren't some brisk and telling patches of action along the way. On that same second weekend of September (the focal point of the baseball summer, it turned out), the Phillies and the Pirates split their next pair of games in thrilling fashion, in contests where the lead or tie was repeatedly surrendered, bitterly rewon, then lost again. By taking the rubber game, the Phillies remained a bare half game out of first place, behind Montreal; later in the week they went home and swept the Expos in a doubleheader, knocking them out of the lead for good, and then embarked upon an eleven-game winning streak, which captured the flag. Meanwhile, out in Los Angeles, the first-place Dodgers took their Friday game against second-place Atlanta but lost on Saturday, allowing the Braves to creep within two games of them. Trailing on Sunday by 6–3 in the bottom of the ninth, the Dodgers tied the game on a bases-loaded walk and a double, and won it with a two-out squeeze play. Adios, Atlanta.

Matters were less parlous in the American League on that same weekend (the White Sox, in the A.L. West, had already spread-eagled the field and were leading the nearest competition by a full fifteen games), but there was a sudden little stir of speculation when the Yankees won the opening game of a four-game set at the Stadium against the league-leading Orioles, to climb into second place, just four games back. The Saturday doubleheader, a twi-night affair, brought out fifty-five thousand fans and produced a horrific (for the Yankees) dénouement, which started in the top of the ninth inning of the opening game, with the score tied at 2–2. Shortstop Roy Smalley threw wildly to first, putting the Orioles' Lenn Sakata on base; a sacrifice moved him along to second and brought on Goose Gossage, who walked Rick Dempsey and then faced the left-handed pinch-hitter Joe Nolan; Nolan took a breaking ball for a strike, fouled off five consecutive fastballs, and then singled cleanly to center (against a sixth heater), to put the Orioles ahead. A double by Cal Ripken brought in

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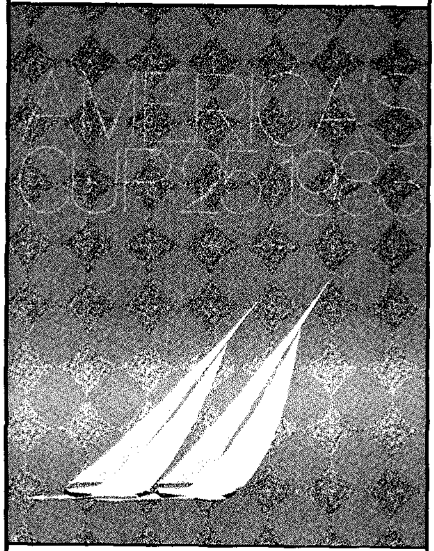

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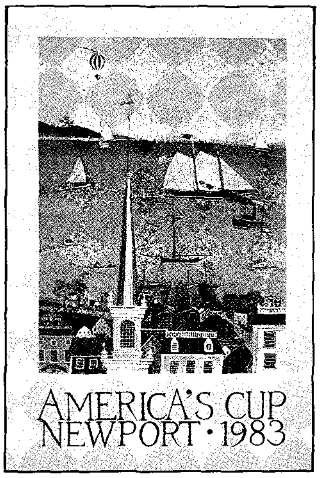

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another counter, and a bit later John Lowenstein, a left-side pinch-hitter, whacked Gossage's second pitch over the right-center wall for a grand slam—to an accompanying sudden silence that suggested an electric plug pulled out of the wall. When Gossage and the Yanks came in off the field at last, they were booed. The Orioles also won the second game, and the game on Sunday, wrapping up the Yankee season for good.

Hindsight is easy, but nothing about the Orioles-Yankees weekend surprised me (except for Gossage's throwing six fastballs in a row to a good left-handed hitter). Indeed, the games perfectly confirmed what we have all known for so long but have somehow failed to understand in its entirety. The Orioles, not the Yankees, are the dominant American League team of our time. They had come into the Yankee series on a roll: twenty victories in their past twenty-five games. This was an entirely typical sort of momentum for them in the late going; their September-October record this year (21–12), under manager Joe Altobelli, sustained almost exactly the same killing late-season winning percentage (.638) that they had compiled during the previous fifteen years, under Earl Weaver. Since their first pennant, in 1966, the Orioles have won three World Series and lost three, while the Yankees are two-and-two in that same span, but the Orioles have taken seven divisional titles since the split-league plan went into effect, fourteen years ago, as against five for the Yanks. The Orioles, in fact, have won more games than any other team in the majors in the past five years and in the past ten years and (someone went to great pains to dig *this* out) in the past twenty-seven years. Why this is so is something we can get to shortly, when talking about the playoffs and the World Series, but the heart of it, clearly, is that the Orioles always cling to and personify the idea of a team, while the Yankees, by declaration and policy, prefer the idea of winning. Stated this way, the rival propositions seem to tilt unfairly toward the selfless, semi-anonymous, all-for-one fellowship of the O's, if only because so many of us were taught to strive for such an ideal back when we were in school. But the celebrated and extremely successful Yankees, with their purchased stars, enormous salaries, and bumptious, self-publicizing ownership and management, have given

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such a good account of themselves in competition that they have taught us—or should have taught us by now—that sweetness and selflessness are not *automatically* better in the end. The two philosophies were to be tested on the field and in the records, and not in our hearts. This year, I think, the jury came in. Teams *are* better than stars. Teams win.

I did not see a great many Yankee games this year, but whether I watched pinstripes in person or on television I usually came away with a sense of a something incomplete there—a moneyed irresolution about who was to play where, who mattered, who was or was not being counted upon today, or what unpleasant alterations might be in the offing if the team were to drop the next two or three games in succession. The Yankees had a few real problems, to be sure—some key injuries, not enough right-handed starters, not enough speed, not enough consistency at the plate from their main man, Dave Winfield, who is a wildly streaky slugger—but they found some very good luck along the way. Graig Nettles, who is thirty-nine, had a much better year than anyone had expected, and the club came up with an outstanding young shortstop, the aforementioned Andre Robertson (he was injured in an automobile accident in August, and it is still not certain that he will be back next year), and a first-rate rookie outfielder–first baseman, Don Mattingly, who batted .300 or better for most of the year. Both youngsters came out of the Yankee farm system, which is to say that that part of the organization worked just as it was meant to, but nobody seemed to have *expected* it to work, and thus nobody was quite able to decide what to do with Roy Smalley, the incumbent shortstop, or with Steve Kemp, the incumbent lefty-batting right fielder, or even, at times, with Ken Griffey, at first base, all of whom, being paid star salaries and having come aboard with the famous Yankees in heavily publicized signings, did not easily accept their temporary or long-term new status on the bench. The Yankees, in the words of Oscar Gamble, were a *trip*. I'm not certain that any manager could have resolved these deep-seated anxieties, but Billy Martin, with his rages and moody silences, his known proclivity for keeping a doghouse (Kemp and Rick Cerone were on Alpo all year), and his inability to listen to his players (Gossage, who much prefers to start a

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late inning, rather than come into it in mid-crisis, was simply brushed aside, for Billy likes complete games from his starters and stays with them as long as possible, or longer), seems altogether the wrong man for the post. (He will either be back next year or not, depending on Mr. Steinbrenner's whim.) Meanwhile, the club—the best assemblage of baseball talent in the majors—remained half afloat through the long summer, usually from one to four games below the top, waiting distractedly for the winning hot streak that always seemed imminent and never came to pass. As is the way with the Yankees, winning would have caused all this anxiety and misery to be forgotten in a moment, at least at the upper levels of the organization; indeed, every outrage or misunderstanding or sense of grievance among the players would suddenly be seen as a challenge met, as a necessity, or even as a virtue: *Winning is the bottom line, man, and by God we won!* Only they didn't. I am aware, of course, that the Yankees are not a very popular ball team around the country—they are admired but never really liked—and there is a regiment of Yankee-haters who probably took all this bad news with absolute glee. I am not in that number. This particular Yankee squad (which will again be much altered, I think, in the winter months) bore little resemblance to the quarrelsome and sometimes downright nasty clubhouse of the Thurman Munson–Reggie Jackson era; the present-day Yankees are a quiet and for the most part cheerful band of young athletes, with some thoughtful and admirable adults (including Gossage, Don Baylor, and Rudy May) among them, and they deserved better things, if not a better season.

CARL YASTRZEMSKI, encircled for the last time by the Fenway Park multitudes, stood at a microphone in the first-base coaching box before the game and waved his cap to the crowd. He turned slowly to face the left-field stands, the cap held high, with the green of the underside of its bill showing, and then slowly back in the other direction, toward right field, and then to face out toward the bleachers, and the waves of clapping and cheers seemed to move and swirl around him, almost visible in the damp afternoon air. He gestured toward the home dugout, and his teammates came up and out onto the field, in their white uniforms and shiny dark warmup jack-

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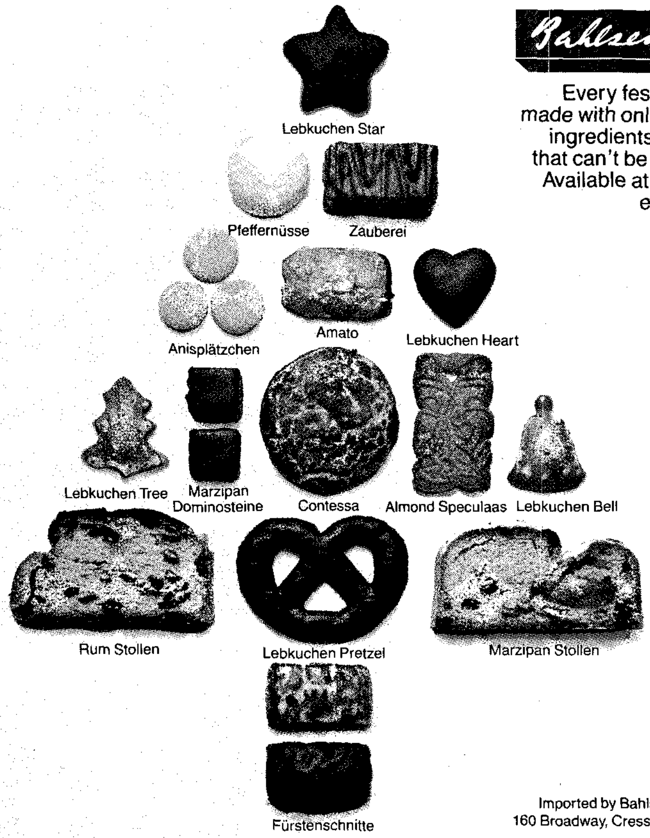

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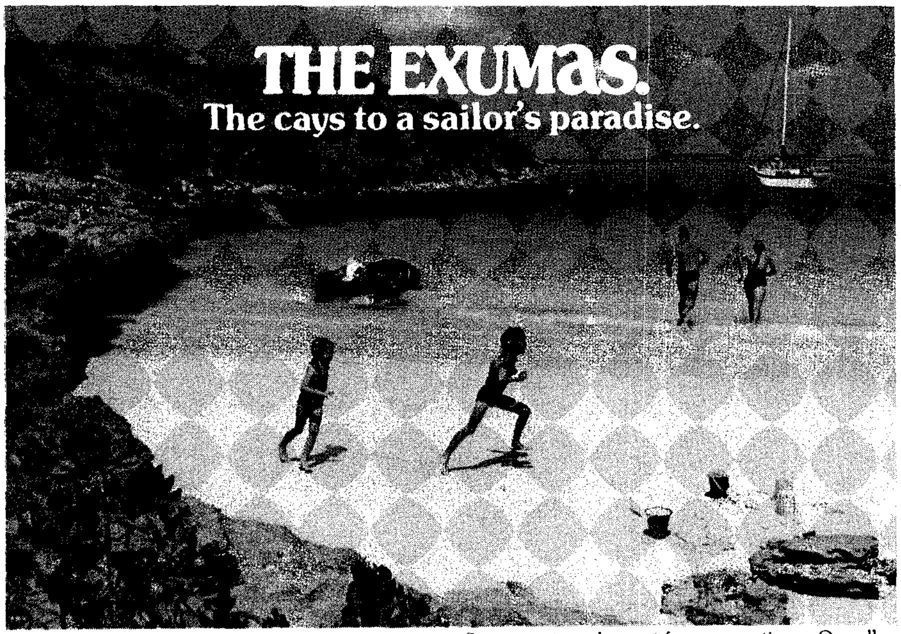

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ets, to surround him and shake his hand, and he and Jim Rice embraced; then the Red Sox pitchers and catchers and coaches left the bullpen and came walking and running across the grass to join him and be near him. The cheering rose again (it went on all afternoon, really), and Yaz approached the microphone with a piece of paper in his hand. "Thank you very much," he said, but then he stopped and walked a little distance out onto the diamond and waved his hand, with his head down. He was crying.

This was the last day of the season and Carl Yastrzemski's last day in uniform; his 3,308th game, or more games than anyone else has played in baseball; and the end of his twenty-third year as a player. I am not much for the pomp and ceremonies of the sport, but I had made a promise with myself way back last winter to keep this date, when it was clear that Yaz at last would be stepping down. Flying up on the shuttle in the morning, I thought about all those years of Yaz and all those different lifetime, all-time statistics (third in times at bat, behind Hank Aaron; seventh in hits, behind Honus Wagner; sixth in total bases, behind Babe Ruth; and so forth) and all the scores of times I had seen him play (I have no idea how many), and it came to me that the pervasive, unshakable image of Carl Yastrzemski that I carry inside me is of his making an out in a game, in some demanding or critical situation—a pop-up instead of a base hit, or perhaps an easy grounder chopped toward a waiting infielder—with Yaz dropping his head in sudden disappointment and self-disgust as he flips the bat away and starts up the line, his chance gone once again. Often he did come through, of course—the homers (four hundred and fifty-two of them, all told); the long doubles caromed off the left-center-field part of the wall; the sure and splendid catches; the deadly, rally-destroying pegs from the closed-in left-field corner; the whole sustained, unmatched performance in the late-pennant scramble and then the World Series in 1967—and I have all that in mind as well, but it seems inevitable that I should remember him, rather, in the act of failing, for no other great ballplayer I have seen was more burdened by the difficulties of this most unforgiving of all sports, and by the ceaseless demands he made on his own skills, and by the expectations that we had of him in every game and almost every at-bat of that long stretch of

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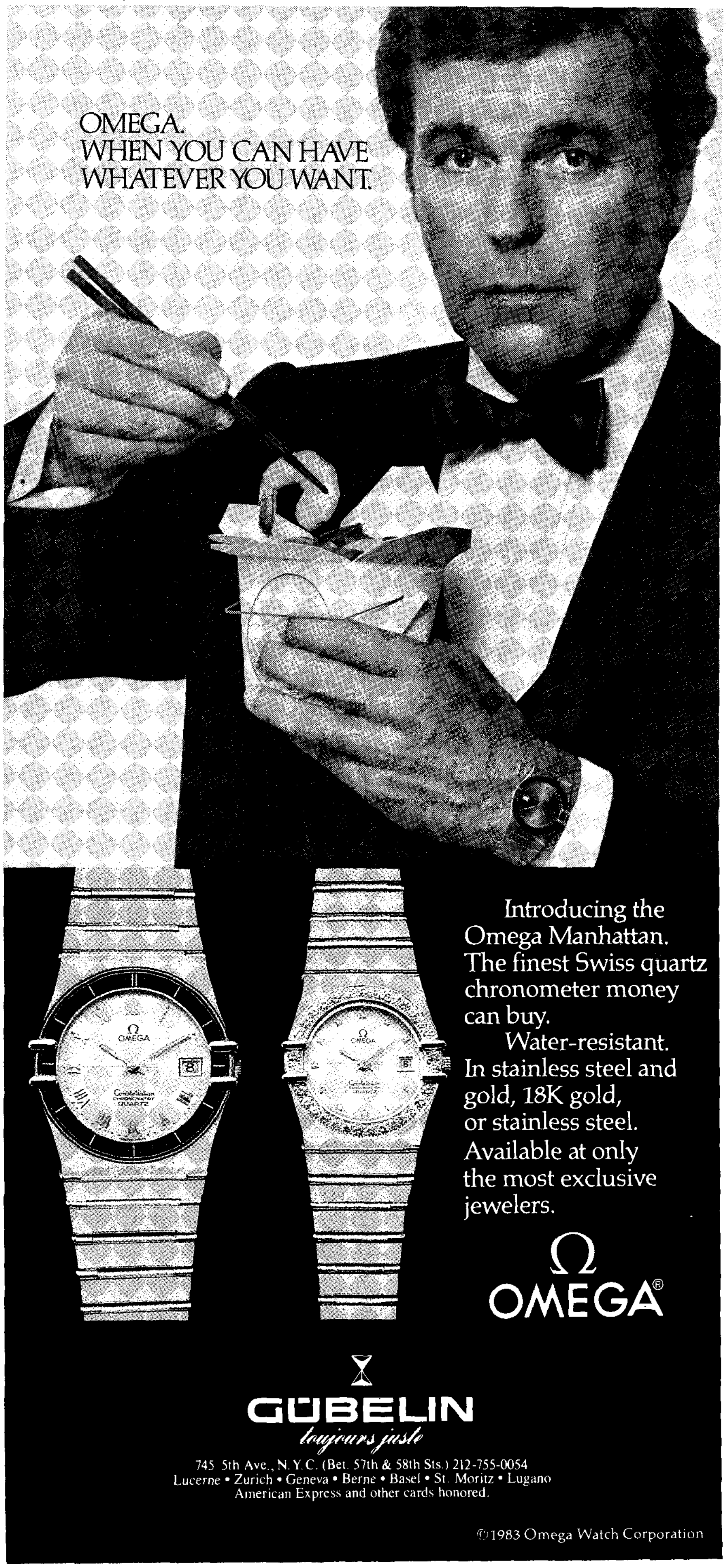
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seasons that was now ended. None of it had ever looked easy for him, or even like much fun, and late this summer, when he began to reflect about his career and its meanings, he put aside some of the preoccupied silence that often enwrapped him in the clubhouse and talked a little more freely with reporters about what it had been like for him. He agreed with what we had seen and sensed. "I loved the game, I loved the competition, but I never enjoyed it," he said. "It was all hard work, all the time. I let the game dominate me. It even got harder as I got older, because then I had more to prove." He said this, or some variation of it, many times, and sometimes with an odd lightness, almost an air of relief, but even then he did not let down or enjoy himself much. A *Times* reporter, Steve Cady, called on him in the clubhouse at Fenway Park in late September and saw a recent message that Yaz had written to himself taped on the back of his locker: "In box with left leg and all weight on it. Nothing on front leg. WAIT. Stay back. Relax." Right to the end, he was learning his trade.

There were other notable farewells this year. Jim Kaat stepped down after twenty-five years as a major-league hurler, most recently with the Cardinals—the longest pitching career on the books. Vida Blue, only thirty-four, was dropped by the Royals in midseason and subsequently entered treatment at a drug-rehabilitation center: a different kind of departure, but one that should not make us forget that effulgent first full summer of his, back in 1971, when, just turned twenty-two, Vida Blue stood the baseball world on its ear with a 24–8 and 1.82 record for the Oakland A's, and won the Cy Young Award and the Most Valuable Player Award in his league, all in his first full year. That summer, Charles O. Finley, the owner of the A's, approached Blue with the insolent request that he legally change his first name to True (Charlie had previously invented Catfish Hunter's nickname) for publicity purposes, but was instantly rebuffed by the young man, who pointed out that Vida meant "life" in Spanish, and said that his mother had given him the name, for keeps. Finally, Johnny Bench hung up his spikes, after seventeen years with the Reds and a hatful of records: twice M.V.P. and the most lifetime home runs hit by a catcher (three hundred and twenty-five, out of his all-positions total of three hundred and eighty-nine). He was the centerpiece of the memorable Cincinnati Big Red Machine of the early nineteen-seventies. He quit catching a couple of years ago, when the wear and tear of the position became too much, and played first base and third base instead, but he will be remembered most, I think, for his skills behind the plate. He came to the fore just when the much smaller, hinged catching mitt first became popular, and his shortstop-quick hands and his smoothness and balance and mobility behind the bat instantly caused all the catchers in the land to imitate his one-handed style, but none of them, then or now, could touch him.

Bench and Yastrzemski made their last road trips around their leagues in the styles that suited their personalities, with the extroverted Bench cheerfully accepting gifts and trophies and appearing at center-diamond rituals during "Day"s in his honor in a great many ballparks. Yaz declined, only at last agreeing to the one home-park official "Yaz Day"—a great outpouring of flowers and gifts and tears and speeches at Fenway Park on the day before that last Sunday. It was like Yaz, I think, to want one more game after that, so that he could go out playing before fans who preferred to come for the baseball rather than for the party. On that last afternoon, he let it be known, he wanted to go back to his old position in left field, where he had not played in the past three years, instead of just appearing once again as the d.h. Before the game, Bosox manager Ralph Houk was talking in his office to a few writers about the kind of player Yaz had been. "Unlike some people we've voted into the Hall of Fame, he could beat you a lot of different ways," Houk said. "He'd move a man from first to third with no outs, make a great play in the outfield, steal a base when he had to, break up the double play out there in the middle of a big game, or throw out a runner who seemed to have the base made—the whole thing. He hit for average, hit for power, ran the bases—whatever. Even now, if you put a man on first, Yaz will make some kind of contact up at the plate. I sure hope he don't hurt himself today, playing out in the field, out there on that wet grass." Houk threw up his hands—his trademark gesture. "Well, if he does, we'll just shoot him and drag him off the field, like an old race horse," he said. "He's come this unprintable far, he'll go one more game."

So he did, and the game—a mean-

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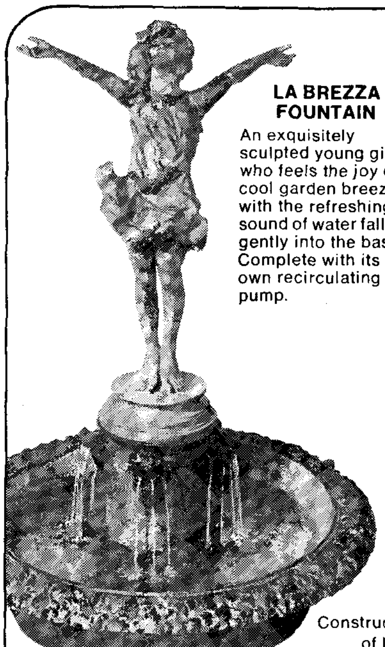

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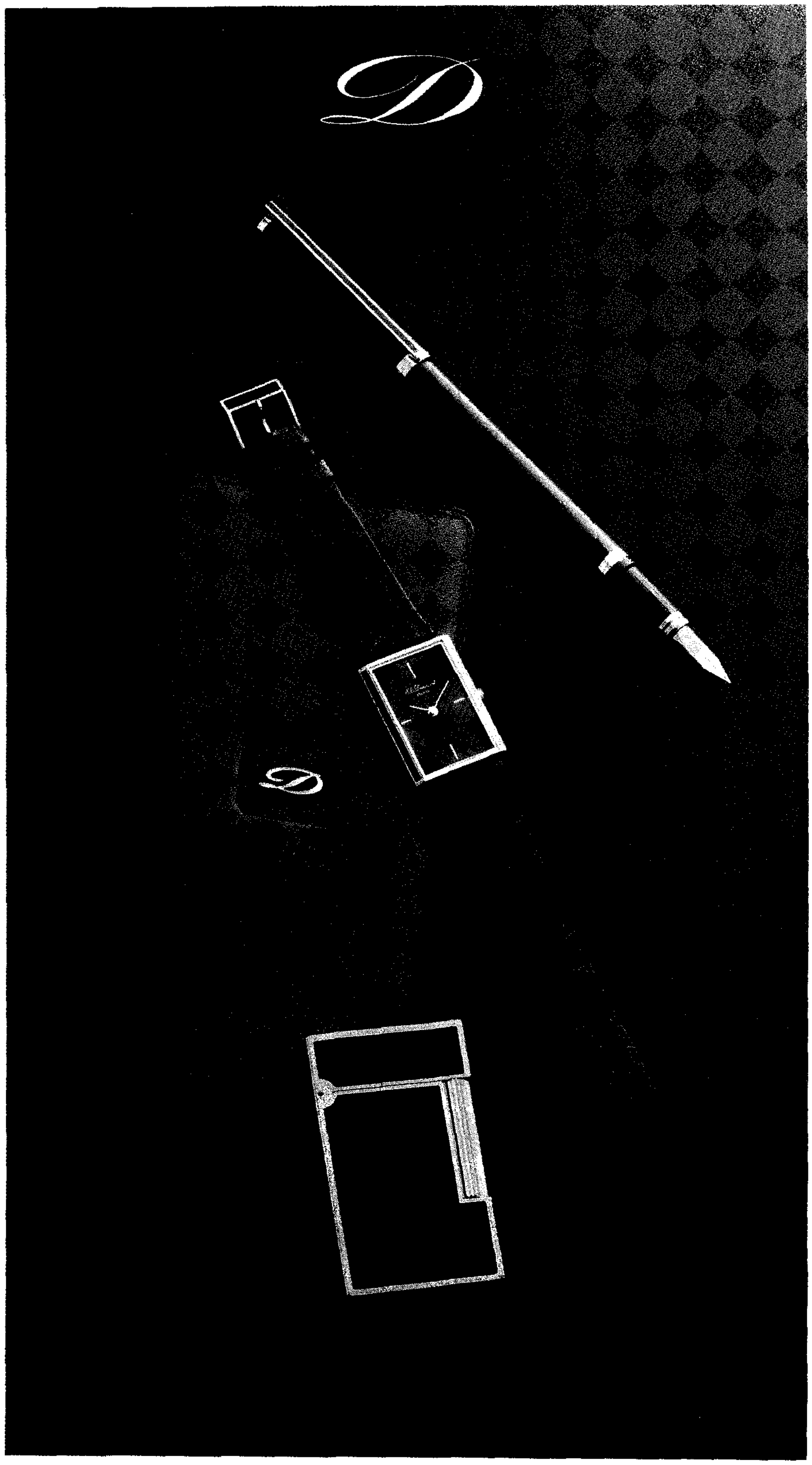
ingless little engagement between the sixth-place Bosox and the last-place Indians—was all right, too, and even fun after a while, because Jim Rice whacked a three-run homer that drove in all the Boston runs (the home side won, 3–1) and tied him with Cecil Cooper (who was having a great afternoon against the Tigers, it turned out) for the R.B.I. title, and the Fenwayites gave Jim a mighty standing O of his own in his final turn at the plate. Yaz got his hit—a trifling wrong-side single past the third baseman, in the third—and that was all that anyone really cared about, in the end. He came up for the last time in the seventh, and again paused for our pelting cheers and applause, holding his cap aloft and turning to face every part of the stands. He badly wanted a homer, of course, but the Cleveland pitcher, Dan Spillner, was so nervous out there, so intent on not spoiling things with a base on balls, that he very nearly *did* walk him, and Yaz had to take his last flailing cut at a pitch that was up by his ears, and popped it up harmlessly to second. He ran out to left field for the top of the eighth, but came off immediately for a substitute, sent out by Ralph Houk to give us one more chance to say goodbye, and the fans waved their handkerchiefs this time, to "Auld Lang Syne," with tears everywhere now, even in the press box. Later, when the game was over, Yaz, summoned back, came out onto the darkening field once again, and this time he trotted slowly around the perimeter of the field, touching the hands of the fans in the low front rows as he went by. He knew at last—I think the realization must have come to him very late, maybe only days or weeks before, breaking into the web of his concentration and pressured shyness and pride in work: he knew what he had meant to New England fans, and was trying to tell us that the feelings ran deep and in both directions. I did not expect such a thing of him—it did not seem in his nature to have worked this all out the way he did—but the fact that he could do it meant that he was still in the game all the way, even on his last day. He had indicated as much in his little speech at the beginning of the afternoon, when he said (this was the whole speech), "I saw the sign that said 'Say It Ain't So, Yaz,' and I wish it weren't. This is the last day of my career as a player, and I want to thank all of you for being here with me today. It has been a great privilege to wear the Red Sox uniform the past twenty-three years and to have played in Fenway in front of you great fans. I'll miss you and I'll never forget you."

There was a postgame press conference up in the Red Sox press lounge on top of the roof behind home plate, and when Yaz finally turned up there he was applauded by the writers, too. He was in his uniform pants and long-sleeved undershirt now, with a towel around his neck. "I feel super—the best I've felt in a long, long time," he said. "I feel ten years younger than I did fifteen minutes ago. Now I don't have to do all that again." He paused and shook his head, and a sudden, almost boyish smile lit up his face. He looked restored—his own age at last. He is forty-four.

IN the quick, flattish National League playoffs, the visiting East Coast champs presented the first-day Los Angeles audience with a gemlike miniature sample of Philadelphia-style basic baseball: a 1–0 shutout by Steve Carlton (with a bit of help from the bullpen), built upon—cantilevered upon, perhaps—a solo first-inning home run by Mike Schmidt. The unsatisfaction of such an opener was probably not entirely dispelled in the next night's game, which the Dodgers won by 4–1, since three of the Dodger tallies resulted directly or secondarily from Phillie errors. Fernando Valenzuela, never quite dominant, hung tough and got the win, as he so often does. Game 3, played on the chemical lawns of Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium, also lacked zing, since the Dodger starter, Bob Welch, was forced to depart the scene in the second inning, when he was laid low by a recurrence of a hip affliction—a terminal blow to the Dodgers' hopes in the series, I think. The Phillies got a good

outing from their starter, the tall twenty-four-year-old curveballing rookie Charles Hudson (he had pitched in a postseason playoff game last year, too: between the Peninsula Pilots and the Durham Bulls, of the Class A Carolina League), and won by 7–2. Gary Matthews, a veteran Philadelphia left fielder, who had been frequently benched during the regular season, had himself a day: two runs, a homer, two singles, a base on balls, and four runs batted in. The next evening, he resumed at once, with a first-inning three-run homer bombed into the central sector of the left-field loge seats, which more or less settled the game and the National League pennant right there, since Carlton was back on hand and (with his compeers) cruised to the win, again by 7–2. This is not, to be sure, a very extensive summary of these semifinals, but the truth of the matter is that the Dodgers never distinguished themselves or looked even vaguely like champions in this little stretch of games. This was a problem-marred, transitional year for the Dodgers, in which they had to make do with a slow, weak-armed outfield, an error-prone infield (with a converted outfielder, Pedro Guerrero, at third), and a catcher, Jack Fimple, who was hurried up from the minors because of injuries to his predecessors on the job. They will all do better in the coming seasons, and God or their other skipper, Tom Lasorda, deserves awe for bringing them so far in this one.

The American League championships, although concluded in the same short span, were more *like* it, starting as they did with a successive pair of genuine pitching masterpieces—the rain-soaked opening 2–1 win by the White Sox ace, LaMarr Hoyt, and its riposte the next evening, when Baltimore's rookie right-hander Mike Boddicker fanned fourteen Chicago batters in the course of a 4–0 shutout. Hoyt, tough and tubby, showed us his specialty, which is zipping the ball over the plate: he threw first-pitch strikes to twenty-six of the thirty-one batters he faced, never fell behind in the mid-counts, and walked no one. Boddicker, who is slim and dark-haired, dismissed batters by the handful without ever really overpowering anyone. A prime new graduate of the Baltimore School of Sensible Pitching, he relies upon a couple of curves, a modest fastball, a slider, and a change-up–sinker thing, and, above all, upon the perfectly controlled changing speeds with which he



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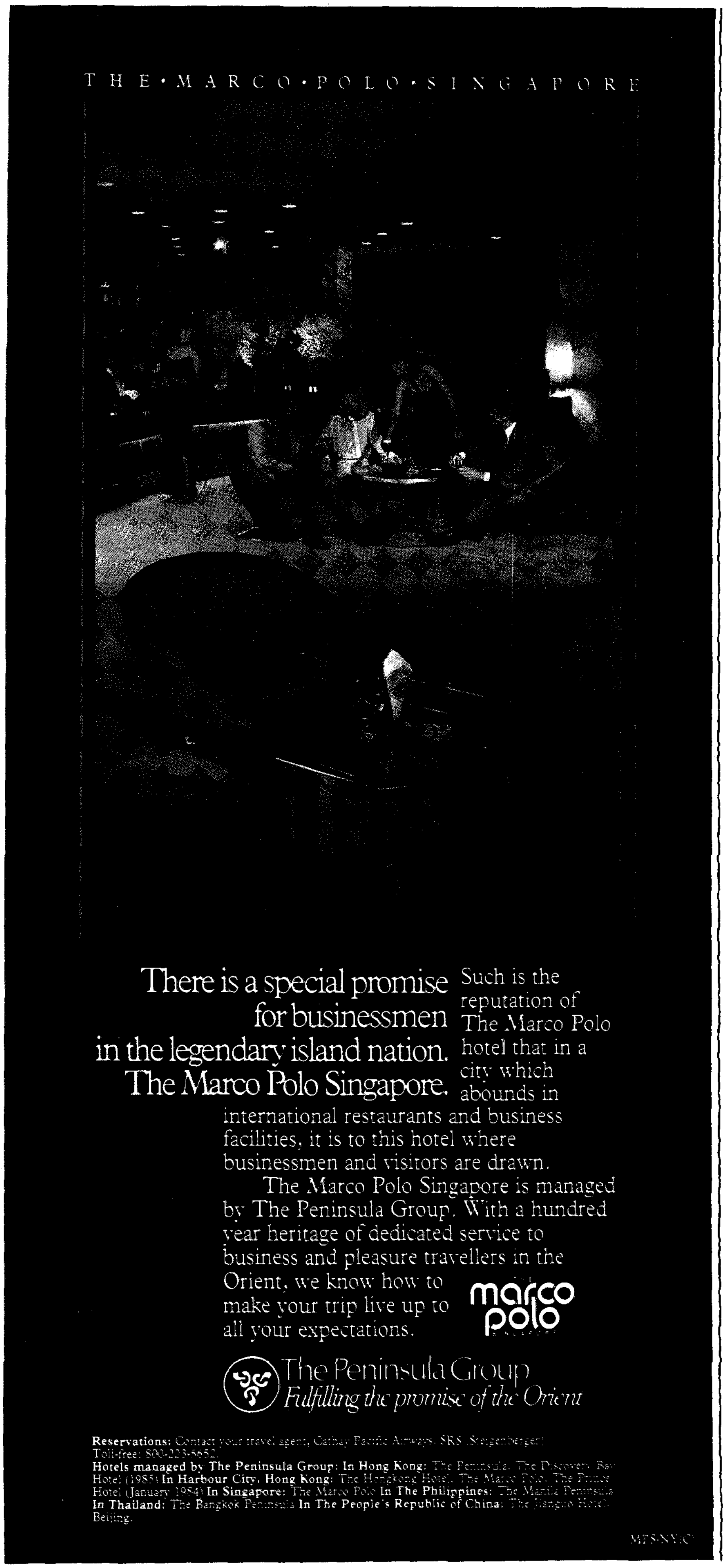

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offers up his repertoire. The two games, in addition to these heroics, seemed to offer many omens and lessons. Right from the start, I felt certain that LaMarr Hoyt would win, as he did, but it was strange that his teammates could never quite break things open in that first game; leading against Scott McGregor by 2–0 at the midway point, they somehow contrived to put ten base runners aboard in the last three innings without scoring any of them. Baltimore, for its part, at last scored a run in the bottom of the ninth, on a double by Dan Ford and then a single by Cal Ripken, and thus had the tying run aboard when Eddie Murray grounded into a force for the last out, and it was interesting that several of the Oriole players and coaches in the clubhouse after the game pointed out this ending and spoke of it almost with satisfaction. They had lost, to be sure, but they had kept things close, even against a LaMarr Hoyt, and had had a chance to win it at the end, with their best man up at bat. A tying double or a winning homer cannot be counted upon in that situation, of course, but the chance for one had been made, which is the way Baltimore likes to do things.

The next evening, just after Boddicker's memorable outing, I talked with his pitching coach, Ray Miller (he was wearing a faded T-shirt that advertised his pitching precepts: "31 SAYS [Miller is No. 31] WORK FAST, THROW STRIKES, CHANGE SPEEDS, HOLD 'EM CLOSE"), who professed himself not quite ravished by Boddicker's fourteen strikeouts, since he so much prefers the more energy-efficient mode of dismissing batters on ground balls and pop-ups. What he did like, however, was Boddicker's beautifully modulated tempos. "He's got a range of from sixty-four to eighty-six miles per hour, from low on his slider to high on his fastball, which is what you're after in this business," he said. "The whole concept is to know what the guy up at bat is looking for but to throw it at a different speed than he expects." Someone said that the Chicago batters, over in their clubhouse, were saying that they had been less than awed by Boddicker's heat, and Miller smiled contentedly and said, "That's just music to my ears. I love it when the other batters complain about our pitchers throwing nothing."

The third game (which I had to watch, to my dismay, from a distance, by television) brought out some midgame rumbles when Chicago's rookie slugger Ron Kittle was accidentally plunked on the knee by Mike Flanagan and when Rich Dotson, the Chicago hurler, then hit Cal Ripken and brushed back Eddie Murray in response, but the deeper cries of pain came from the overflowing throngs of Chicago fans when the Orioles, profiting from long blows and an inordinate number of bases on balls from the Chicago pitchers, blew away the Pale Hose, 11-1. The next game—the last of the year for the White Sox, it turned out—was excruciating to watch and wait through, so edgy and exciting in its multiple crises and endlessly prolonged resolution that I was almost glad I was not on the scene to see and hear and taste such fierce and enveloping anxiety and hope and ultimate heartbreak. (Players have told me, by the way, that it is infinitely easier to be in such a game than to have to sit and watch it, since the concentration and physical movements of playing release one, a little, from the pain of waiting and speculation.) Inning after inning, the two teams put up zeros on the scoreboard, with the accidents and adventures of play seeming to sway first in one direction and then in the other, yet there was so little to choose between the two that after six full innings each team had come to precisely the same point in its batting order, with four hits and five stranded base runners apiece. Britt Burns, the big, heavy-bodied Chicago left-hander, courageously pitched out of a frightful situation in the sixth and another one in the eighth, to baying cries of relief from the Comiskey Park faithful, while his Baltimore counterpart, Storm Davis, gave way to Tippy Martinez on the mound in the bottom of the seventh. This was when the White Sox blew their best chance of the day. I think in retrospect that the key to the game was not just some very bad baserunning by the White Sox—which turned three hits and a successful hit-and-run play and an Oriole balk into no runs at all—but the icily executed Baltimore defensive play in the middle of this crisis: a cutoff peg and a waiting, watching-over-the-shoulder rundown between short and second that was suddenly redirected into a 7-5-4-2 out at the plate. That and the scarcely noticed fact that the Orioles had changed pitchers, while the Sox had not. When Chicago failed to score in the eighth (a fine running catch by John Shelby in deep center field took an extra-base hit away from Carlton Fisk) and again in the ninth

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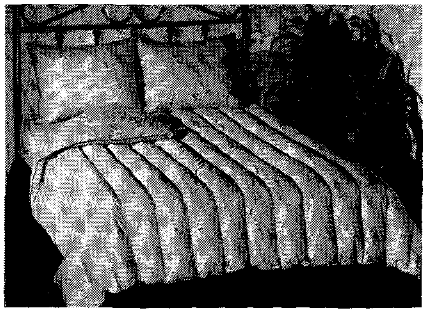

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(Martinez struck out Rudy Law, with two on), the feel of the game was wholly altered, for it was clear that Britt Burns must be close to exhaustion and that his manager, Tony LaRussa, did not have enough confidence in his bullpen to bring in a successor. In the end, it was one of those special but not wholly rare games that are settled by some players who never get into the lineup at all—in this case, the left-handed Baltimore pinch-hitters Jim Dwyer and John Lowenstein, waiting in the dugout, whose presence and reputation persuaded LaRussa to try to stay with Burns for at least one or two batters more. With one out in the top of the tenth, the Oriole right fielder, Tito Landrum, whacked a home run into the left-field upper deck, and then three successive singles and a sacrifice, all struck against Burns' successors, made it 3–0, and turned out the lights in Comiskey Park until the spring. In spite of White Sox malfeasances on the bases and the near-total collapse of their power hitters Kittle, Paciorek, Luzinski, Fisk, and Baines (who in four games batted a collective .183, with one run batted in), there was a nobility to this last game that should bring pride to the White Sox players in time, and balm to their supporters. It was the game of the year.

Those Comiskey Park fans had more fun than anyone this past summer. Their club, for a wonder, did not adhere to its ancient tradition of a second-half collapse but went quite the other way, surviving a very rocky start and then suddenly finding itself at midseason and thundering home with a 22–9 record in August, followed by a 22–6 September. The turnaround seemed to begin with the arrival of Julio Cruz, a talented hotdog second baseman, who was acquired from the Mariners in a trade on June 15th, and with LaRussa's decision, made on the same day, to move Carlton Fisk up to the No. 2 slot in the order. Fisk batted .319 in the second half, and probably helped even more with his handling of the pitchers; three starters—Hoyt, Dotson, and Floyd Bannister—had a combined record of forty-two wins and five losses in the second half. The best things of the year seemed to happen at home, where Greg Luzinski three times bombed a home run up onto the left-field roof (no one had ever done it more than once in a season), and Kittle put two up there, too, and had thirty-three others for the season. And then there was the evening when Fisk

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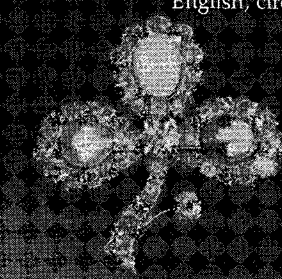

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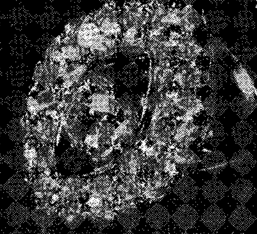

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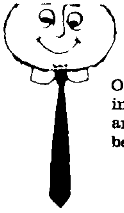

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and Luzinski and Paciorek hit back-to-back-to-back (well, I guess not, but something like that) home runs in the first inning. The noisy Chicago style became known as "winning ugly"—a numbingly publicized slogan picked up from an oxymoronic slur about the club made by Ranger manager Doug Rader. Anyway, by the time the last home stand was over, 2,132,821 fans had come to the old white pagoda of Comiskey to see the Sox—the most in any summer since they began to play ball there, back in 1910.

I missed the whole scene, and I'm sorry I did. I'll make it out there next year for sure, when I think there will be more of the same going on, on the field and in the stands, but, even so, I'm not certain that I'll ever appreciate the White Sox enough, since I did not grow up in that great baseball city and never joined the holy order of Sox believers. Loving the White Sox, it should be understood, means hating the Cubs; there can be no middle ground. I learned this years ago from a friend in college, who lived and (much more often) died for Ted Lyons and Luke Appling, and this year in September I talked with a White Sox fan in exile—a woman now living in New York who grew up in Chicago in the nineteen-fifties and early sixties—who told me that matters still stood the same back home. "For me, the White Sox have the same image that Chicago does," she said. "That *grittiness*. There's nothing lovely about it. When most people I know think about Chicago, they sort of mean the Cubs and the North Side. I mean, they don't know the city at all. The Cubs are just one safe elevated ride away, but we Sox people were way off on the dangerous South Side. I *hate* it that the Cubs don't have lights. It's typical—they just don't think they have to do anything for their fans. Who can go to games in the daytime, anyway? Just rich people and kids. The Cubs are so damned boring. They don't have that street feeling. Did you know that Harry Caray, the broadcast guy, has gone over to the Cubs from the White Sox? Can you *believe* that? That's like changing sides in the middle of the war. It's like joining the Nazis."

She had begun to glare at me. Then she said, "You know, I *hate* it that the White Sox finally won after I'd left town. It's just like them to do that. I'll bet they're not going to win the playoffs—or if they do they'll lose the World Series. You'll see. I can't stand it when they lose, but I'm ready for

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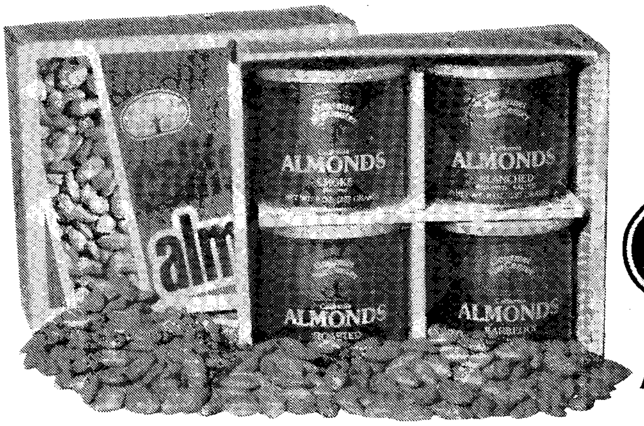
it. You have to hold back at times like this. You have to know about the Sox if you're going to care about them."

THE World Series, so clear in form and outcome, will be revisited only briefly here. Its neighbor-city participants had inspired a few writers to call it the Amtrak Series, and the first two games—a swift, neat opening 2–1 win by the Phillies, followed by a 4–1 Baltimore victory the next evening—went by so quickly that they suggested two Metroliners swooshing past each other in opposite directions on some marshy Chesapeake-side straightaway. Three unencumbered home runs—by Joe Morgan and Garry Maddox, of the Phils, and Jim Dwyer, of the Orioles—produced all the scoring in Game 1, in which the Phils' John Denny, their best pitcher this year, threw his curveball on the corners all evening, setting down the O's in neat little packages of three and getting the home crowd home (and out of a drizzly rain) in less than two and a half hours. The jammed-together, cheerful (under the circs) Baltimore fans were again conducted in their noise-making by their self-appointed leader, Bill Hagy, a local cabdriver, who has announced his retirement from the tummler post next season. (Unlike some of his counterparts and imitators in other cities, he is not paid by the team, and, indeed, has refused any emolument for his work.) He is the inventor of the unique Orioles letter-cheer, executed in body language, and I noticed that his handwriting has become minimal and blurry over the years, like the signatures of other famous men. Game 2 brought back Mike Boddicker, who outpitched the other junior, Hudson, and won by 4–1—another impeccable outing for him, since the only Philadelphia run was unearned. The Baltimore staff at this juncture had surrendered four earned runs in fifty-four postseason innings. Boddicker did not look quite as awesome as he had against the White Sox, but when I thought about it I realized that this was probably only because he had stuck more closely to Ray Miller's ideal—striking out a mere six batters and, of course, walking none. After the game, Jim Palmer was in ecstasies of appreciation of his young teammate's stuff. "That change of speeds reminds you of Stu Miller, the old slowball pitcher years ago," he said. "I remember batting against Stu in a spring-training game when I was nineteen years old, and he suddenly came in with a fastball up *here*, and I almost had a stroke. But it's Mike's curveball and his control of it that gets me. I charted pitches for five of the games he pitched this year, and I was amazed. Steve Stone had that one great year for us when he threw all curveballs, but this was even better. I've never seen anything like it in all my years in baseball."

The Baltimore offense, which had not been getting much lift from its third and fourth batters, Cal Ripken and Eddie Murray, was given a leg up by John Lowenstein, who had a single, a double, and a home run for his day's work. As everyone knows by now, he plays half of left field for the O's, giving way to Gary Roenicke on days when the other team has a left-hander on the mound. (Baltimore also alternated in center field and right field this year.) Brother Low, as he is called in the clubhouse, responded to the clamorous press with the calm, low-key eloquence that has become an Orioles' trademark. "There's never any talk around here about a platoon system," he said. "That would be too glamorous. We don't have a Jim Rice on this ball club, so it works very well for us to have two or three men in left field. We just relish the accomplishment that different people can bring to the position." All right, but it should be added that Baltimore *almost* has a Jim Rice out there in left. Between them, Roenicke and Lowenstein accounted for thirty-four homers and a hundred and twenty-four R.B.I.s during the regular season, which is nice work for a committee.

And so we went to Philadelphia and to Game 3—the hard game of the Series for both sides, I think—and when it was over, with Baltimore the winner by 3–2, there was a sudden sense in me and many other onlookers about how the rest of the week might go. The immediate problem for Baltimore in the game was Steve Carlton, who had been resting from his winning appearance in the Phillies' final playoff game. On this day, I noticed, he seemed to be missing one part of his repertoire, which is a three-quarter-speed rainbow slider that suddenly drops out of the strike zone like a mouse behind the sink, and he gave up some uncharacteristic hard-hit blows, pulled to the left side (mostly for outs), in the early innings. Carlton, like most great pitchers, is an indomitable closer—very hard to beat in the late innings no matter what stuff he may have—and it seemed forehanded



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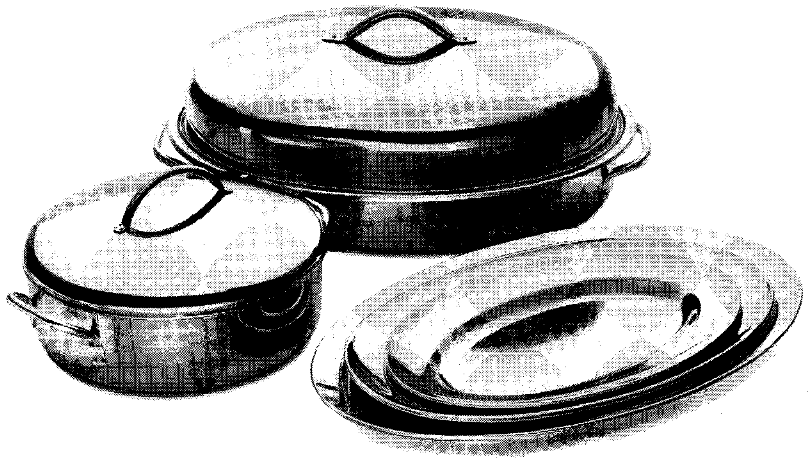

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and lucky that the O's got him out of there in the seventh, with a double by Rick Dempsey and a pulled hard single by pinch-hitter Benny Ayala, which tied the game at 2–2. (Ayala's stated batting philosophy, by the way, is a bit simpler than Yaz's multipart cogitations: "I look for something white moving through.") Ayala then became the winning run, scoring a moment or two later when Dan Ford's hard grounder skidded on a wet patch of the infield carpet and ricocheted off shortstop Ivan DeJesus's glove: a no-fault error. One prime recipient of this gift was Jim Palmer, who was in the game in relief of Mike Flanagan and thus gained the win. He had endured a difficult season, suffering back problems and tendinitis, and at one point had been sent down to the Orioles' Class A Hagerstown team to recover his form. He took this all in good part, becoming a standby bullpen operative in the postseason, and his work in this game, by his own admission, looked more like throwing—*careful* throwing—than pitching, but he was delighted with the win. When he and Carlton were in the game against each other for a few minutes there, we were looking at five hundred and sixty-eight lifetime victories.

The particular problem for the Phillies—or a symbol of the problem, at least—was Pete Rose, who got into the game as a pinch-hitter in the ninth after spending most of it sombrely watching the proceedings from the top step of the dugout, with his white-gloved fists tensely clenching and unclenching. He had been benched by Philadelphia manager Paul Owens, who put Tony Perez on first in hopes of getting a little sock into the lineup—not an inconceivable turn of events, since Pete had had one single to his credit so far—but Rose was at no great pains to conceal his distress and embarrassment over the demotion. The press hordes made much of the little scandal, of course, and Joe Morgan uncharacteristically lost his temper in the postgame clubhouse when the reporters, after Rose's swift departure, turned their questions toward the gentle Perez. Morgan's sense of propriety was offended; he felt that professionals (including Rose, although he did not say so) should have handled all this more calmly. Rose, in fact, had previously embarrassed the club by not admitting a fielding lapse in Game 2, when he left first base uncovered in a bunt situation that specifically called for him to stay in place: no play was

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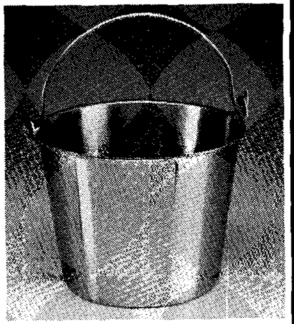

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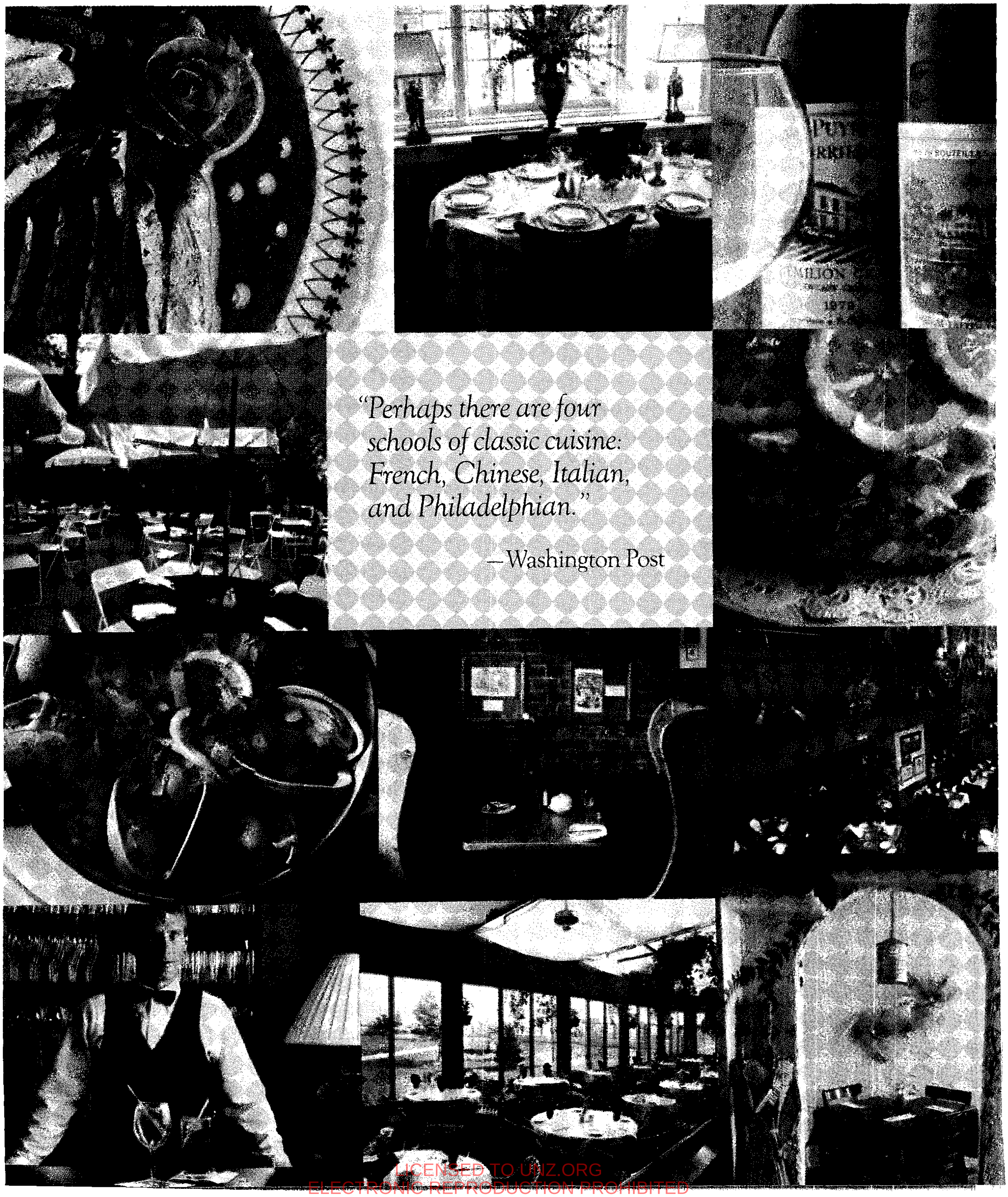

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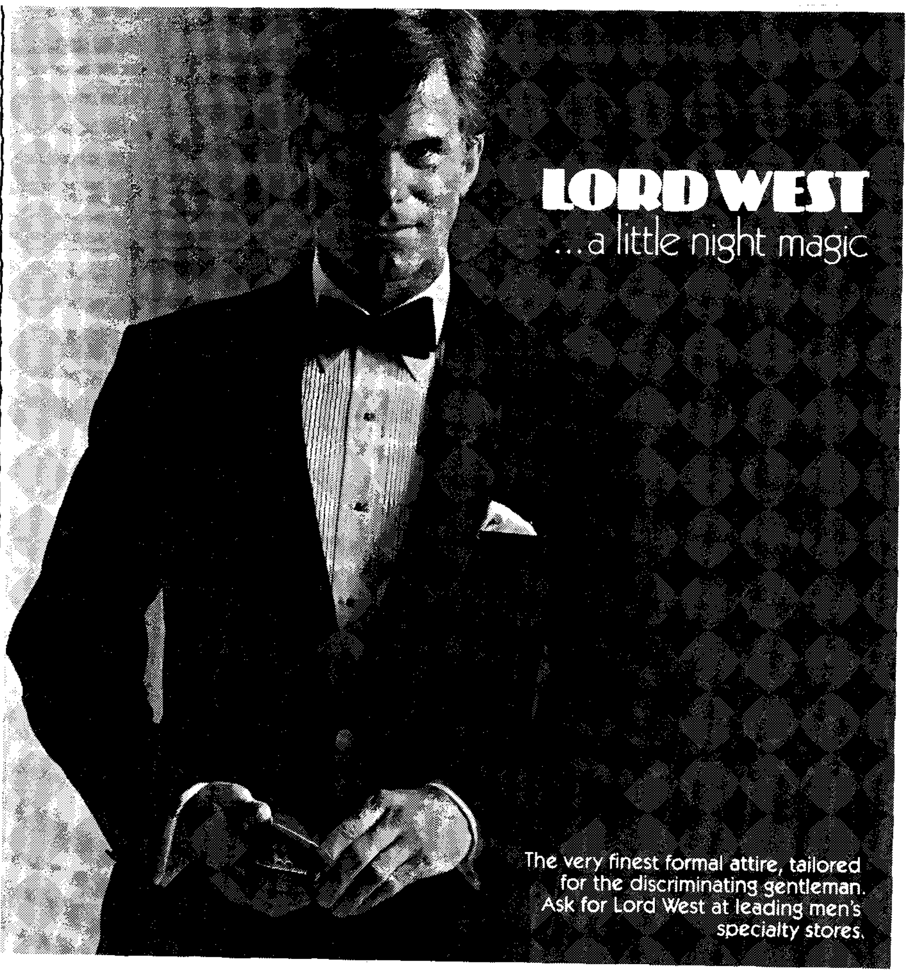
made, the bunt helped win the game, and the fans mistakenly blamed Morgan for the uncovered base.

These trifling contretemps are set forth here because they tell us about a much deeper problem that afflicted the Phillies all year. Paul Owens became the Philadelphia manager in the middle of July, replacing Pat Corrales at a moment when the club was in first place in the flaccid N.L. East but scraping along just one game above the .500 level. The move was the source of great speculation at the time, since Owens was then the general manager of the club, but in retrospect the appointment looks sensible, and even brilliant. Owens took on the job because the Philadelphia front office foresaw that only a man with his authority and reputation would be able to enforce some difficult alterations in the Phillie lineup of famous and very well-paid older stars, who by now had made it plain that they weren't good enough to win. Owens installed a platoon system of his own, resting Pete Rose and veteran outfielders Gary Matthews and Garry Maddox whenever it seemed advantageous to do so, and reshuffling his batting order. Everyone in the lineup but catcher Bo Diaz, third baseman Mike Schmidt, and shortstop Ivan DeJesus became a movable part, in fact, and Owens made frequent use of the lesser-known outfielder Joe Lefebvre and, later on, of a rookie first baseman, Len Matuszek, and of outfielder Sixto Lezcano, who had been picked up in a trade. None of this was easy (Rose's first benching ended a seven-hundred-and-forty-five-consecutive-game streak for him), and no one on the club took it with particular grace. In September, Mike Schmidt indulged himself in a public outburst of criticism of Owens' managing (it came at the moment when the club was embarking on its eleven-game winning streak), and even during the Series, after it had become plain to everyone that the changes had worked and that the team had outdone itself at the end, there were mumbles and grousings from some of the famous principals. Owens himself—he is a tall, stooped, gentle-spoken man, with odd white eyelashes, who carries a packet of Gelusil in his uniform pocket—summed up his club during the playoffs with a musing little aside: "We have an old team and a middle-aged team and a young team." Three teams from which to make one—to make a Baltimore, say.

Pete Rose and Joe Morgan were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given their release by the Phillies in the week after the Series ended, and it is expected that Joe Morgan will soon decide whether to retire or to join the Oakland A's for a final season or two as a designated hitter. It is painful for us to see old players go, and infinitely harder when they prolong the inevitable process. Morgan went into September at the bottom of the National League batting averages, but then took fire, at one point running off thirteen hits in eighteen at-bats, and on his fortieth birthday enjoying a four-for-five game with two homers—a beautiful goodbye, if he can but see it that way. Pete Rose, who has slowed down perceptibly in the field, batted .245 this year—sixty-three points below his lifetime average. He will be forty-three next spring, by which time he will have signed on with some club or other, for he is in obdurate pursuit of Ty Cobb's 4,191 lifetime hits. He needs eleven more hits to pass the four-thousand mark, where only Cobb has gone before him, and two hundred and two more to set the new mark. I hope he can do it in one great last rush—an eleventh two-hundred-hit season, with great festivals at its close—but I suspect it may be a much longer and sadder struggle, and one that we may not enjoy watching.

ROSE, in any case, was back in the lineup for Game 4, and had two hits and scored a run and batted in another—not quite enough to win it. You could say that the Orioles' pitching (Storm Davis, plus Sammy Stewart and Tippy Martinez) won again, or else that it was Orioles second baseman Rich Dauer who did it, with his three hits and three runs batted in and a neatly turned double play to stop a big Philadelphia inning. It was a taut, hard game, in any case, with the Orioles pulling it out by 5–4, and if I believed that managers ever actually win ballgames I would say that Baltimore manager Joe Altobelli won this one, because of what he and his accomplished bench (the "role-players," as they like to call themselves) pulled off in the sixth inning. Trailing John Denny (a right-hander, remember) by 3–2, with Oriole base runners at second and third, he unexpectedly wheeled in the left-side-swinger Joe Nolan as a pinch-hitter; when Nolan was intentionally walked, Altobelli produced Ken Singleton, who switch-hits and was thus proof against any Philadelphia countermove to a lefty pitcher. Singleton walked, driving in a

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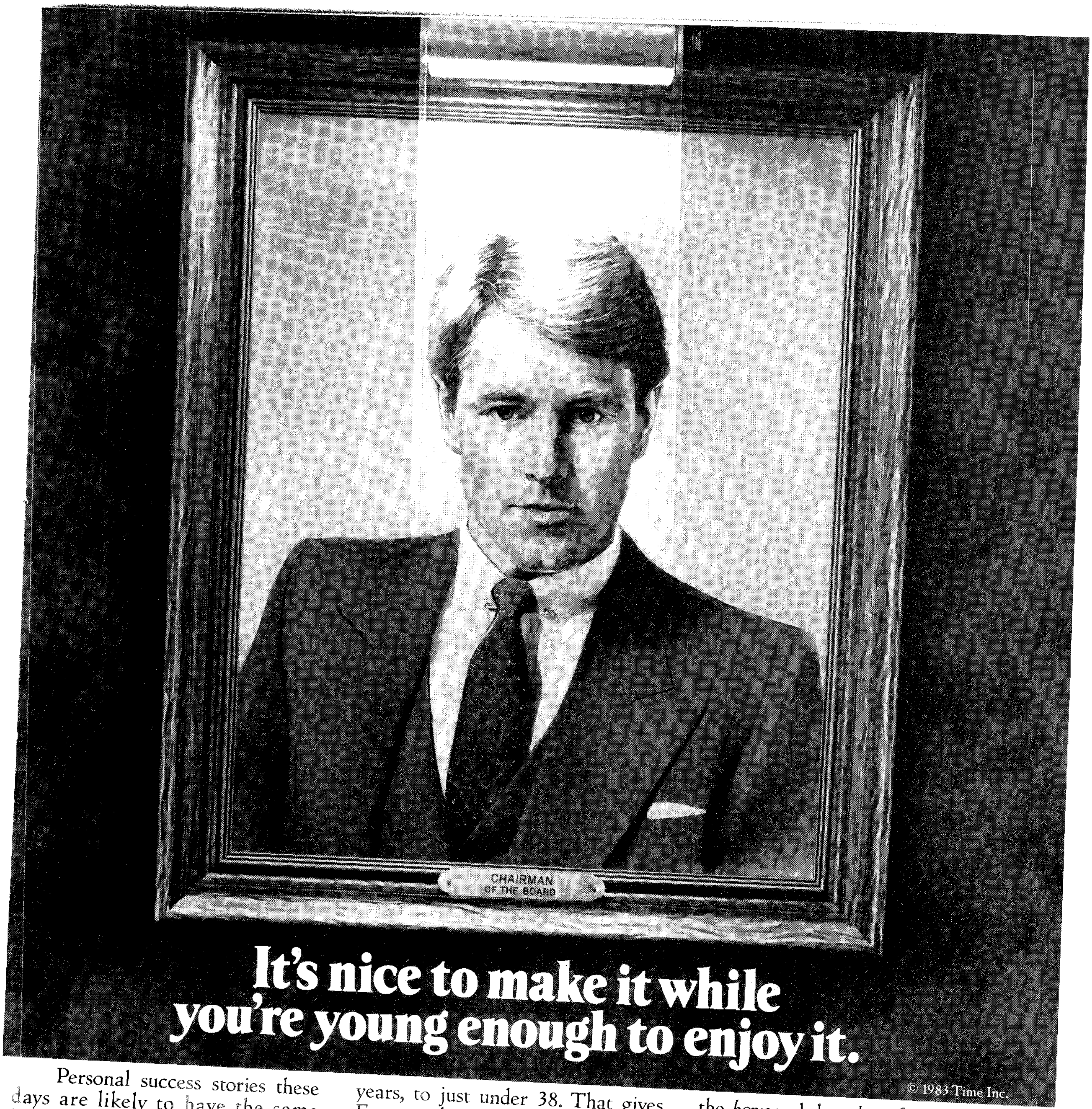

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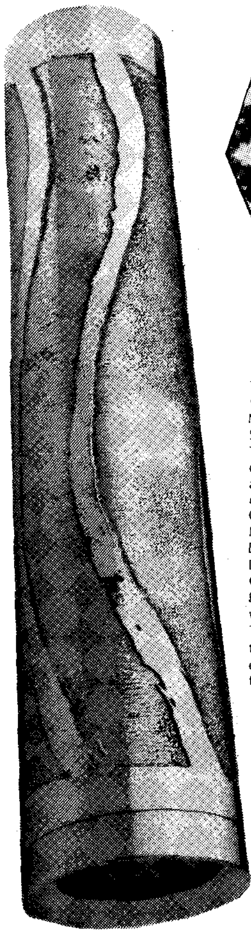

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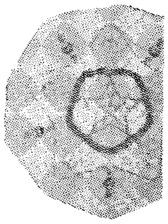

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run and tying the game (Sakata came in to run for him), and when Hernandez, a left-hander, did at last come in to pitch, the batter awaiting him was John Shelby, who also switches, and who now, batting right-handed, whacked a sacrifice fly that drove in the lead run. Baltimore's fourth successive pinch-hitter, Dan Ford, fanned for the last out, but the marionette show was not quite done, since Altobelli, by moving one incumbent fielder, Dauer, from second base to third base, found room in his defensive deployment for two of the pinch-hitters and for Sakata, too (but none at the same position as the man he had replaced), in the bottom half of the inning. I apologize for this digression, which perhaps needs an accompanying flow chart, but for those of us who were keeping score Altobelli's moves suddenly looked like the moment onstage when the shining red balls vanish from the cup and reappear—count them!—in the magician's fingers, and there was a further glow of pleasure when we suddenly realized that Altobelli somehow still had his three best right-handed backup hitters—Roenicke, Ayala, and Landrum—available on the bench for later use, if needed. Managers try this sort of stuff all the time, but rarely does it work out as elegantly and inexorably as it did here. To be sure, there is always some luck involved in such maneuvers (think of Altobelli's embarrassment in that August game against the Blue Jays, when he ran out of catchers and had to play Sakata behind the plate), but when things come out right you see behind them a kind of courage and a games intelligence that freshen our appreciation of the sport. Yes, chess is harder, but anyone who thinks these managerial moves are a snap should think back to 1981—another year when the American League had to make do without a designated hitter in the Series—and how Yankee manager Bob Lemon and his staff, in losing to the Dodgers, repeatedly found themselves weakened and outmaneuvered in these old games of pinch and switch.

Joe Altobelli, who put in fourteen years as a minor-league player, coach, and manager in the Baltimore system (he later managed the Giants for three years and then coached at third base for the Yanks, before taking up his post last winter), has a strong instinct for the Baltimore outlook on baseball. "My moves weren't *that* hard to make," he said mildly. "It wasn't the result of meditation, or anything. I had

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the players available, and that's the big thing. And how hard is it to send Singleton up to pinch-hit, when he's had five hundred at-bats, or Shelby, who's been in there all year for us?"

Most of the Orioles regulars are long-termers with the club (which in recent years has lost to free-agency only one player it hoped to keep, pitcher Don Stanhouse), and most of them talk about Baltimore style with the same tempered earnestness, but in each case, I felt, their views seemed to represent a private set of convictions or discoveries, with none of the numbing "positive values" that the boyish Los Angeles varsity exudes when it expounds upon Dodger Blue. Ken Singleton, now in his ninth year with the club, who was converted from designated hitter to a pinch-hitter for this series, talked to the reporters about how much more difficult it was to get up on short notice and make a single crucial appearance at the plate, and expressed his awe of people like Dwyer and Ayala, who do it all the time. "There's a certain atmosphere here that's conducive to winning," he said. "On other teams, guys get upset with their roles if they're not playing all the time. Not here." Dauer, who batted .235 this summer but maintained that he'd had a good year, said, "If we're here, we must all be playing well. When you come up in an organization that's had a Brooks Robinson and a Mark Belanger, the defensive part is instilled in you. You know that's part of why you win. The way the Orioles are, they'll be winning for many years, long after this team is gone." And Jim Palmer: "We don't have any ups and downs. We come out here and hope we'll win. It's a calm feeling. Earl Weaver had a lot to do with it. He never overreacted early in the season, so by September we'd be in business again. Joe is the same. We had two seven-game losing streaks this year, but, as he said, nobody pointed the finger at anyone else. Brooks Robinson was the mainstay of this club for years and years, and he was even-tempered. So was Belanger. So was Lee May. Frank Robinson—well, if you lost seven in a row when he was around *he'd* sure say something. But there's no difference. You go to spring training and hope you'll all play well. You let things evolve. Stable organizations don't overreact. You do your best, send out good pitchers, and hope you can go on doing what you've done all year."

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the calm Baltimore way of winning that Palmer was talking about seems to have grown out of a pattern of sound management that began with its first general manager, Paul Richards, who was steering things when the club came to Baltimore, in 1954. (It had been the hapless St. Louis Browns franchise.) He was succeeded by a near-Plantagenet line of brilliant executives: Lee MacPhail, Harry Dalton, Frank Cashen, and the incumbent (since 1975) G.M., Hank Peters. Above them, in the owner's office, were Jerold C. Hoffberger and then (since 1979) Edward Bennett Williams—each an exception to the twin mold of drearily conservative or flamboyantly egocentric owners—and around them, so to speak, in various farm and coaching and scouting posts, was a passel of sound, much-admired field men: Jim McLaughlin, Lou Gorman, George Bamberger, Ray Poitevint, Ray Scarborough, and the present-day superscout, Jim Russo. Some of these worthies have retired or moved along to higher posts with other clubs (Ray Scarborough died last year), but each of them, I think, must have felt a proprietary glow over the Orioles' homegrown grand success this autumn.

In the Series, Eddie Murray and Mike Schmidt each ran into oppressive difficulties in trying to do what he had been doing *all* year, which was to whack the ball to distant parts and win ballgames. Schmidt talked at length with the writers about his failures (he was batting .063 after four games), and said that the Orioles pitchers were making him chase a lot of pitches that were up and out of the strike zone, and that he was making adjustments in his swing; Murray, for his part, said nothing and made no adjustments (he had had two singles so far, for .125), as is his custom, but it seemed certain that he was unhappily thinking back to the World Series of 1979, when he failed repeatedly at the plate while the O's lost the last three games in a row and lost to the Pirates. Now he came up in the second inning of the fifth game and whacked a monstrous homer into the upper tiers in right field—"It would have been a homer in Grand Canyon," Pete Rose said later—and followed up in the fourth with an even longer, two-run job that bounced off the center-field scoreboard, where the ball just missed hitting the "M" of his own name up there at a moment when the message screen was listing the American League R.B.I. leaders. Rick

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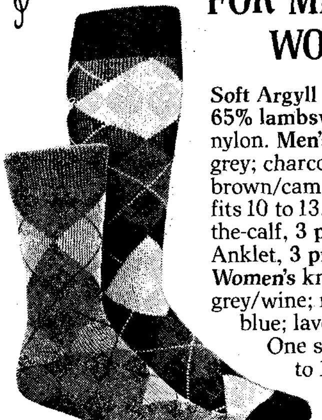
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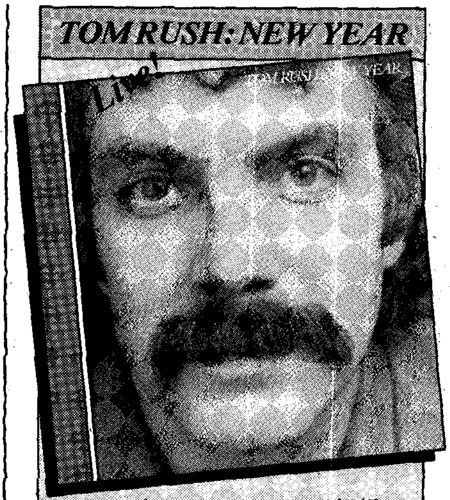

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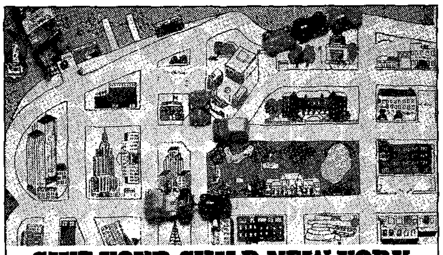
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Dempsey hit a home run and also a double, and scored the last run, and the O's, behind McGregor's 5–0 shutout, were World Champions. Dempsey was voted the Most Valuable Player—a lovely choice. He is a first-rate catcher, durable and energetic, with a powerful arm and great agility behind the plate, but with few of the offensive abilities that usually go with the job. This summer, he batted .231, with four home runs—about average for him. Once, I heard him say (it was last year, up in Boston), "I got fourteen years in, and I've never been hot." He said it lightheartedly, though—making a wry joke of it. Dempsey's attitude toward the game has always been summed up for me by the way he wears his cap in the field—turned backward, because of the mask, but with the brim bent up in a cocky little flourish. Like most of his teammates, he seems to have an unquenchably high regard for himself. "I've got a lot of good hits for this club down the years," he remarked early in the Series. "I get pinch-hit for a lot late in the game, so I've gone plenty of weeks when I was oh-for-two and then came out of the game. I figure if I'm hitting .250 here it's the same as .280 someplace else. We just have a different way of doing things here."

It seems to me quite likely that some other ball teams in each league will now give serious consideration to the Orioles' different way of doing things, which is to say they will try to fill all the roles, to teach good pitching, to persevere and play well, and to wait to win. The Brewers and the Mets, whose general managers—Harry Dalton and Frank Cashen—came out of the Orioles organization, are already in the Baltimore mode, and there was talk at the free-agent draft meeting in New York, earlier this month, that some other clubs might be able to embark on the same path. I don't know how many of them will be wise enough and patient enough to pull it off, for it is never easy to learn to do well, but those who try, to judge by the 1983 Baltimore Orioles, will enjoy themselves in the process. A most valuable team. —ROGER ANGELL

•

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[*Darrell Sifford in the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

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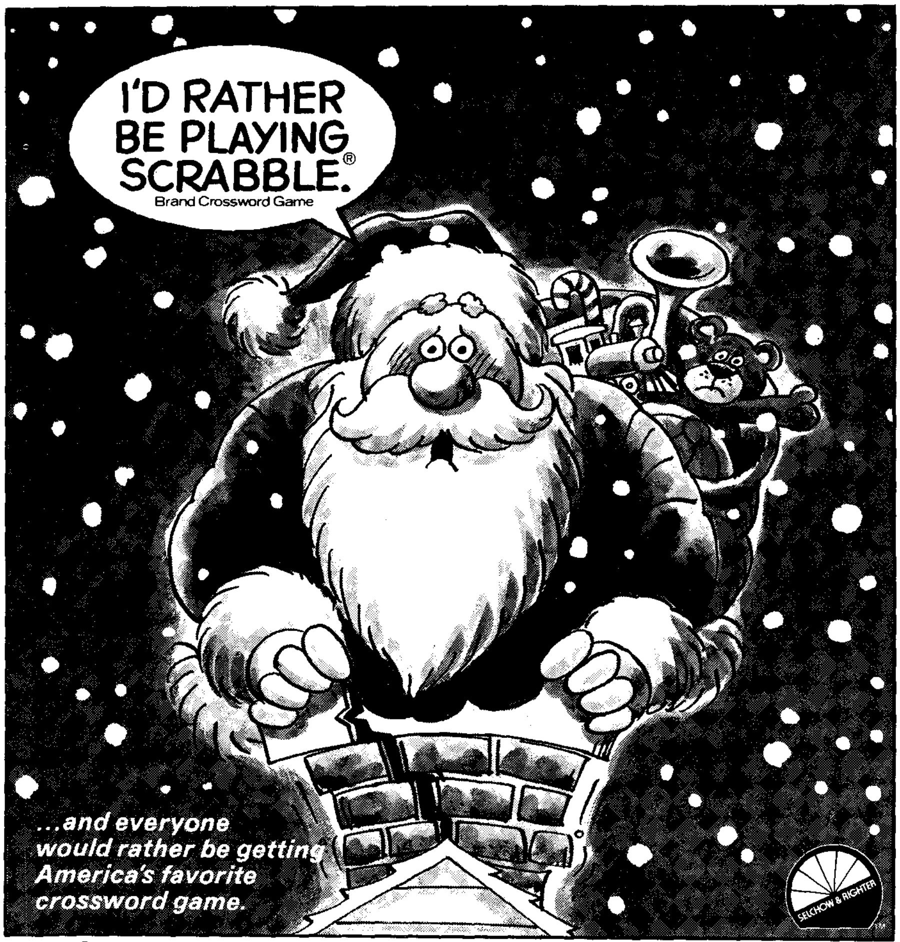
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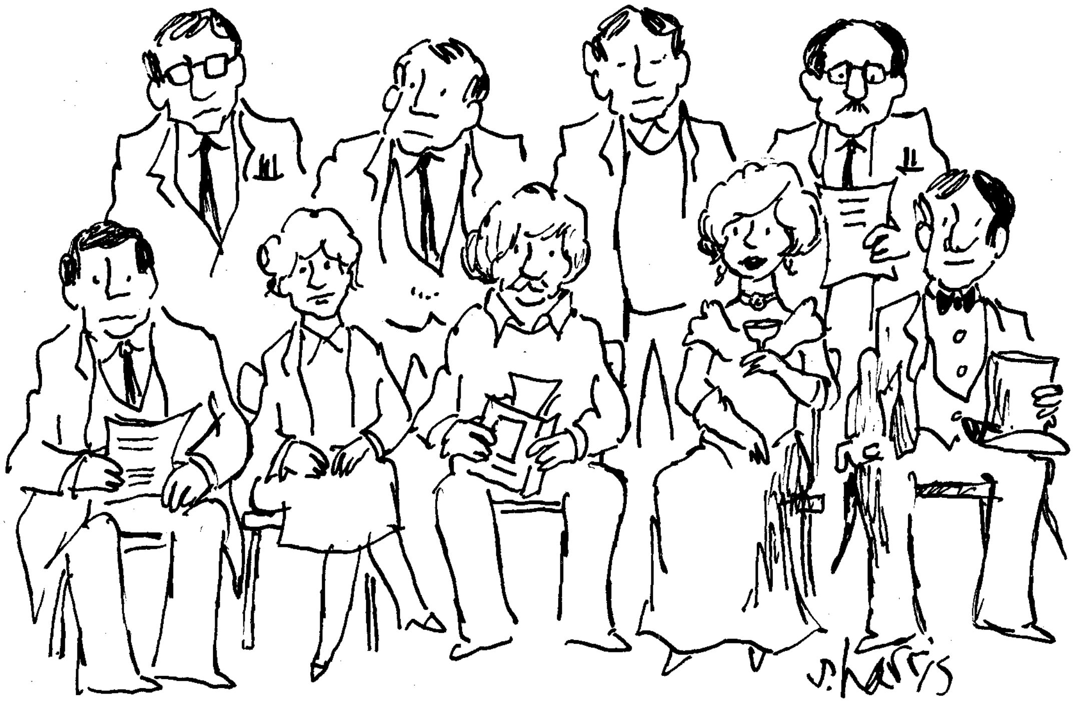
WELL, the word is out that the I.B.M. "Peanut" will not be available for "the upcoming holiday buying season" (formerly known as Christmas), and all those who were hoping to find one next to the Christmas tree are just going to have to set their sights on something else. We have a suggestion: a Traulsen Ultra Model commercial refrigerator-freezer. It's bigger and better and costs more than the "Peanut," and, boy, is it user-friendly. It, too, is designed specifically for the home, it won't date, and, furthermore, it has an icemaker—a feature that the "Peanut" will probably not have as an optional accessory. We settled on a Traulsen as the result of a fact-finding tour through the restaurant-supply houses along the Bowery and Cooper Square. The Ultra Model is eighty-one inches high, forty-eight inches wide, and twenty-four inches deep. It is stainless steel inside and out, and combines a freezer section on the left with a refrigerator on the right. It holds a lot, and it is *built*. We learned that the Traulsen is considered the Cadillac of commercial refrigerators; it's what all the other manufacturers compete against. One supplier allowed as how he would buy a Traulsen for his own house, if he could afford one. They are built to withstand hard commercial use, and should therefore last a minimum of twenty years in a household—if treated kindly probably longer—but no one will make any promises. It has what's known in the trade as "quick recovery," meaning that the temperature remains steadier even when the doors are constantly opened by children who stand gazing into the interior as though memorizing the contents. It's on wheels, and it has separate compressors for the freezer and the refrigerator. There are two drawers below the refrigerator door, and a drawer for ice storage beneath the automatic icemaker on the freezer side. For an extra $175, you can have a glass refrigerator door (you can even have a *black* glass door)—an "optional accessory" that might add to the décor of the kitchen. Another optional accessory is not having an icemaker—you'd save $125. The whole thing is great-looking. The basic unit is $2,450 at the Cooks Emporium, 19 West 44th Street, and it is not cheaper at restaurant-supply houses.

The Cooks Emporium has such a low profile that it cannot be seen from the street: it's off the lobby. It's the only serious kitchenware store in the Forties, and has a small, well-chosen selection of necessities and accoutrements, all at modest prices. The Taylor instant cooking thermometer, which takes the temperature of meat in a few seconds (so that the thermometer doesn't have to be left in, causing loss of juices), is $13.95. A device called a Roast Around consists of two chrome-steel racks that fit together, one above the other, to form a cage. When it's time to turn the beast, flip the cage, remove the top half, and continue roasting. It can handle anything up to twenty pounds, and provides a happy alternative to the awkward tongs-and-fork method; $19.50. A strong stainless-steel utility rack, twenty-three inches by eighteen, with three sets of double rows of bars and twenty hooks, is an improvement on the pegboard: it sticks out three inches from the wall, allowing room for bulky objects, such as balloon whisks and saucepans, to swing clear; $29.95. This store is worth a trip through the lobby of the Berkeley Building.

Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th), has three large items that would not be used every day, or even every month, but would occasionally be useful. The first is the Pyrobachi, a truly portable barbecue grill, which folds flat and weighs less than eight pounds. It looks like a creative toy, but it works. It is heat-efficient, and ever so patent. The fire is enclosed, so that neither wind nor rain will stay the cook from the swift completion of his grilled hot dogs. Because of the cleaning this contrivance requires, it would drive anyone up the wall who had to use it often, but for an occasional camping trip or beach pic-



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nic it beats lugging a grill. The basic unit is twelve inches square, and comes to $110, with a red carrying bag. There are all sorts of optional accessories, such as a griddle ($14), a wind guard ($12), and a drawer oven ($65). The second nonessential is a coffee urn. In every circle of friends, there should be somebody who owns a coffee urn, which everybody else can borrow; otherwise, you have to borrow one from the Ladies' Auxiliary, and other people may have the same idea at the same time. Farberware makes a fifty-five-cup stainless-steel urn that is simple to use, fast-heating, and better-looking than most; $130. The last item—a galvanized-zinc water cooler, made by Igloo—is for a small but needy group. To begin with, it's light. It is made for work crews, but would be extremely handy in a household that occasionally has the water supply cut off by drought, frozen pipes, or a silted-up springhouse. It would also be useful on picnics. (The misguided think they can get away without taking water on a picnic as long as there are plenty of other things to drink. They are wrong.) The Igloo would be a boon to any parent who has volunteered to escort the Peewee team on a road trip. It has double-wall insulation and a spigot at the bottom. The three-gallon size is $24, and the ten-gallon $54. Although there are plenty of ice buckets on the market, nothing will ever take the place of the old stainless-steel Stanley ("It Will Not Break") ice bucket—and anyone lucky enough to own one will never have to replace it. However, the Japanese have made a one-quart version that looks like a three-tier tiffin carrier, and the handle locks the top on tight; $60, with tongs, at Ad Hoc. A juicer that used to be called a Shorty is having a revival. The squeezing is accomplished when a chrome cap operated by a lever descends on the orange. A heavy chrome one, accompanied by forty pounds of oranges in a crate, is $69.95. A black-and-chrome model is $49.95 (no oranges). A stainless-steel milk pail is $30. (Every household needs a pail, so it might as well be a handsome one that will not lose its looks.)

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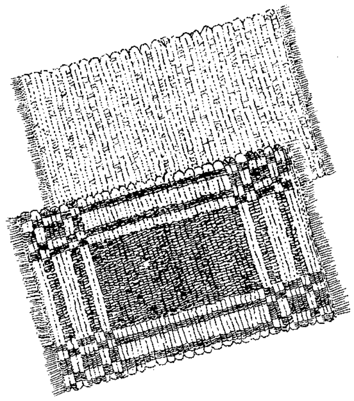

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tached to a black beanbag cushion filled with lightweight poly-something, is $32. (These trays inspire more confidence than bed trays with folding legs, or a tray on a pillow.) A perforated Thermo Spoon for use in making candy, jams, soups, or doughnuts (does anyone really make doughnuts at home?) has a temperature gauge and markings to tell one, for example, that 185°F. is Scalding; $15.

Airtight stoneware storage jars are everywhere, with reason: they are good-looking; they come in various shapes (tubby, square, cylindrical), many sizes (from eight to two hundred and eighty ounces), and two colors (white and blue); they clamp shut; and the seals are made of nylon, not rubber, so they will survive time and the dishwasher. Seventeen- and thirty-one-ounce sizes come with a wooden spoon attached to the side, and the smaller size would be ideal for instant coffee, which in many kitchens sits in a prominent position in a hideous jar. The prices start at $6 and go up to $70. The jars can be bought at, among other places, Macy's; the Columbus Avenue General Store, 207 Columbus Avenue (69th); Of All Things, 900 First Avenue (50th); and Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, 484 Broome Street and 142 East 73rd Street. (You can't get all the jars in both colors in all stores, though.)

In the course of our ongoing search for the perfect double boiler, we found a cheap version of the expensive copper one with the ceramic upper half. It has an aluminum outer pot, and the inner one is stoneware, with a pouring lip. There is also a lid. It's no great shakes to look at, but it's just the ticket for making sauces or warming up leftovers; $7.98 at Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (80th). Zabar's also has an inexpensive mandoline, made of plastic. A good mandoline, made of stainless steel, costs nearly $80 here, and the average cook doesn't really use it very much. (And the below-average cook doesn't use it at all.) It fills the gap between a food processor and a knife: it is capable of some rather fine shoestring, julienne, and latticework that food processors aren't up to, but that take time and skill to do with a knife. This little number is easy to wash, and costs only $11.95. (Since it is not easy to spot a true mandoline-lover, perhaps this is something one should buy only for oneself.) A white terrine, twelve inches by five, with handles and a cover, is $20 here, and hard to beat.

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When it comes to electrified contrivances, they *are* cheaper at Zabar's, even if you have to take a taxi. We were reluctant to discuss food processors ever again, but Robot-Coupe has come out with an optional accessory called Le Grand Opening Whole Bowl feeder system—a mouthful, but descriptive; $40. It's for use when one has to provide salad or potatoes or soup for a platoon. It can manage four tomatoes at a time, or half a cabbage, or, in case you want to make Ambrosia for the platoon, four oranges. This attachment is designed solely for processing vegetables and fruit. It will fit the Robot-Coupe 2800 ($140) as well as the larger and more powerful 3500 ($150). Zabar's also sells something called a Porta Butler. It's a cordless rechargeable vacuum, with a charger that has to be kept plugged in someplace—preferably out of sight, because it's awful-looking—but you can carry it around with you. It is now possible to clean the car without having to back it up to the door of the house so the vacuum cleaner can reach, and it's also good for picking up ashes around the fireplace, and spills (dry); $29.95. *All* cleaning equipment is awful-looking, except the broom and something called a Butler's Brush, which looks like an artist's paintbrush but is made of very soft goat hair. It lets one dust the objets d'art without removing them from the table or shelf; $20 at Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (64th). Cherchez has a Christmas package for butlers: a brush, a horse-bandage-knit polishing cloth, and a jar of beeswax, all in a basket; $35. The latest entry in the food-chopper field is the Minichop, which deals expeditiously with amounts too small for a food processor—parsley for the spuds, leftovers, "one onion, finely chopped." It is simple to operate, powerful, and easy to clean. With any appliance, frequency of use has to be weighed against the amount of space the machine takes up. The Minichop is three inches in diameter, and could be stashed in a drawer; $28 at Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street.

Having mentioned modern appliances, we would like to bring to your attention Riverside Housewares, 2315 Broadway (84th), where there is a nostalgia section devoted to out-of-print kitchenwares. The stock varies from week to week, but on one occasion we spotted a two-speed Waring Blendor, which will outlive its owner; a 1928 Sunbeam toaster (Early Sunbeam), which has a clever device for

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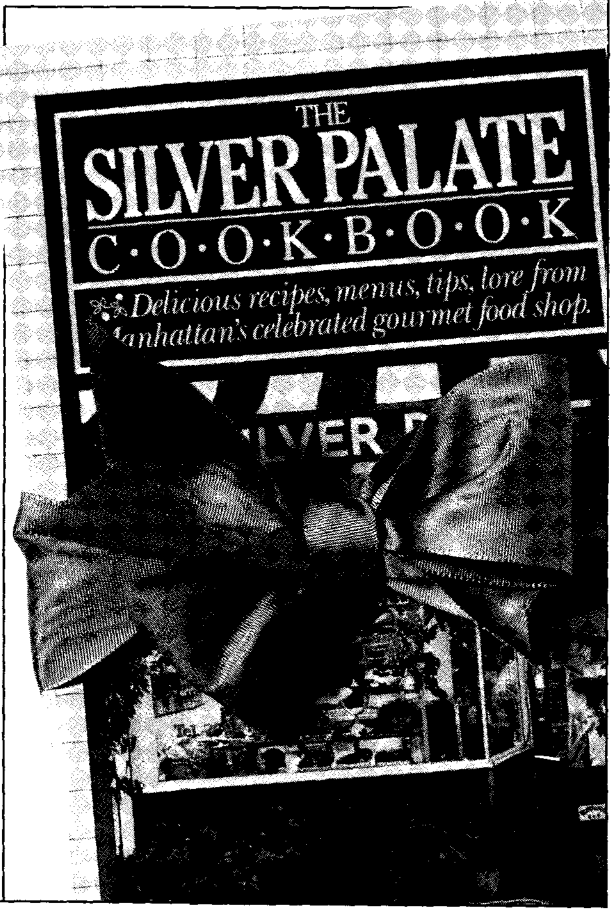
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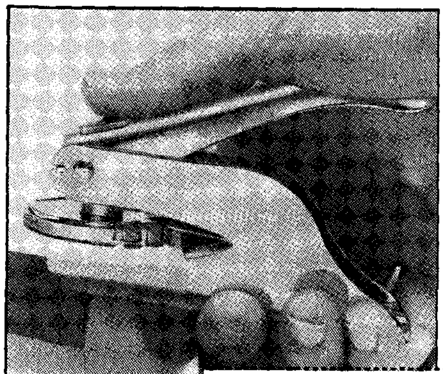

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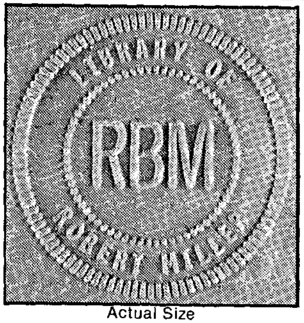

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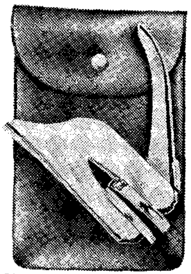

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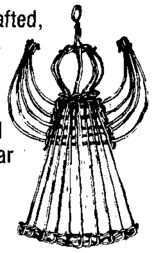

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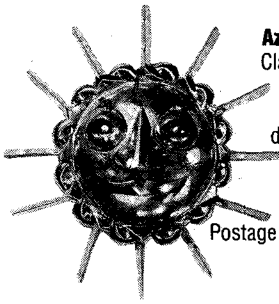

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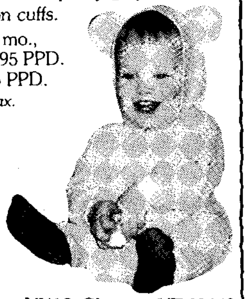

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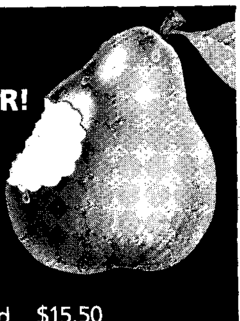

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flipping the toast; and the Pyrex double boiler—nowadays a collector's item (each of these is $35). There is also a chubby two-quart stainless-steel pitcher ($15), and a carafe thermos ($25). Everything has been cleaned and tested.

Anyone interested in food would enjoy paying a visit to a new store, Kitchen Arts & Letters, 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), whose entire stock has to do with either food or wine. There are more than twenty-two hundred cookbooks, there are books about food and about kitchens, there are drawings, calendars, pencil boxes, labels (original and reproductions), enamel signs, reproduction tin boxes (Bon Ami, Uneeda Biscuit). Original drawings are from $75 to $220; original labels are from $40 to $80 framed and from $10 to $45 unframed. One beauty, Sunkist California Dream, of a Gothic house, with blue-and-black foliage around it, and two gold peacocks strutting in the foreground, is $75. The enamel signs are all reproductions either of signs or of crate labels, and cost from $10 to $20. Although it's a temptation to simply browse in this store, it's even more of a temptation to buy yet another book about food.

AMERICANS must be doing a lot of al-fresco dining, because the market is awash with picnic paraphernalia—especially thermoses. They run from a small one ($11.50 at Ad Hoc) to a one-and-a-half-quart stainless-steel carafe ($100 at Lee Bailey)—although this is more for the desk of a C.E.O. The most ubiquitous is the Nissan, which comes with a carrying strap (for cyclists) and is unbreakable. If you twist the stopper a half turn, it is possible to pour without removing the stopper (for cyclists and motorists); the one-pint size is $25, the quart-size $35, at Plastic Works!, 2107 Broadway (73rd). Possibly the most useful picnic present of all is an insulated canvas bag shaped like a shopping bag, with a vinyl lining and a Velcro closure at the top. The large size will hold six trays of ice cubes or two bottles of wine or a couple of pounds of smoked salmon, and costs $14. The smaller size (three trays of ice cubes) is $11. They come in red, natural, or navy, and don't get in the way. Order from Darby Creek, P.O. Box 431, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003. Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, has sturdy tiffin carriers (Indian lunch pails) with carrying han-

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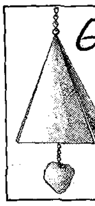

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dles that lock the compartments tight, so that nothing will spill. The three-tier is $24, and the five-tier $30. Bloomingdale's has two charming presents—a bottle carrier, with four compartments, made of heavy rope ($26), and a cheese safe, with three shelves and a sliding screen door, which is about the size of a birdhouse, has a rope handle on top, and does not have "FROMAGE" or a mouse painted on it ($25).

Picnics bring up the problem of empties, and what to do with them until they're returned. Because of bugs, the container should be closed, and although a giant trash bag will suffice, it does nothing for the appearance of the kitchen. Next year, the gift catalogues will no doubt be full of whimsical solutions to this problem, but right now a small plastic trash can with a lid, in red, white, blue, brown, or tan, can be bought for $9.99 at Plastic Works! Even better is a step-on garbage can with a plastic liner pail that can be pulled out and carted off to the store; $21.95 at the Third Avenue Bazaar (66th), or any of the other Bazaars. This comes under the heading of Boring Gifts, and should perhaps be presented with full returnable containers. Plastic Works! is a store to keep in mind for anything made of plastic; its prices are usually lower than other establishments'. The Italian acrylic pitcher that has been around for a while is $15.79. It has a tight-fitting lid and is perfect for frozen orange juice or iced tea, because it can appear in public as well as in the refrigerator. A bathtub tray is $25. Bathtub trays are handy for soap, loofah, nailbrush, boats, and other necessities. They are getting scarce, perhaps because so many tubs have only one edge wide enough to support a tray. If this is the case with your tub, Conran's, 160 East 54th Street, has a tray called a Baby Bain—a white-yellow-red-and-blue plastic job, which attaches by suction to the side of the tub. It has a beeper, a squirter, a strainer, and a wind-up boat, all for $22.95.

ALTHOUGH Sointu, 20 East 69th Street, has been known to carry perfectly straightforward cups and glasses, it is always interesting to see what it's come up with *now*. This year, a Japanese designer, Makoto Komatsu, has produced some white faux-papier-mâché porcelain cups, in five different designs, called crinkle cups, and another Japanese designer,

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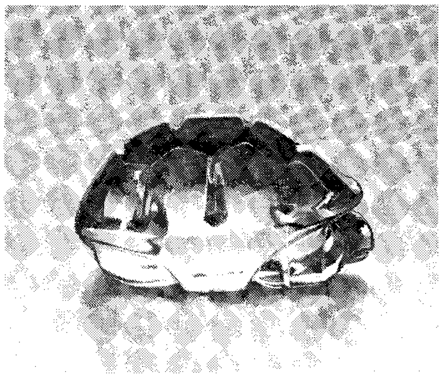

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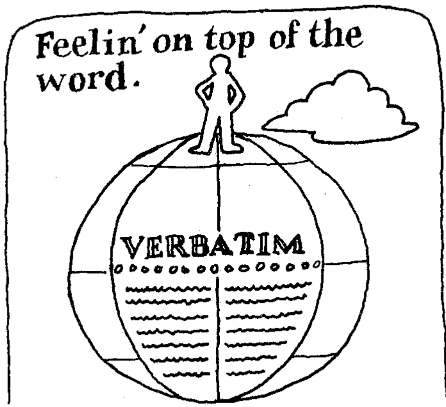
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Mamoru Ijima, is responsible for some faux-rock porcelain cups. They feel good in the hand, and are easy to hold, because one's fingers fit nicely into the uneven surfaces; $12 each. Komatsu has also designed some faux-brown-paper-bag glasses, accurate even to folded seams on the bottom; Old-Fashioned and highball glasses are $12 each, and a juice glass is $10. An un-far-out and handsome sushi service of black-lacquered wood will cost you $20 a plate, $35 for a presentation tray, $4 for chopsticks, and $5 for a black-and-white porcelain rest for the chopsticks. (No soy-sauce dish.) Frank McIntosh at Henri Bendel has some beautiful ceramic plates from Vallauris; they look as though someone had painted a freehand mosaic on them but in fact they're made of bits of colored clay, which go all the way through, so that the backs are the same as the fronts. Each plate is different, and costs $65. (There are matching bowls, café-au-lait cups, and pitchers.) Diane Love, 851 Madison Avenue (70th), has hand-thrown and hand-glazed stoneware plates in twenty different patterns. They look rather like gentle abstract paintings, and sets can be made to order; $38 a plate. Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, which specializes in white things, has branched out with some dessert plates with painted baskets of cherries (or apples) on them. The basket design covers the plate, and the effect is Victorian; $35 for four. China menu cards are $13.50 for the small size, $18.50 for the large. Oversize café-au-lait bowls, or mugs, or cups, are very much the thing this year (you have to knock back the coffee pretty quick, or it gets cold), and the Lee Bailey Shop has one of the nicest—an English beige-and-white cup that would do for soup as well as coffee. It's $16. The English Way, 115 East 60th Street, has the genuine article—antique breakfast cups (Minton, Royal Doulton, et al.), with saucer and side dish, which cost from $20 to $100.

Dean & DeLuca begs to state that it has black Bennington spatterware in stock. (Bennington stopped making it for a while.) A dinner plate is $12.50, and a vegetable bowl is $32.50. D. & D. has enlarged its already enormous line of white Pillivuyt, the French restaurant porcelain that is ovenproof and practically indestructible, with a large pasta bowl ($18), a soup tureen ($85), and a one-gallon embossed pitcher ($60). Ad Hoc has departed

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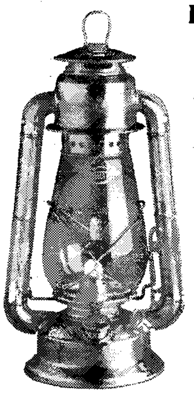

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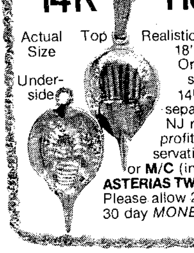

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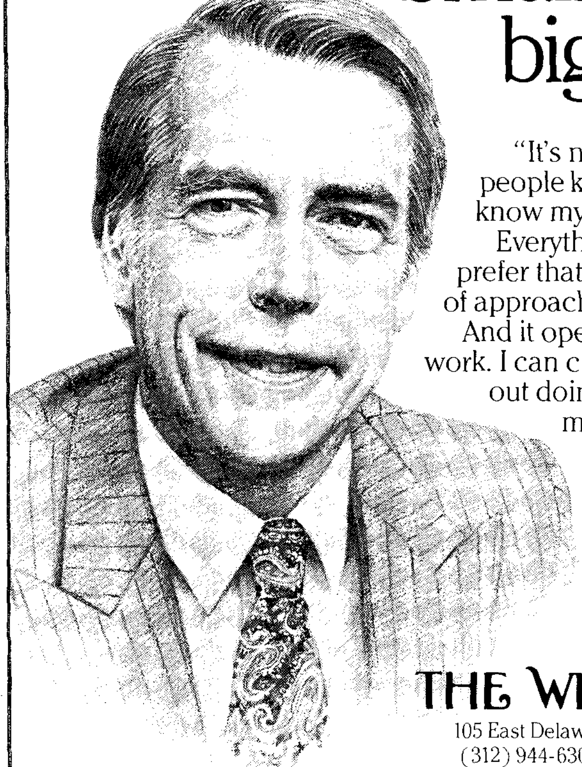
from its red-white-and-black color scheme with some German pottery of an absolutely blinding yellow. It's terrific, although you may have to redo the kitchen around it. A dinner plate is $6.95, a cup and saucer are $8.95, and a salad bowl is $17.50. If lettuce can look stunning, it will in this bowl. A large, ovenproof platter that looks like a row of leeks laid side by side is $115 at Of All Things. (It's also available at Lee Bailey.) A cabbage bowl, twelve inches in diameter, for salad or soup, is beautiful, and costs $95 here. And, finally, tucked away in Macy's china department, is the damnedest collection of novelty teapots ever assembled in New York. They are for a cozy nursery tea, not high tea for the vicar. There are more than fifty, made in England, China, Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, and Poland, and they include a Rolls-Royce grille, a diner, an ascension balloon, a lady balloon seller, and a smashing celadon elephant, each with a cunningly continued spout and handle. One, right out of Mother Goose, is nothing but masses of bumpy flowers. There is also a pretty blue spatterware pot, for $8, and a plain white china one, for $20, but the real whizzers cost from $18 to $55.

Dean & DeLuca has some oversize French-hotel silverplated flatware that is simple in design and impressive. A table fork and a tablespoon are $14.15 each; a knife is $19.80. It also has an individual sauce spoon—for getting up the last drop without resorting to bread as a mop—for $13.40. Frank McIntosh has a pair of handmade pewter servers, which look like art objects but are practical, because they form a sort of curved right angle and would sit up in a bowl rather than fall into it; $70. A cutlery caddy with a service for six of stainless steel, with plastic handles (choice of five colors) that can go in the dishwasher, is $25.95 at Robin Importers, 510 Madison Avenue (52nd). Conran's has a Japanese carving set, stainless steel with matte-black handles, whose blade and prongs fit into each other's handles when they're not in use; $24.95.

FABRICATIONS, 146 East 56th Street, has gone into furniture—specifically, Italian furniture, of wood, melamine, and trendy metal tubing in bright colors. The folding tea trolley is a knockout. It has an angular, geometric design, light but well balanced, and comes in various color combinations of which the green-yellow-dark-



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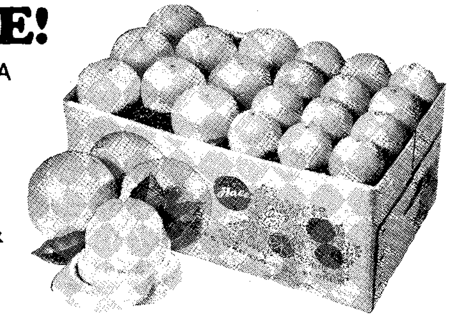

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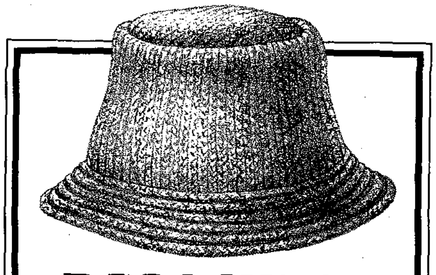

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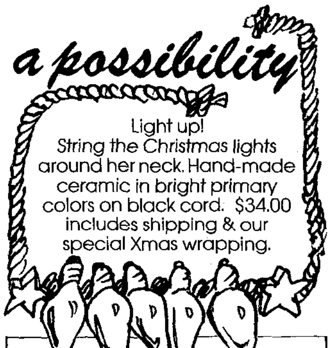

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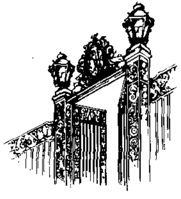

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red-and-black combo is the *most* knockout. It has two levels and is a cinch to fold; $245. The store also has a folding table, twenty-nine inches by sixty-four, which doesn't have the transient look of most of them. Along with a wooden frame and a melamine or wooden top, it has a graceful but sturdy mechanism that enables it to fold up ingeniously and neatly; $299. Conran's has its own folding tea trolley, which can be stored by removing the two trays and folding the X-frame base; $69 in black or black-and-red. Turpan Sanders, 386 West Broadway, has an *adjustable* Balans Activ chair. This bizarre chair, in which one half sits, half kneels, is remarkably comfortable to sit on while one is working, but it had one drawback: the working surface had to be thirty-five inches high, and most are closer to thirty. The height of the chair can now be adjusted, and that problem has been solved; $285. People with home computers might be interested in the LeGourmand Ergonomic Pedestal Computer Table, even if they don't know what the first two words mean. Computers tend to take over whatever they're on; this is the equivalent of a typewriter table. It has a maple top, twenty-six inches by twenty; a keyboard shelf that slides under the top; and an automatic height adjuster. It's on casters, which lock; $299 at 1st Stop Housewares, 1025 Second Avenue (54th). Put it together with one of those chairs, and you're in business. Random Harvest, 60 West 75th Street, is a new shop dedicated to Americana, mostly old. It is stocked with the de-rigueur things for this sort of shop, plus iron beds, but in spite of the comprehensive inventory (quilts, baskets, wicker, pine chests, bits of china and linen, clothes) it has an airy, uncluttered look and is a pleasure to go into, because everything is arranged so prettily. A wicker rocker, in perfect shape, is $195; an old double bed of white iron, with curlicues and brass knobs, is $425; a white iron single bed is $250. An antique crock lamp with a hand-stencilled shade is $89; quilt racks, which the owner has made to order, are $85 each. The quilt rack would also do for a bedspread, or as a clothes horse for those who don't hang up their clothes.

Oil lamps seem to have come back in style. Sointu has a modern Danish one, made of stainless steel, in a ship's-lamp design, with a bracket for hanging and an adjustable shade. It's nearly seventeen inches high, and stun-

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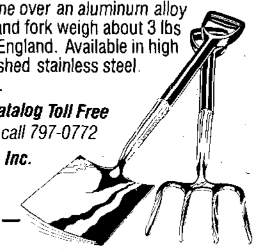

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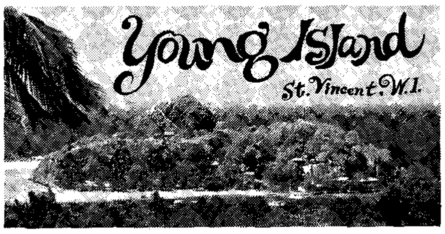

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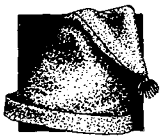

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ning, as well it might be at $195. La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), has a French kerosene lamp, about fifteen inches high and made of brass, that has a narrow, elegant look about it; $50. A glass oil lamp seven inches tall is $10.95 at the Pottery Barn.

Thos. K. Woodard, 835 Madison Avenue (69th), having spent two years ironing out the wrinkles with its carpet weavers in India, has over thirty patterns, all copied from old American ones. The rugs are cotton, and the combinations of colors are beautiful, with the soft look of natural dyes. The rugs come in three sizes: four by six, six by nine, and nine by twelve. The runners come in three widths: twenty-four, twenty-seven, and thirty-six inches. Everything is $10 a square foot. (They will sew rugs together to make a big one of any size, and a color catalogue is available for $5.)

Painted wooden fire screens are to be found at Mabel's, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th). These are not to keep sparks from flying out on the rug but to station in front of an empty fireplace when it isn't in use. They look nice, and although a screen will not prevent people from using the fireplace as a dump, it will at least conceal the cigarette butts and candy wrappers. Mabel's screens start at $310, for one twenty-four inches square, and go on up. Anything can be incorporated into the paintings (which are made to order), including the dog, but flowers seem to be the best bet—not subtle but gay. William H. Jackson, 3 East 47th Street, has those fans made of gold paper on one side and figured paper on the other which many people put in a fireplace when it's closed for the season; $19. Jackson also has brass fans for the same purpose; $205. There are some other things of interest here: a blo-poke (a long, hollow brass rod through which one blows air to encourage the fire) with a nice jamb hook is $75; an old brass toasting fork is $95; a pair of foot-high English brass candlesticks is $65; a fireplace set in chrome-plated steel, of modern design and great-looking, is $125. This store will also make jamb hooks for your fire tools, so they'll fasten neatly on the wall, to eliminate the wobbly stand, which is usually knocked over at least once a week by the children or the vacuum cleaner. A black iron jamb hook for four tools is $30; brass, polished steel, or chrome is $45. Begin by

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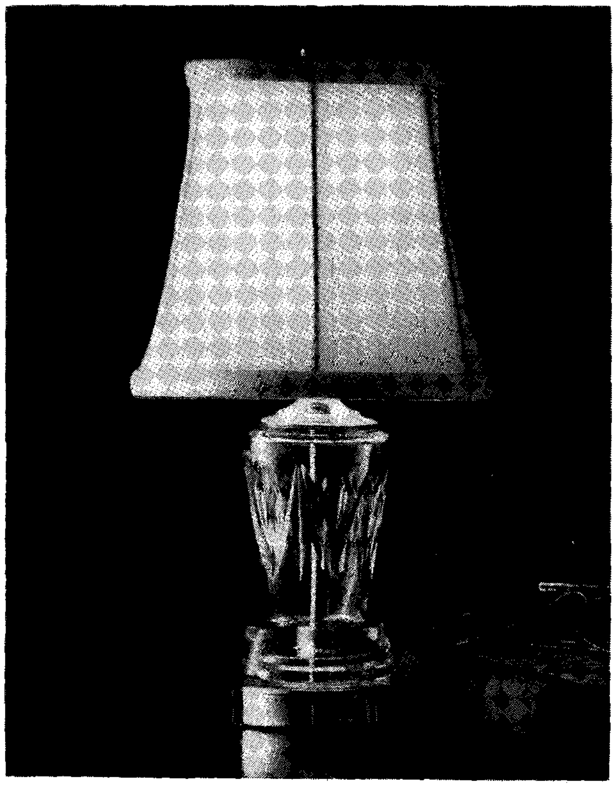

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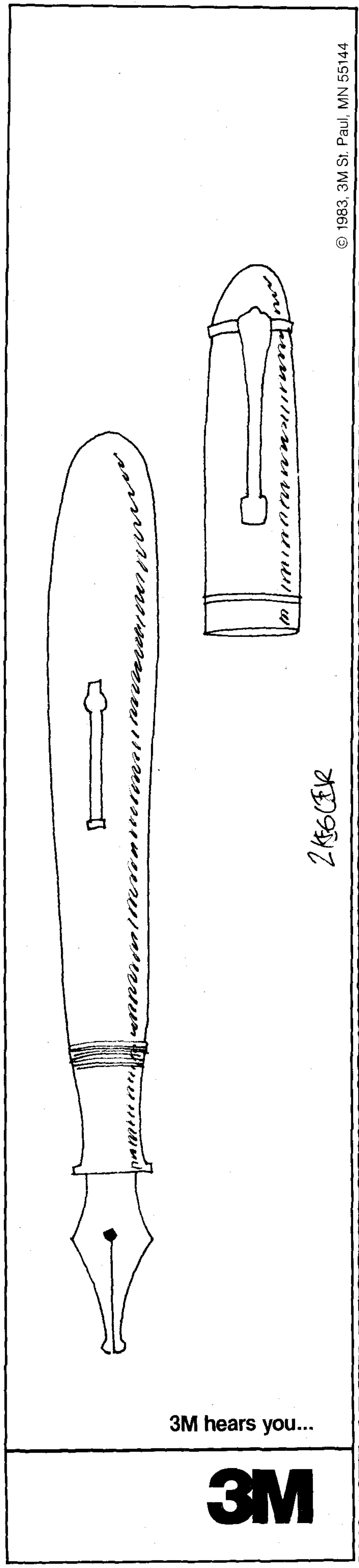
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bringing in the fire tools. This is a quiet, restful store, where the people know what they're talking about—just the kind of place one hopes to fall into during the madding season. Even quieter and more restful is P. E. Guerin, 23 Jane Street, which bills itself as a hardware store. However, the hardware is brass, and although the bulk of its business is with architects, decorators, captains of industry, and Middle Eastern potentates, the staff is extremely courteous to people wandering in inquiring about door knockers. Door knockers are less irritating than doorbells, whether the bell is musical or shattering; the sound is more agreeable than importunate, and a knocker does a lot to upgrade the front door. Guerin has a ring knocker for $50, and at least fifteen others, for more. Arthur Ward, who runs the establishment, says that people tend to buy knockers that are too small for the door. Except in the grand houses, doors were smaller in the eighteenth century, and a reproduction of an old knocker looks dinky on a present-day door. Scully & Scully, 506 Park Avenue (59th), has an exact reproduction of the knocker at 10 Downing Street, and in the light of Mr. Ward's remark, and even though the knocker is a lion, it struck us as—well, not quite large enough for the door of No. 10; $47.50.

Françoise Nunnallé has a collection of old linens that look as though they might have been part of the trousseau of a fairy princess. They certainly were part of a trousseau, although probably the princess was merely a mortal European or American. In any case, her family was rich, and she had one hell of a laundress. Everything is in perfect condition. To begin with, the quality of the linen—from Italy, Belgium, France, or Germany—is superb. And then there is the openwork, the drawnwork, the punchwork (known as *cinquecento* to the cognoscenti), the raised embroidery, the lace (big on *point Venice*), and monograms so intricate that they are works of art in themselves. The prices range from $150 to $600 for a sheet and two pillowcases, or a sheet and a large (very large—they go the width of the bed) sham. *Foot* pillowcases, thirty inches by thirty-nine, are $250 a pair. (For gout sufferers?) Miss Nunnallé will have a foot pillow run up for you, in case you don't own one. Decorative linen pillowcases, not to be slept on, are from $100 to $400. She has silk blanket covers, with pillow slips to match, in ivory, pale pink, or a pale golden peach, with Alençon, among other French laces; from $300 to $600. There is some table linen: tablecloths, with twelve napkins, run from $275 to $3,500. One that is eighteen feet long and depicts a chariot race in *filet tirato* is $2,500. She also has placemats, runners, and finger-bowl doilies, but it's the bed linen that is so sybaritic. (By appointment only; 1-212 246-4281.)

Henri Bendel has got on the bandwagon this fall with a bed-linen stall right next to Lee Bailey and Frank McIntosh. (One can stand in the middle of Bendel's first floor and spend a bundle by simply pointing.) Most of it is pure linen, and most of it is white, and all of it is good. Someone got over to China and told them to stop putting colored appliqués and embroidery on their linen, and the result is some white-on-white decoration that is lovely. What is called a "full" (between double and queen) top sheet and two cases are $336. A white sheet with fagoting along the hem is $150, and a case is $75. A beige linen sheet with narrow beige or teal-blue stripes three inches apart is $150.

Ralph Lauren has designed a slew of home furnishings "coordinated into four beautiful and timeless lifestyles"—Log Cabin, New England, Thoroughbred, and Jamaica—and it's all on view at Bloomingdale's. There is everything from a placemat, for $7.50, to a king-size linen sheet, for $550. In between are denim shower curtains (*stone-washed* denim shower curtains), wooden chargers, flatware, rugs, blankets, and towels in twenty-six life-style-enhancing colors, but the bed linen is the backbone of the collection. There are four model rooms, each representing a different life style, with a double bed in each one, so that the potential customer can get the effect of the Total Look. The Log Cabin is occupied by a man (absent). One can tell this because of the boots on the floor, although the ruffles on the linen tend to throw one off the track. He keeps his skis right next to his bed; they are old and worn, showing that he leads the simple life. He doesn't seem to read, perhaps because he has only a candle for illumination,

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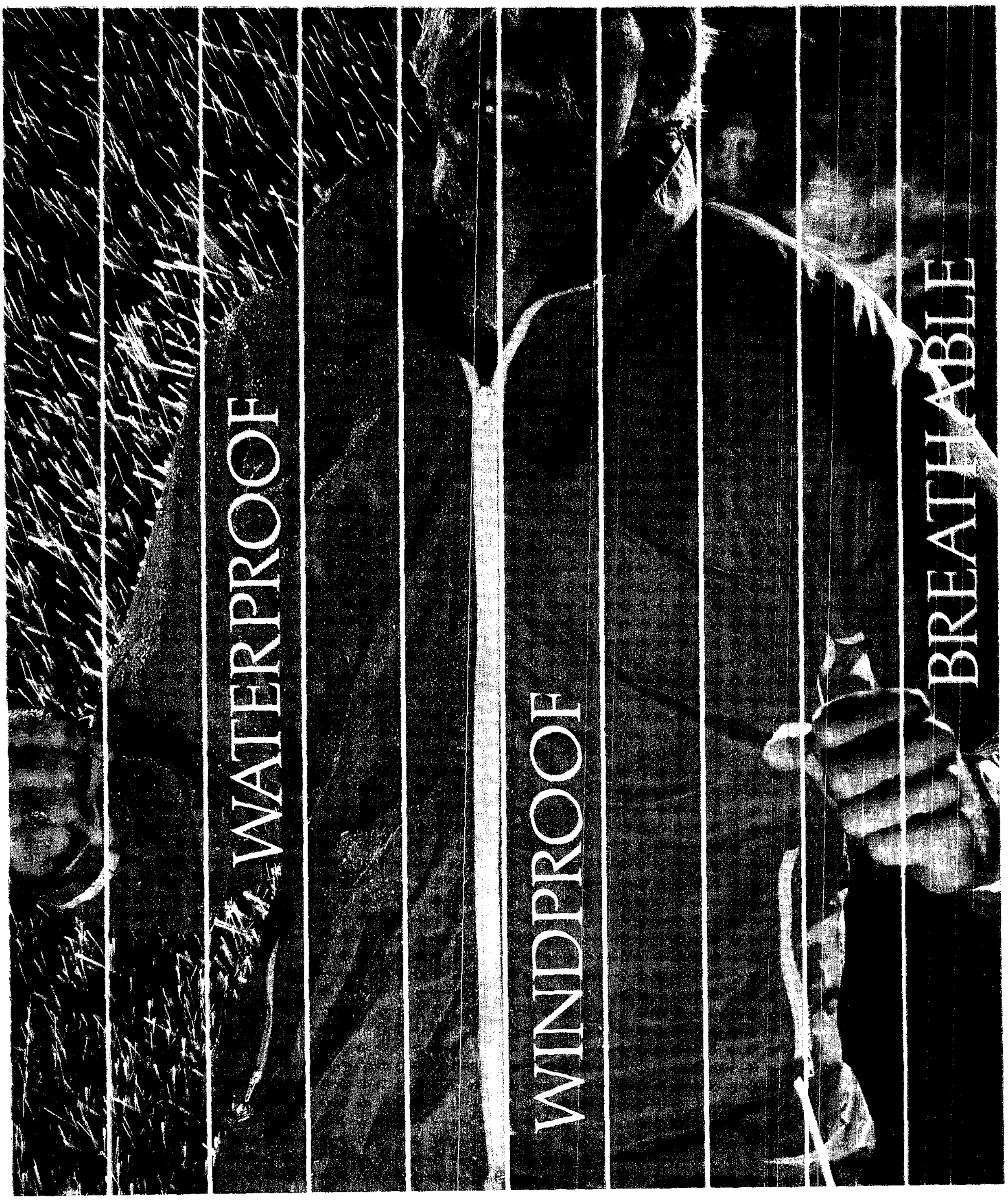
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and he can't afford curtains. Never mind—he sleeps on flannel sheets that don't pill, and has well over a thousand dollars' worth of bedclothes to keep him warm. The flannel sheets come in ten solid colors (the red or the green would make a cheerful Christmas present) and blue or pink stripes. A "full" is $48; two standard pillowcases are $45. The New England room is undoubtedly occupied by a woman. She hangs her straw hats on the wall over her bed, and she lives alone—the table is set for one. She sleeps on no-iron oxford cloth, and the pillowcases button down at the end like the shirts, but no preppy she. Among other things, she is reading Volume VII of *Transactions Institution of Mining & Metallurgy*, 1898-99. The sheets and pillowcases come in pastel solids and stripes, and are different and good-looking; $45 for a full, and $45 for two pillowcases. The Thoroughbred, we're sorry to have to report, keeps his riding boots in his bedroom. He is not only a big reader but trilingual—English, French, and German. He apparently has a problem getting staff, because he sleeps on *no-iron* paisley sheets; $95 for a full, $50 for the pillowcases. The lady who occupies the Jamaica room doesn't read at all, probably because she's so busy slapping mosquitoes. The netting over her bed is draped artistically but ineffectually, and would give her no protection whatsoever from insects. She eats papayas in bed—there's a bowl of them on her bedside table—and sleeps on the purest Italian linen, of which the prettiest are the plain white with fagoted hem and the antique floral. The white sheet is $330 for the full, and one pillowcase is $115; the floral is $500, and a case is $170. It's cheaper to eat off Ralph Lauren's linen than to sleep on it. Placemats are from $7.50 to $15. All the napkins are twenty-two inches square, be they plain, striped, checked, or tartan, and everything is coördinated to beat hell; $5 to $55.

A number of stores—Bloomingdale's, Cherchez, Conran's, Descamps, Frank McIntosh—have large (over twenty-two inches square) white cotton-damask and linen-damask napkins, ranging in price from $4 to $15 apiece, but Cherchez has five different kinds, twenty-four inches square, ranging from $5 to $14. It also has some heavy duck placemats with red-and-green borders and a floral print in the center, which are Christmassy, but not so Christmassy that they couldn't

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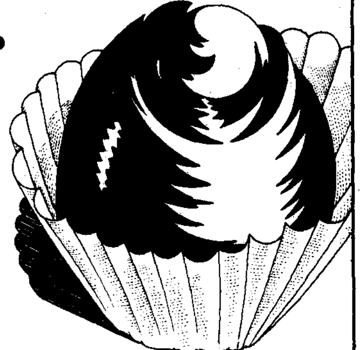

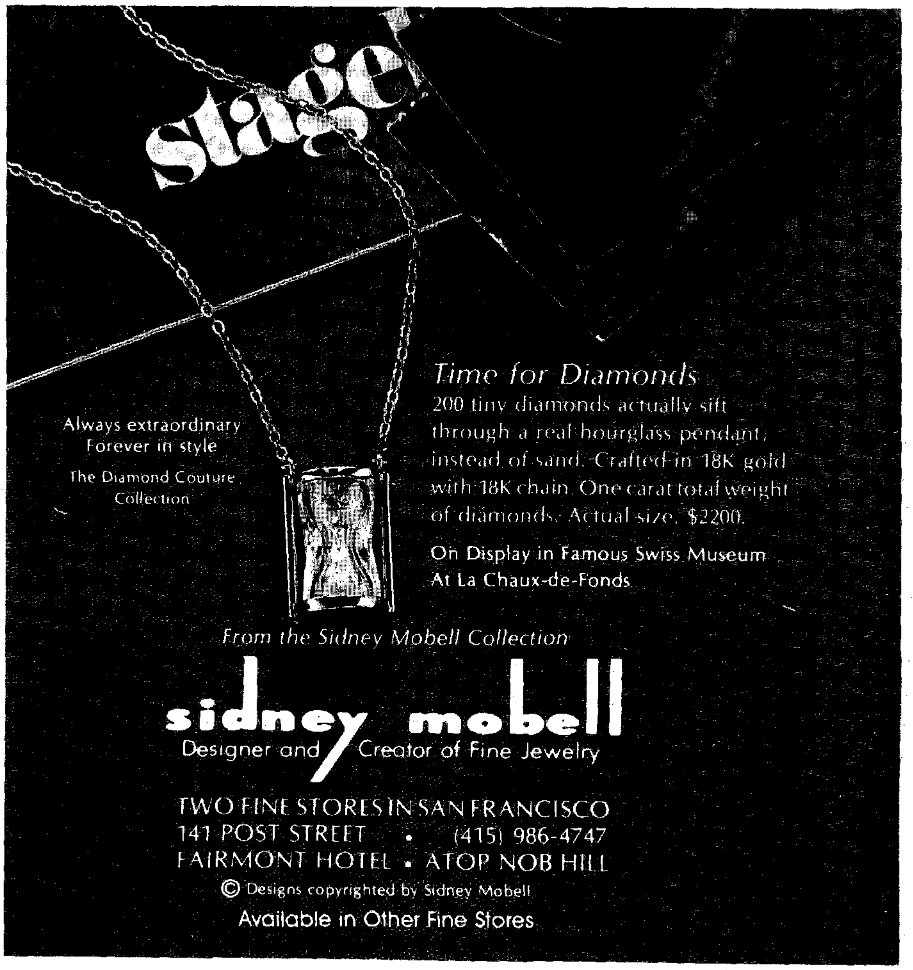

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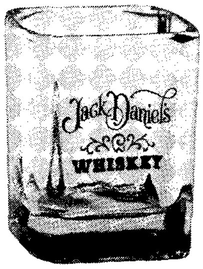

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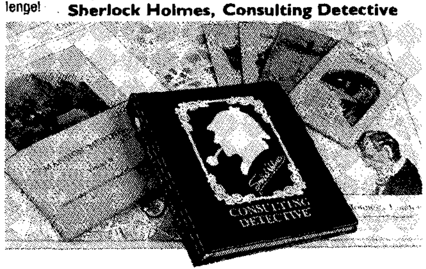

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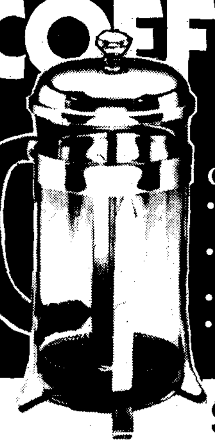
be used in July; $5 each. Saint Rémy, 818 Lexington Avenue (63rd), has French Provincial head scarves, thirty-two inches square, that would make beautiful napkins; $22 each. The Guatemalan cotton napkins at Frank McIntosh are handwoven, in all the colors of a Guatemalan rainbow. They don't need ironing—not because of chemicals but because Guatemalan cotton doesn't—twenty-five inches square, $8 each.

We were going to try to stay away from the subject of quilts, but there are two stores in the bowels of the Manhattan Art & Antique Center, 1050 Second Avenue (55th), that are worth a side trip if you want a quilt to use rather than to hang on the wall. The Center houses more than seventy shops dealing in objets d'art et de vertu, more or less. Press on, past the ormolu and the Chinese vases, and go downstairs to Laura Fisher's shop. Quilts here are from $150 to $2,200, with most of them between $295 and $595. They date from 1820 to 1940, and come in all sizes. Photographs are available, and Miss Fisher will send a quilt on approval. She even has a flyer on the care and storage of quilts. A number of beautiful bridal quilts, with intricate white work, cost from $350 to $800, depending on quality, condition, and age. Marseilles spreads, in all sizes (although the king size is hard to come by), are from $125 to $350. Across the aisle from Miss Fisher is a store called Funchies, Bunkers, Gaks & Gleeks, which sounds like something nasty in the woodshed, but in fact all the words are made up. Here you will find more of the same, although not in such great supply. Take your pick.

THE best things about the South Street Seaport complex are the old Belgian paving stones and the large granite horse blocks where people can sit. The next-best thing is the arrival of Brookstone, at 18 Fulton Street. Brookstone puts out one of the best of the five million catalogues extant, and now New Yorkers can let their feet do the walking instead of their fingers. Each item is displayed separately, with a description beside it in print large enough to read over someone's shoulder. The store has everything from candle sleeves (eight for $1.50) to a telescope ($375). In between are a number of indispensable gifts for the well-rounded home. First of all, no house with a tree and a child should be without an old-fashioned



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oak swing, with two fifteen-foot lengths of thick polyester (rot-resistant) rope, which go through holes in the seat; $19.95. (They're actually better than the old-fashioned swings, made by loving hands at home, which have a notch at each end of the board for the rope to fit into. The seats fall off.) Another item no house should be without is a sliced-bread slicer—a device for obtaining very thin slices of bread. It works like a charm, and costs $9.95. No well-appointed automobile should be without a trash caddy, or, in the case of a station wagon, two trash caddies—one for the front and one for the way back. It's a heavy black nylon bag large enough to hold two empty Coke cans, crumpled bits of Kleenex, pizza crusts, and other car-trip fallout. A strip of Velcro at the top enables the bag to be attached to the upholstery; $6.95. Ten pounds of Georgia fatwood pine—i.e., kindling—in a drawstring burlap bag costs $12.95 here. The Pottery Barn, as usual, has not let down the side when it comes to inexpensive presents. This year, its Christmas plate is clear glass embossed with fir trees; $12.95. A combination pepper mill and salt shaker, with a solid, stainless-steel grinding mechanism and grind adjustment, works easily and costs $12.80. What's more, it's guaranteed for twenty-five years. A dish with the unfortunate name of Chip 'n Dip is a large, one-piece, round glass bowl with a well in the middle. It could be used for hors d'oeuvres other than potato chips and onion dip, and it's the kind of thing one would never buy for oneself but would use if given; $14.95. A nest of four freezer-to-microwave-to-table (to Tinker to Chance?) glass bowls comes with red plastic airtight lids. They are from four and a half to nine inches in diameter, and have a nice shape and a swell price: $10.40. Kitchen twine in an acrylic box with an exit hole for the string is $3.25. (This is not much of a present until the cook needs it; then its value increases.) The glass O.J. jug is more prepossessing than its name. It looks like a wide-mouthed water carafe, and has a plastic snap-on cap; $2.25. Lee Bailey has the "English Biscuit Cookie Book," from which one can learn to make that staple of English elevenses, the Digestive Biscuit, as well as some other English favorites; $7. Another English item here is a pair of perfectly revolting heavy rubber gloves, natural-rubber color, with large red fingernails painted on them. We mention them

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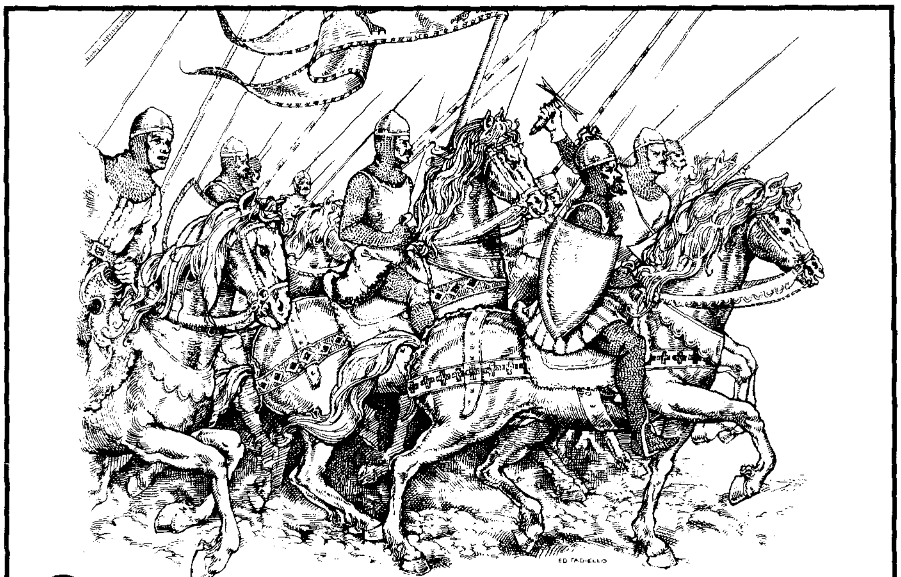

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only because they are apparently a wild success; $10. Turpan Sanders carries a roll-up ironing pad, thirty-two inches by fifteen, called a PortaPad. Anyone giving this as a present stands a good chance of being hit by an iron, but it is something that the lady of the house might like to buy herself for little touch-up jobs (such as collars and the backs of dresses) on top of the washing machine, when dragging out the ironing board seems worse than wrinkles; $10.50. Wolfman-Gold & Good Company has a large assortment of French and American paper mats, small and large, in squares, rectangles, ovals, hearts, and rounds, priced from $2.50, for twenty-four finger-bowl doilies, to $13.75, for twenty-four large, gorgeous French tray cloths (or placemats), good enough for anybody. It's the cutwork that is so charming. Frank McIntosh has a wooden spreader shaped like a whale, for $5. It feels and looks good. Ad Hoc is another port in the storm: Christmas ice trays, in red or blue, which make star ice cubes, are $3.25 apiece; red or black articulated straws are $3.25 for ninety, and would make a glass of water look worldly; butter molds in four patterns, including a shell or rose pattern, are made of bendable plastic in that depressing natural-rubber color, but the results would be pretty ($2.75); a soap rest (with a cake of soap on it, perhaps?) made of black rubber matting is $2.25 and would clean easily, because it bends; a chrome mint-julep strainer, arguably a necessity in most households, is $1.80. A heavy glass upturned hand, about the size of an eight-year-old's, that could be used for soap, ashes, a Brillo pad, or as a spoon rest is $3.50 at La Cuisinière. The sweetest pitcher around is a white French porcelain number just large enough to hold milk for two cups of coffee; $3.49 at Lenox Hill Hardware, 1027 Lexington Avenue (74th). The cheapest present around is a very small bottle brush for cleaning small vases or bottles; fifty cents at Of All Things.

THE Grass Roots Gallery de Artes Populares, 75 University Place, is a new shop specializing in Latin-American and Haitian folk art. It in no way resembles a souvenir shop. There are wall hangings; lacquered chests; gourds; paper cutouts; figures made of papier-mâché, clay, wood, or tin; and right now some wonderful Christmas decorations. *Nacimientos* range from a fifteen-piece

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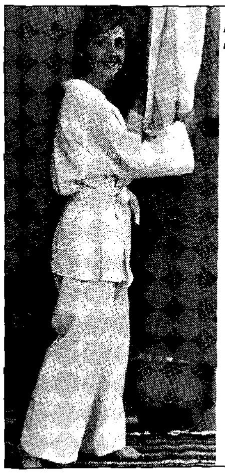

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group of tiny figures (the tallest is an inch high, and the baby Jesus, wrapped in aqua swaddling clothes, is the size of a large mosquito), for $20, to human-size figures of painted tin, for $6,500 apiece. In between are some charming Peruvian *nacimientos* built into split gourds. On one side is the Nativity scene, and on the other are the merrymakers, whooping it up—drinking, dancing, and playing musical instruments. The gourds measure about six inches in each direction and cost $85 apiece. The shop also has a large supply of decorations made of tin, yarn, straw, and bread dough, ranging in price from $1, for one made of straw, to $7.50, for a large painted-tin angel. The least Christmassy and the most beguiling is a bullfighting scene consisting of the matador, the bull, and two spectators, all in a varnished walnut; $3.50. An interesting place: some things are beautiful and some are quite ugly, but they combine genuine feeling, humor, and dignity.

Antique Christmas ornaments can be had at Kelter-Malcé, 361 Bleecker Street, for between $12 and $400. A six-inch mercury-glass rosebud, for example, is $35. They also have a large collection of Santa Clauses, for between $12 and $50. Thos. K. Woodard's antique glass ornaments will set you back between $5 and $175 this year. A striped glass trumpet, ten inches long, is $135; a pear is $55. These are for the upper half of a well-secured tree. For the lower half—i.e., the branches that small children can reach—any number of unbreakable ornaments are to be had in the department stores. The Pottery Barn has some wooden ones, such as a ski plane and a Model T, for under $3, and some ducklike birds, made of wood and delicately painted, for $1.75

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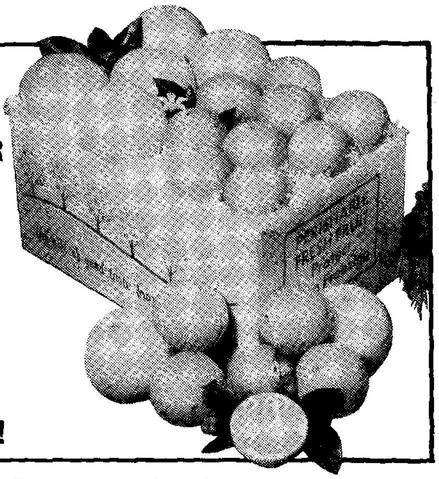

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each. Glassmasters Guild, 621 Sixth Avenue (19th), has some lovely small ornaments made of natural berries and grasses—a wreath, a basket of berries—for $3.50 apiece. Some flat blue-and-white porcelain ornaments, both unusual and pretty, are $6 and $9. Be Seated, 66 Greenwich Avenue (11th), has the best collection of all, because the owners really care about Christmas-tree ornaments. An old-fashioned German papier-mâché ball is $2.25; a mercury-glass elephant, $3; a wooden rope-climber (he can be made to climb by pulling the string), $4; a red gumball machine, $2.50; a small gold tricycle, $2; an inch-and-a-half ship-in-bottle, $1.50; a one-inch terra-cotta angel, $2.75; a glass slipper, $2. The Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street, is a gold mine for small presents for grownups. Step briskly past the treasures on the walls and into the gift shop, where there are all kinds of optional accessories for Christmas, starting with some wonderful black-and-white Charles Dana Gibson wrapping paper—elegant drawings of elegant ladies and gents—at $1.75, for three sheets. A sealing-wax kit is $9. Sealing wax renders gift-wrapping paper and ribbon unnecessary. Just wrap the present in brown paper, or newspaper, and apply sealing wax where it's needed. The kit includes a heavy metal stamp, with one initial on a fancy background (as in medieval MSS.), four colors of sealing wax, and instructions. Old-timey Christmas tags are twenty cents to forty cents; small Christmas books, such as "Around the World with Santa Claus," are $1.30. J. L. Carr's "A Christmas Book," a commonplace booklet with poems, drawings, II Luke 15-19, a recipe for the Royal Family's Christmas Pudding, and other oddments, is $2. (Mr. Carr is an English author who from time to time publishes booklets on whatever piques his fancy—a dictionary of "English Queens, King's Wives, Celebrated Paramours, Handfast Spouses, and Royal Changelings;" George Herbert; Hiawatha.) The Jane Austen Calendar Diary, besides having plenty of room for writing, has photographs of places connected with Jane Austen, dates of various events in her life (April 27, 1817: Jane Austen made her will), holidays (including English bank holidays), and, best of all, quotations from her works to lighten one's journey through the dentist appointments and other minutiae of daily life. (Letter to her sister, Cassandra: "What dreadful Hot weather

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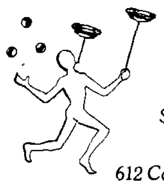

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we have!—It keeps one in a continual state of Inelegance.") A snowstorm paperweight of character, with a *Schloss* and a *Berg*, is $21.95. The gift shop has a number of pottery literary houses, serving no purpose whatsoever, made by John Putnam and his troops, in Devon. Mr. Putnam does the sculpting and casting, the male employees do the potting, and the women do the painting. Kenneth Grahame's house, where he wrote "The Wind in the Willows," is a honey, as is Thomas Hardy's cottage in Dorset; $16.75 each. (There are some American houses as well, but they aren't literary.) The prices run from $10.75, for the Croft House, to $20.50, for Shakespeare's birthplace. A sort of cottage industry for cottages.

To wind up this compendium, Bloomingdale's has some double-faced cards: on one of them, the outside is red with a stencil cutout of NOEL, which reveals the green on the inside. The envelopes are the best part: they're green, with a red button-and-string closing. These would make exceptionally nice cards for Christmas money; there is nothing like the green and white of a crisp bill showing through NOEL to raise the spirits. They're $12.50 for sixteen cards and envelopes. The Metropolitan Museum has put out a handsome book, "Carols for Christmas," with forty-one carols arranged by Sir David Willcocks, director of the Royal College of Music; more to the point, he was formerly director of the King's College Chapel Choir and was responsible for the annual Christmas Eve service of carols and lessons. The carols are arranged for unison or four-part singing, with or without the piano accompaniments, which are simple enough to sight-read without being simpleminded. The book, unsurprisingly, is illustrated with photographs of various works of art from the Metropolitan's collection. (These are listed in the back of the book for those who fail to recognize that the illustration for "Angels We Have Heard on High" is the central panel of a triptych, French, 1480.) The collection does not include "Jingle Bells" and does include the Sussex Carol; $16.95.

•

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THE THEATRE

Defoliation of a Classic

PETER BROOK's "La Tragédie de Carmen," at the Vivian Beaumont, is an oddity, and an oddity of a totally unexpected sort. One had read in the press that Mr. Brook was mingling portions of Bizet's opera with portions of the novella by Mérimée upon which the opera is based, in order to create a sample of a new and more intimate dramatic genre, which Mr. Brook has defined as "sung theatre." In the course of carrying out this surgico-aesthetic operation, Brook was said to have devised a stripped-down work of some eighty minutes in duration, employing a small cast (four singing roles, two speaking roles, a walk-on) and an orchestra of slightly more than chamber-music size. Given these facts, I looked forward to an unusually lively evening at the Beaumont. But no such thing. What we have in place of a robust, passionate, and zestful opera—one that has been a favorite of millions of people throughout the world for over a hundred years—is a slow-moving, thin-seeming, and almost continuously lugubrious account of a doomed young vixen, who slinks with ever-renewable sexual acquisitiveness from man to man and is stabbed to death at last by the doltish Don José, already a practiced murderer. Brook and his collaborators (Jean-Claude Carrière and Marius Constant) are offering us a précis of a drama, with all the lack of emotional nourishment that a précis implies. Though they have taken care to call the work a tragedy, little that is inherently tragic emerges from a succession of amorous betrayals and clumsy homicides.

"Go find out what's happening unbeknownst to me."

The setting is calculatedly bleak: a thrust stage covered several inches deep with sand and pebbles, backed by high board fencing. A bullring is evoked, but we are also intended to imagine the set as representing a dusty street in Seville, a barracks, a jail, an inn, and a lonely mountaintop. The few props consist of a rug, some soiled bedding, two or three chairs, knives, swords, a length of rope, a deck of cards, and a tray of wine and fruit. The leading characters spend much of their time either squatting in the sand or lying on it; whatever physical brawling takes place, even when its consequences are mortal, has the look of schoolchildren acting out their hostilities during recess. As director, Brook causes the action of the play to march with a grim portentousness from one unlucky deed to the next; we are always in the presence of death, unrelieved by the vitality of the crowd scenes that the opera is able to provide, thanks to its large cast. Though Bizet's bravura tunefulness is present to delight the ear, there is scarcely anything in Brook's "Carmen" to delight the eye.

Several different casts assume the burden of performing this strenuous feat of "sung theatre." In the two performances that I attended, the singing was satisfactory and the acting was fairly primitive. The sand-and-pebble setting was designed by Jean-Guy Lecat, and the costumes were designed by Chloé Obolensky. It is good to have the Vivian Beaumont back in use, though even with a thrust stage the sight lines remain a problem. Ask for a seat as close to the center of the theatre as possible; for people with limber joints, an alternative is to occupy a cushion on the edge of the stage, with your feet as verily deep in sand as if you were at Jones Beach.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Wichita Eagle-Beacon*]

I'll be honest, an hour in church on Sunday morning has to mean something more for me than ritual and sentiment. I would resist dogmas I was told I had to accept, and I would be disappointed if the head were not an equal partner with the heart in my faith. There is a place where I can go to feel both intellectually and emotionally unchallenged. That place is the new University Congregational Church.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

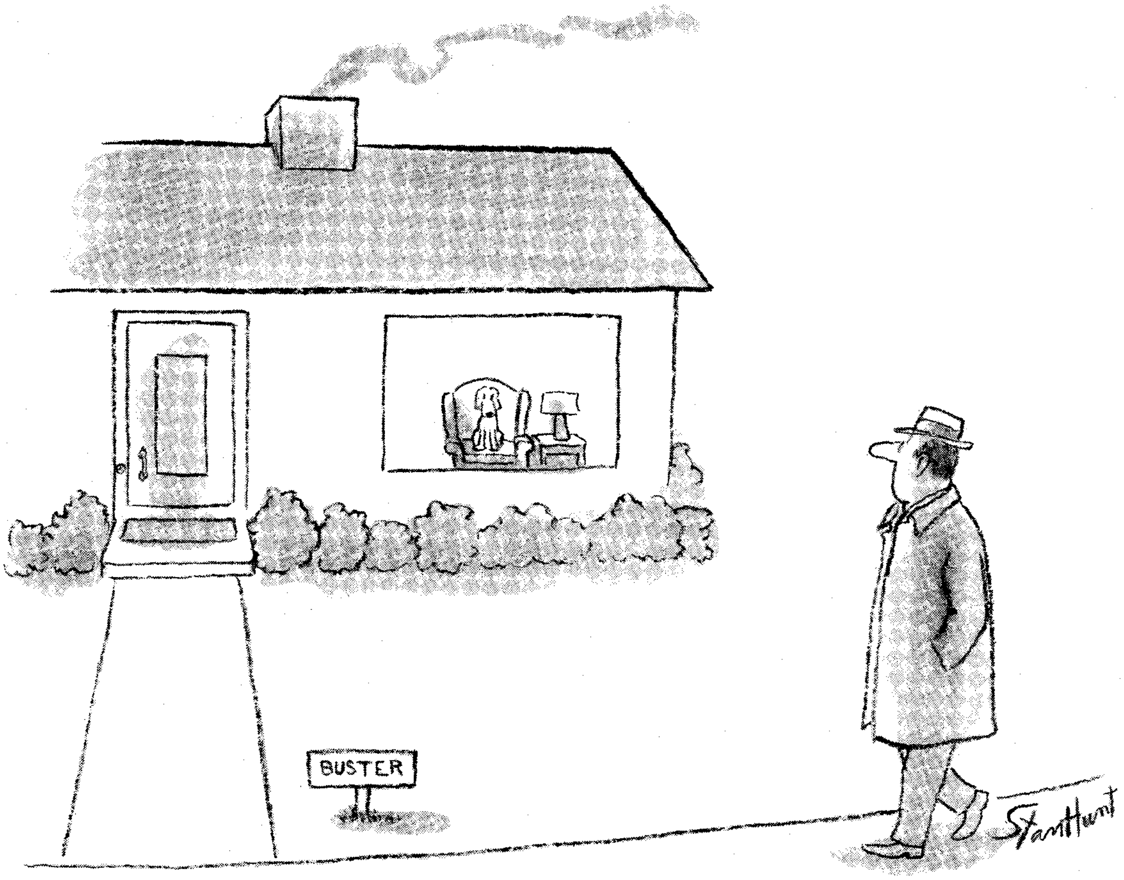
The Perfectionist

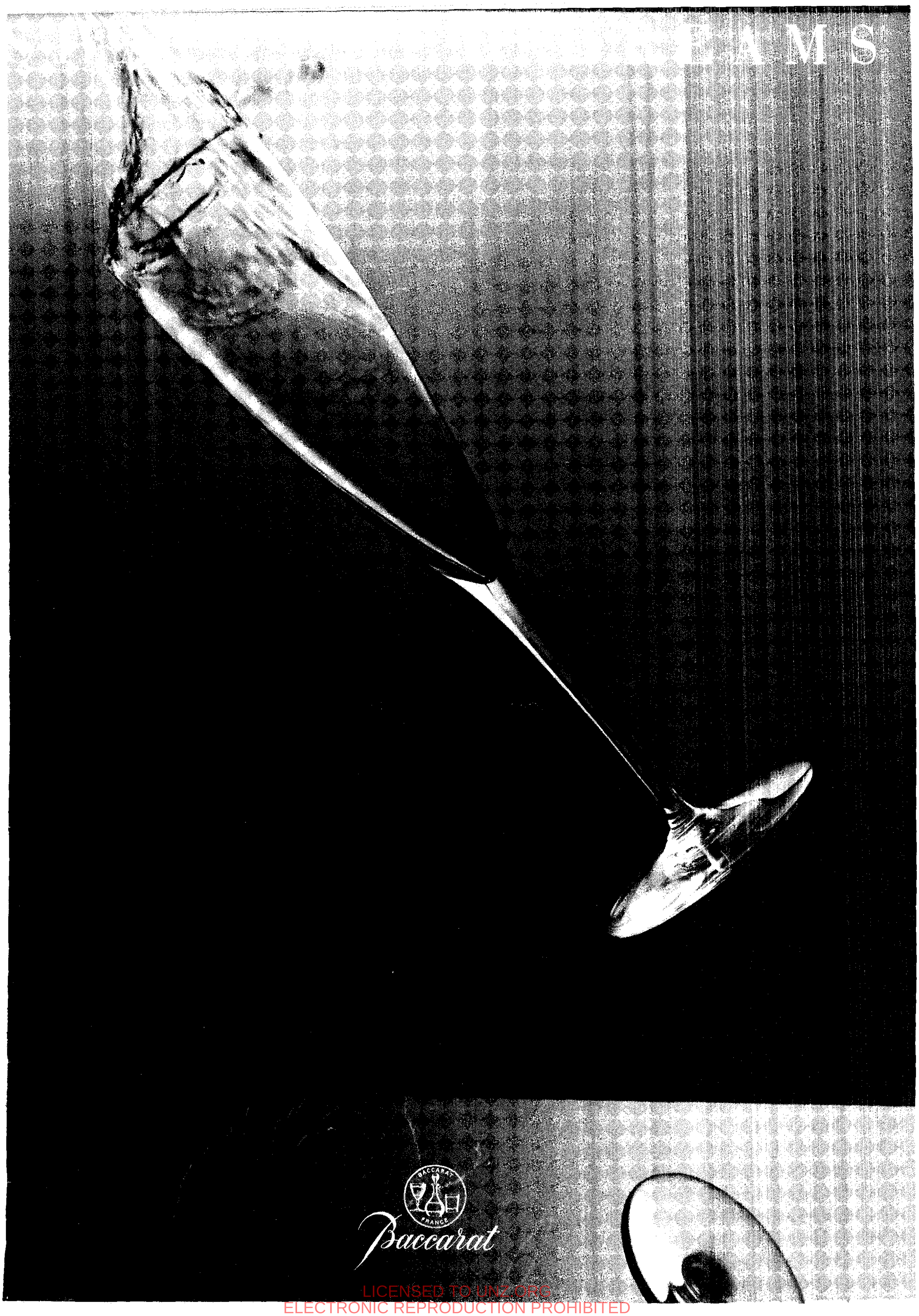
BARBRA STREISAND'S "Yentl" is rhapsodic yet informal; it's like a gently surprising turn of phrase. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, the movie has its own swift rhythms. Its simplicity and unity are somewhat reminiscent of Jacques Demy's "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964); perhaps that's because the composer Michel Legrand wrote the scores for both, and the songs carry both films' emotional currents (though in totally different ways). Adapted from the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," the Streisand film tells of a young woman who grows up in a tradition-bound community in which bright boys—yeshiva boys—live to study Torah. Coddled and prized, they sit at their books all day long, memorizing and reciting, debating moral issues, and attempting to fathom the unfathomable. Women are excluded from scholarship, but Yentl has a passion for religious study—she thinks it's the only way of life that's worthwhile. And so when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy, sneaks away at night, and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town.

The beginning of "Yentl" is shaky. Streisand wants to make sure we get the idea that women are kept in ignorance, and she's a trace insistent. And the end is, I think, a flat-out mistake. But most of "Yentl" is, of course, its middle, which is glorious; it's like that of the story, though with different shades of humor. Yentl, a woman crowding thirty, passes as an adolescent student and feels like one. She's carefree and goofy; she has found herself—as a boy. (Yentl in disguise is definitely a boy, not a man. That's how the masquerade was conceived by Singer, and it works for Streisand the way it did for Katharine Hepburn when she passed as a boy in "Sylvia Scarlett.") You can believe that the people in the Jewish quarter accept this smart, smooth-faced student, who has taken the name of Anshel, as male, because she isn't so very different from a lot of precocious, little-shrimp kids who seem to grow only in the head. Anshel is a sprite: as the yeshiva student, Streisand doesn't have an image of Barbra Streisand to play, and she lets herself be this slender and defenseless kid showing off his knowledge. When Streisand is playing a character, it releases something in her—a self-doubt, a tentativeness, a delicacy. She seems physically lighter; her scale is human, and you can share something with her that you can't when she's planted there as Streisand (and seems domineering). The basic concept of this movie lets her release herself, and as the yeshiva boy she's giddy and winsome.

Her singing voice takes you farther into the character; the songs express Yentl's feelings—what she wants to say but has to hold back. Her singing is more than an interior monologue. When she starts a song, her hushed intensity makes you want to hear her every breath, and there's high drama in her transitions from verse to chorus. Her phrasing and inflections are so completely her own that the songs make the movie seem very personal. Her singing has an ardent, beseeching quality—an intimacy. And her vocal fervor lifts the movie to the level of fantasy.

Streisand sings with such passionate conviction that she partly compensates for the sameness of Legrand's tunes. A few of them are exciting in context, but "This Is One of Those Moments" and "Tomorrow Night" are so dull they seem to be all recitative, and Legrand's music simply doesn't have the variety, the amplitude, to do justice to Yentl's full emotional range. The Alan and Marilyn Bergman lyrics don't rise to the poetic richness of the occasion, either; songs such as "No Matter What Happens" and "A Piece of Sky" are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift. Streisand's eerily way-out-there-by-itself voice soars, striving to achieve new emotional heights, and the music is on a treadmill. But as the director Streisand does graceful tricks with the songs. She uses them to take the audience through time and space. Yentl begins a song, and it continues in voice-over as the action races ahead. The songs are montages and com-

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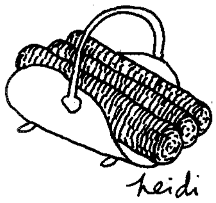
edy routines, too, with images of what Yentl is singing about edited to the rhythm of the music. During the song "No Wonder," a dialogue scene takes place while Yentl/Anshel sings a wry, funny commentary on it, and it's all brought off rather softly, without fuss. As a musical, "Yentl" conveys the llusion that the songs simply grow out of the situations—which isn't altogether an illusion.

The movie loses its sureness of ouch now and then, but it's unassumng. It's a homey, brightly ighted fantasy. Yentl's eacher papa (Nehemiah Persoff) has the apple cheeks and jolly gray beard of a Yiddish Kris Kringle. And when he dies and she leaves home, a big bird who repre-ents his spirit hovers overhead, accompanying her on her travels. The place Yentl grew up in, the inn where he breaks her journey, the town where she passes the examination and s accepted as a yeshiva student—they all have the familiarity and the pastness of places we know from folktales. Only the big, clanging gates of the ewish quarter, which are closed at night, seem unusual, and it may take a second or two to register what they re, because the movie doesn't emphaize the specific nature of its folklore. t takes it for granted. (In a scene in which Yentl, dressed as a boy, pays for ride on a farmer's wagon and then sn't allowed to climb on board, the oint that the people on the wagon are entiles who are pulling a trick on her sn't fully shaped for the audience, and ome moviegoers may be mystified.) But "Yentl" isn't a sweet, tame musical. Coming out of that ornery, mishievous Singer story, it couldn't be. There's a running theme in Singer: uman beings keep trying to flirt with God, hoping that someday a line of ommunication can be established, but sex always gets in the way. Their wonerful good intentions are thwarted by he tingle of the groin.



Dressed as a boy, Yentl is no longer esentful of male privileges, and for he first time she feels attracted to a nan. At the inn, just after she has left ome, she meets the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin who makes the impact here that he ailed to make in "Ragtime" and Daniel"). Avigdor is friendly and warm. He's also charged up sexually. After years of the repressed life of a eshiva student, he can hardly wait to e married to the luscious ripe peach who is pledged to him. Yentl, who is aroused by his sensual fever, accepts his suggestion that she come to his yeshiva, and when, as Anshel, she is accepted there and is considered a prodigy, Avigdor's eyes sparkle with pride. He plays big brother to her, and she becomes his study partner.

Maybe the magic of this Singer story (and of many of his other tales) is that the folkloric characters have been imbued with a drop of D. H. Lawrence's blood, yet they live in a time when confusing sexual urges are explained as the work of demons. "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy" is a folktale told by a sly trickster: its elements don't stay within the conventions of folklore. (It's as if the story were a river, and fish were trying to jump out of it.) Things take a turn toward the disturbing in "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy;" they become quite turbulent. There's darkness on the one hand and ribald comedy—even sex farce and burlesque—on the other, but the storyteller remains imperturbable.

In the movie, when Avigdor's fiancée, Hadass (Amy Irving), a beauty out of the erotic pages of the Old Testament, enters the picture, it becomes a series of dilemmas and metaphors. The three principal characters look at each other with longing, and sometimes with fear and bewilderment. They can't sort their emotions out. Avigdor, not knowing that Anshel is a woman, feels a closer companionship with her than he has ever known with anybody else of either sex. When Hadass's father cancels the wedding and Avigdor is distraught, Anshel, his confidant, shares in his pain. And the brooding, pitiful Avigdor, having lost Hadass, and loving his friend Anshel, wants Anshel to marry her; that way, Avigdor won't feel he has totally lost her. He threatens to go away if Anshel doesn't agree to the plan. Meanwhile, Hadass, whose love for the burly, strong Avigdor is a mixture of attraction and terror, begins to love Anshel for his gentleness—Hadass has found a "man" she doesn't feel afraid of. The baffled Yentl, who sees in Hadass everything that she herself didn't want to be and couldn't have been—who sees that Hadass is like a slave girl when she's around men—is jealous of her and at the same time touched by her. Hadass's submissiveness is mysteriously sultry. And Yentl/Anshel—as if in a trance, thinking to hold on to

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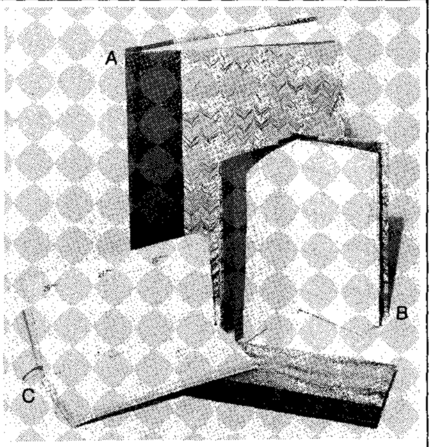

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Avigdor and also captivated by Hadass—asks for her hand in marriage.

One moment, Yentl is a yeshiva boy, taking pleasure in being the smartest kid in the class; the next moment, she's got herself in a fix. There's only one end to this story, and it's the one that Singer gave it: Yentl must go down the road in search of another yeshiva. She is condemned to the life of study that she has chosen (and a Chassidic scholar can never learn enough). It isn't difficult to figure out the thinking behind the film's ending, in which Yentl, restored to women's clothes, goes off to America, where, presumably, freed from the binding traditions of the Old World, she can live as a woman and still continue her studies. The thinking is that you have to give the movie audience hope. (And there's even an attempt to show that Hadass will be changed by her encounter with Yentl/Anshel—that, Lord help us, she has had her consciousness raised.) Streisand tries to turn a story about repressed, entangled characters into a sisterhood fable about learning to be a free woman. She tries to transform a quirky folktale into a fairy tale. And it feels almost like a marketing choice.

But this is by no means a playing-it-safe movie. It's a movie about restrictive social conventions and about internal conflicts—about emotions and how they snarl you up. There are no chases, no fistfights or fights of any other kind. The picture is closer to the sensibility of the Ernst Lubitsch musical comedies than it is to films such as "The Turning Point" and "Rich and Famous." And even when the characters' sex roles are blurred—when they're lost in a multitude of roles—Streisand as director keeps them all clear. Her vision is sustained—until the end. The closing shipboard sequence seems a blatant lift from the "Don't Rain on My Parade" tugboat scene in "Funny Girl;" it feels like a production number, and it violates the whole musical scheme of the movie. It also has Streisand wearing immigrant chic and playing the Streisand image. This misstep must have come from an excess of virtue. Streisand wants to give the audience an educational and spiritual message. She wants Yentl to be—gulp—a role model. Where Streisand's instinct as an artist fails her is in her not recognizing that Yentl exists on a magical plane, and that the attempt to make her a relevant, contemporary heroine yanks her off it. The script, by the English playwright

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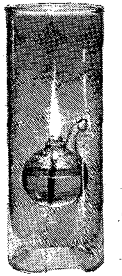

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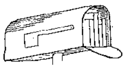

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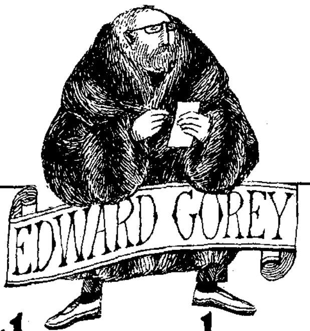
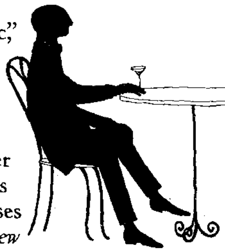
and television writer Jack Rosenthal and Streisand, prepares for this ending by placing the action in 1904, but the Chassidic life that the movie shows belongs to an earlier, make-believe past. At the start of the film, a book peddler calls out "Storybooks for women! Sacred books for men!" By 1904, the novels—"War and Peace," perhaps, or "Anna Karenina" or "The Brothers Karamazov" or "Middlemarch" or volumes of Dickens or Balzac—might have more to tell Yentl than she could get out of the sacred texts. (A girl who couldn't study Torah may not have known how lucky she was. When Yentl sings defiantly "Where is it written what it is I'm meant to be?" the answer is: In those sacred books that she's so high on.) This musical creates its own frame of reference; its spirit is violated by earnest intentions. Streisand wants to create a woman hero, but when you read Singer, Yentl isn't the hero—the story is. And at its best the movie is the hero, too.

Streisand's long obsession with the material is well known; she began thinking about the story as a possible film in the late sixties, and bought the screen rights in 1974. Whatever the box-office results, her instinct was sound. It *is* the right material for her. And now that she has made her formal début as a director, her work explains why she, notoriously, asks so many questions of writers and directors and everyone else: that's her method of learning. And it also explains why she has sometimes been unhappy with her directors: she really did know better. "Yentl" is never static or stagy; the images move lyrically. The same intuitions that have guided Streisand in producing her records and her TV specials have guided her here—and taken her into some of the same traps. But, even if you object (as I do) to the choice of songs on her records and the manner of those specials, they're highly professional. Within her own tastes, she aims for perfection. Shooting on Czech locations and in English studios, and with the cinematographer David Watkin, Streisand has made a technically admirable movie, with lovely diffuse, poetic lighting and silky-smooth editing. And she brings out the other performers' most appealing qualities. It's a movie full of likable people. Steven Hill, who plays Hadass's father, gives marvellous line readings, and he has something of the same gnomish charm as Nehemiah Persoff's Papa; they're the elders as a



"Master of the macabre picture tale."
New York Times Book Review



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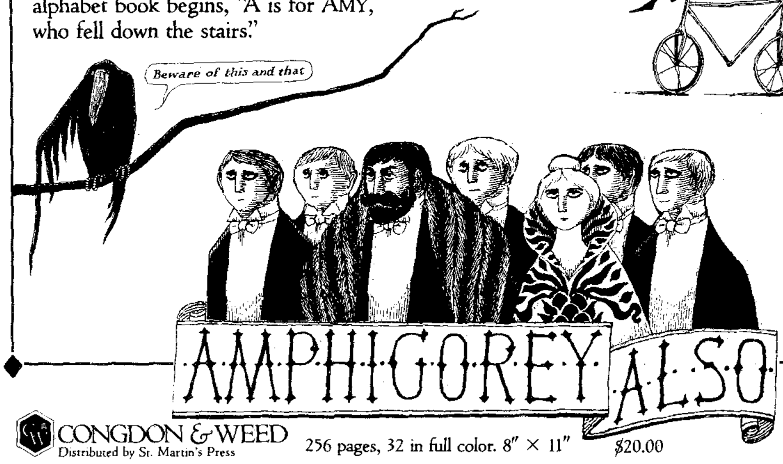
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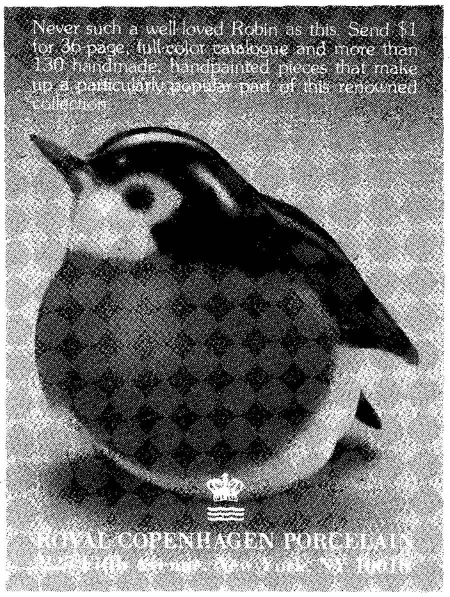
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child sees them. And Amy Irving's Hadass has a comically human dimension. The half-closed eyes of this slave princess as she serves dinner make her look as if she were deep in an erotic dream, but they are actually the result of her having had to be up at dawn to buy the fish. Her sleepy, plaintive beauty is the perfect foil for Yentl's skinny, anxious face. When Amy Irving just stands there, with her mass of thick, curly dark-red hair and with ornaments dripping from her head and body, she seems to be overcome by her own heavy perfume. She's dopey and she's sumptuous—she's the image of what women have wanted to be freed from, yet can't help wanting to be.

Streisand and Amy Irving play off each other with a kind of rapport that you don't see in movies directed by men. They have a scene in which Hadass, now in love with Anshel, tries to help him conquer his physical timidity—tries to seduce him—and Yentl is in pain as she backs away. It's a deeply ambiguous scene; thought went into it, as well as care. And toward the end of the film Streisand and Patinkin play a bedroom scene in which Avigdor, who has been sexually attracted to Anshel in the vagrant moments when he wasn't sick with love for Hadass, shows the limits of his understanding of a woman's needs. The scene is simply different from scenes conceived and directed by men; it has a different flavor. Avigdor is revealed as essentially a big, sweet Jewish hunk who could never accept a woman as an equal, and when he and Yentl part, the tapering, feminine hand she holds up in farewell puts a seal on his blindness. The whole movie has a modulated emotionality that seems distinctively feminine. That's part of why the independent-woman-on-her-way-to-the-new-land ending is so silly. There is something genuinely heroic in the mixture of delicacy and strength that gives this movie its suppleness. Within the forty-one-year-old star-director are the perfectly preserved feelings of a shy, frightened girl of twelve. She's also shockingly potent. So was Colette—and there's a suggestion of her in the Yentl who runs her fingers over books as if they were magic objects.

Bob Fosse's "Star 80" is about the degradation of everything and everybody. Fosse shows us skin and sleaze from fancy camera angles. The movie is based on Teresa Carpenter's "Death of a Playmate," in the *Village Voice*, and other accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, a pimp and a two-bit promoter, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse, who wrote the script and directed, uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. The central character, Snider (Eric Roberts), is a loser and a slime; he has False Values, and he's wacko besides. Roberts, who gave a tender, thoughtful performance opposite Sissy Spacek in Jack Fisk's "Raggedy Man," uses a wet, mushy voice here, and he makes you feel the man's squirminess and rage. He gets the film's central idea across: that Paul Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. But Fosse, apparently deliberately, makes him loud and monotonous. He starts too high—shouting, and twisting his face—and as the movie goes on he sweats more and more, and the vein in his forehead does bumps and grinds. Dorothy, played by Mariel Hemingway, is so malleable she's a nothing, a big dummy. As Fosse has written the role, she's insultingly stupid. That seems to be a prerequisite for the small amount of sympathy allotted her. Mariel Hemingway tries hard and has a touching quality, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type.

There's no suspense: we know what's coming. But Fosse uses his whole pack of tricks—flashbacks, interviews, shock cuts, the works—to keep us in a state of fixated dread. Each time there's a cut to Paul spattered and smeared with Dorothy's blood—which happens at frequent intervals—the music screeches "Look!" There isn't even an early good-times period when Dorothy and Paul have something going between them; everything is ugly from the start. (Dorothy's mother, as played by Carroll Baker, is the only character who isn't on strings; she has some substance.) There's an incredible arrogance about this movie: Fosse must believe that he can make art out of anything—that he doesn't need a writer to create characters, that he can just take the idea of a pimp murdering a pinup and give it such razzle-dazzle that it will shake us to the marrow. But his razzle-dazzle is like Paul Snider's loud, flashy clothes and the grease in his hair. And Fosse's ideas aren't much better than Paul's, either. Every time Dorothy's picture is taken, the sound of the camera is like the sound of a gun being cocked—the photographers are killing her by inches. Other samples of Fosse's conceptualizing: When Dorothy acts in a cheapo movie, she bites a blood pellet at the wrong time and gets her face messy; when Paul kills her, he blasts her in the face with a shotgun. When Dorothy has her picture taken by a professional photographer for the first time, she's posed against a wall decorated with graffiti; when Paul uses his shotgun on her, her blood drips from a huge blow-up of her face on the wall, recalling the graffiti.

In "All That Jazz," Fosse forced you to look into his cut-open chest; now he's got more bloody innards to show you. The way he presents the movie, there's nothing at stake: Mariel Hemingway's Dorothy doesn't seem to have any depth and isn't meant to have any talent. And Paul is a pathetic, failed flesh-peddler. There's nothing else visible—just other forms of flesh-peddling at the *Playboy* mansion and the movie studios. That seems to be the film's meaning: that there's nothing at stake in the entire world, and nothing to do but be bloodied by it. "Star 80" is like a pointlessly gruesome update of John Schlesinger's "Darling," with the very latest in smug self-hatred. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From the article on Greece in the fourteenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica*]

If the Roman government at the height of its power, and at a time when means of communication had been greatly improved, showed anxiety for the food supply of that Italy which was dominant in the Mediterranean world, it may be imagined that in the period preceding the great economic organisation introduced by the Roman Principate the peoples of the Mediterranean region, peoples no one of which at the height of its power had controlled the visible food supply of the world so widely or so absolutely, had far graver cause for anxiety on the same subject, an anxiety such as would be, under ordinary circumstances, the main factor, or, even under the most favourable circumstances possible in those ages, *a* main factor, in moulding the life of the individual and the policy of the state.

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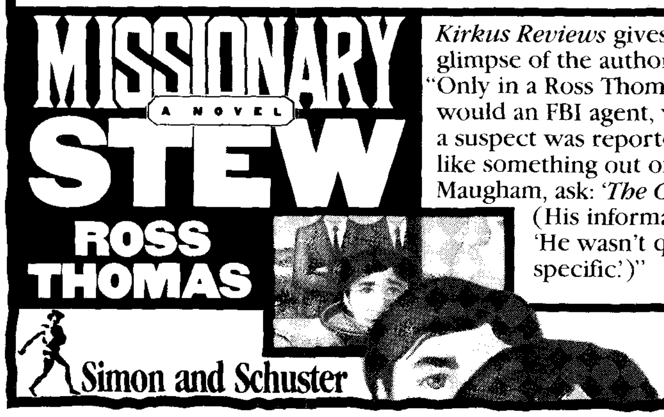

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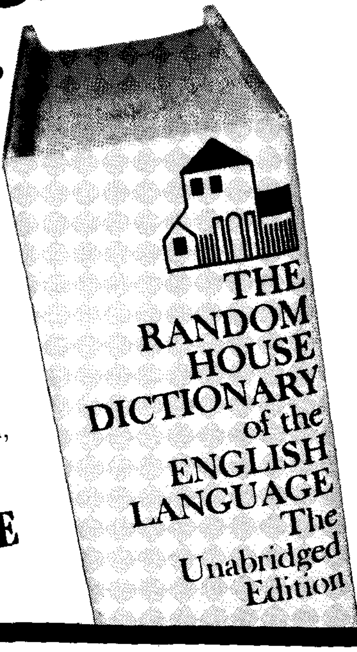


MUSICAL EVENTS

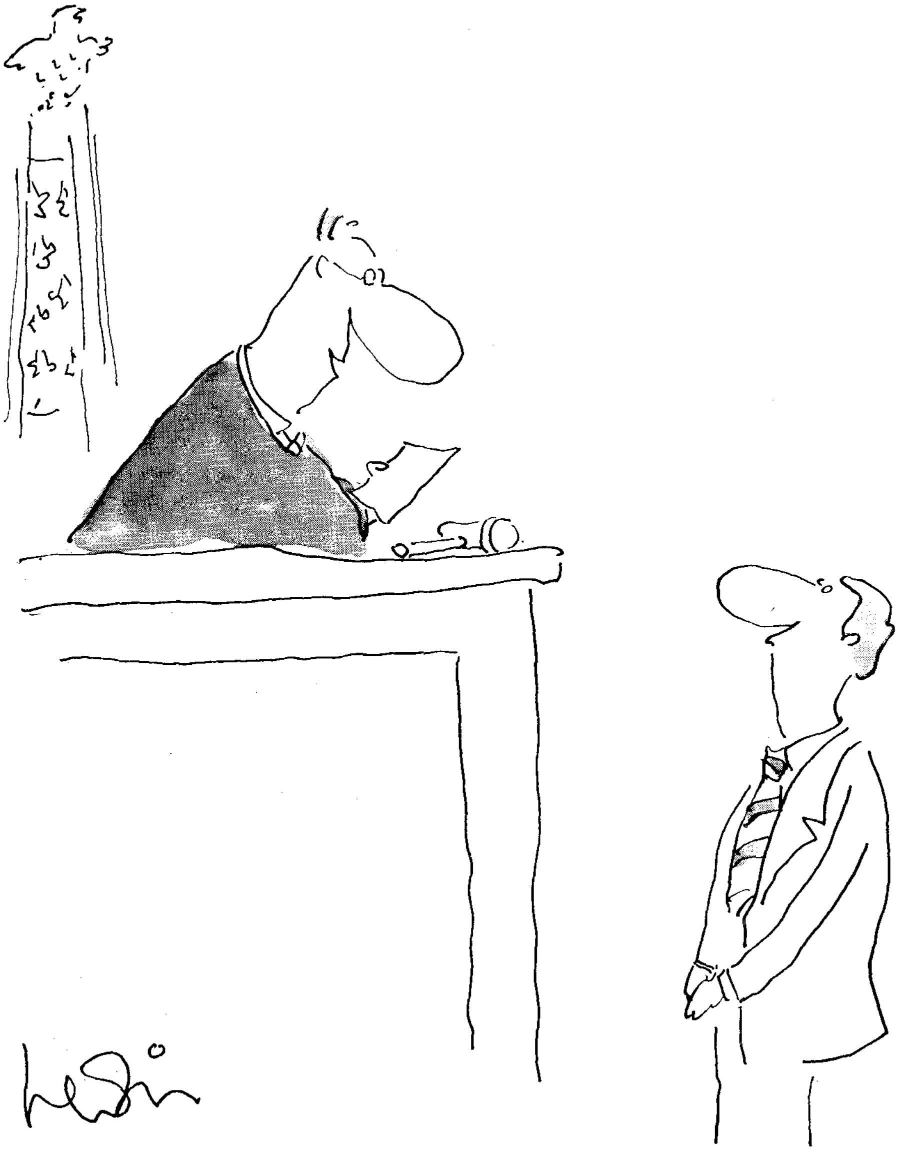
Something Borrowed, Something New

MERKIN HALL's concert series "On Original Instruments" opened last week with an evening of chamber music: Beethoven's Opus 5 cello sonatas, Haydn's cantata "Arianna a Naxos," and songs by Johann Friedrich Reichardt and Schubert. The singer was Judith Nelson, the cellist Anner Bylsma, and the pianist Malcolm Bilson. Mr. Bylsma played a "classical" cello. Its bold, grave tones were stronger than those of the five-stringed Baroque cello he had played two days earlier, at the Maryland Handel Festival, but were less assertive and less richly resonant than those of a full-throated, floor-anchored modern instrument, with its steel-wound strings. They perfectly matched the sweet, clear singing of Mr. Bilson's fortepiano, a reproduction of the Walter instrument that Mozart owned. Beethoven's sonatas, dating from 1796, are brave, surprising compositions that leap into the next century, and they sounded newly fresh when played—with ardent fancy—on instruments kin to those Jean-Pierre Duport and Beethoven must have used at the first performance, in Berlin, at Frederick William II's court.

Reichardt, formerly Frederick the Great's and then his nephew's Kapellmeister, had been dismissed from his post, for republican sympathies, and was managing salt mines in Halle at the time of Beethoven's Berlin visit. This prolific composer—Grove tells of about fifteen hundred songs and lists over thirty operas—has a place in music history secured by the friendships he pursued with the great musicians and writers of his day, his copious musical journalism, his wide-ranging enthusiasms, and his influence on Schubert. (Today, the music of his daughter Louise, who became a Hamburg choral director and the organizer of a Handel festival, is likelier to find ready revival; there are attractive songs by her recorded on the Leonarda label.) Goethe called Reichardt "the first to make my lyrical work known to the world through music," and Miss Nelson sang two of the Goethe settings. Reichardt's "Kennst du das Land" has been overshadowed by later, greater, more emotional versions. Although some have claimed that the simple strophic treatment is well matched to the artless Mignon, the description, in "Wilhelm Meister," of Mignon's own performance makes it clear that she essayed a complicated and even rhetorical song. The merry prattle of "Der Edelknabe und die Müllerin" is musicked in Reichardt's happiest vein, and Miss Nelson delivered it with pretty wit. From Schubert she chose Ellen's songs from "The Lady of the Lake"—"Soldier, rest!," "Huntsman, rest!," and "Ave Maria"—doing them in the German translation that Schubert used. (Scott's verses need adjusting to fit the music, but it would make sense in America to sing them in English.) Picturesquely, Schubert made the piano part a soft, distant tracery of the rude sounds—armor's clang, war steeds' champing, trump and pibroch, bugles calling reveille—that Ellen assures soldier and huntsman they will hear no more. On the fortepiano—which also permits vigorous, vivid playing such as on a modern grand must be subdued lest the singer be drowned—the effect was exquisite. Miss Nelson and Mr. Bilson were in perfect balance. Her tone is pure and true, her line delicately spun; after the "Ave Maria" one could echo Scott's

> What melting voice attends the strings?
> 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

But her feeling for words is still not bright enough. Haydn's Ariadne needs to cry recitative with pronunciation and pacing more dramatic than Miss Nelson allowed her. The arias were beautifully shaped, but after the cantata one could not quite echo a critic of Pacchiarotti's London performances of



"The jury has found you guilty, but, if it's any consolation, you sure had me fooled."

the piece, in 1791: “Every fibre was touched by the captivating energies of the passion.”

“DEBORAH” (1733), the second of Handel’s English oratorios, is rarely performed, although much of its music is known in other contexts: it was in large part assembled from earlier compositions—notably Coronation anthems, Chandos anthems, and the Brockes Passion. Winton Dean, in his book on the oratorios, passes a severe judgment:

> “Deborah” is a failure. The subject was an unhappy choice; it was poorly handled by the librettist; Handel was not yet at ease with the new form to which he had unwittingly given birth; and he put little effort into the music, which is largely a pasticcio.

In 1732, an unstaged production of Handel’s sacred drama “Esther,” at the King’s Theatre, had been unexpectedly successful. “Deborah” followed, and then “Athalia.” Samuel Humphreys provided new verses needed for the amplified “Esther,” and the librettos of “Deborah” and “Athalia.” The first and third oratorios are based on strong plays by Racine; “Deborah” is hardly a drama at all but, rather, a narrative of battle preparations, carnage, and triumph. Jael, the hymned heroine, “blessed above women,” has been likened in character to Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth. Barak, says Dean, “is a muscular tough, Deborah a sententious headmistress with the gift of prognostication—a most repulsive mixture.” The piece fails, he argues, not just because its plot and principals are unpleasing but because it lacks “a great central theme and the clash of human personality,” which were “the prime sources of Handel’s inspiration.” He is right, of course, unless one can accept an Israeli victory over the Canaanites (“Hills of slain Load the wide extended plain”) as a great theme in itself and can approve Jael’s most unchristian behavior—what Milton called her “inhospitable guile.” The fugitive Sisera came to her tent “flaming with thirst, and anguish in his look.” She took him in and gave him refreshment. He fell asleep.

> The workman’s hammer and a nail I
> seiz’d,
> And, whilst his limbs in deep repose he
> eas’d,
> I thro’ his bursting temples forc’d the
> wound,
> And riveted the tyrant to the ground.

Ildebrando Pizzetti, in his noble second opera, “Dèbora e Jaéle” (it awaits

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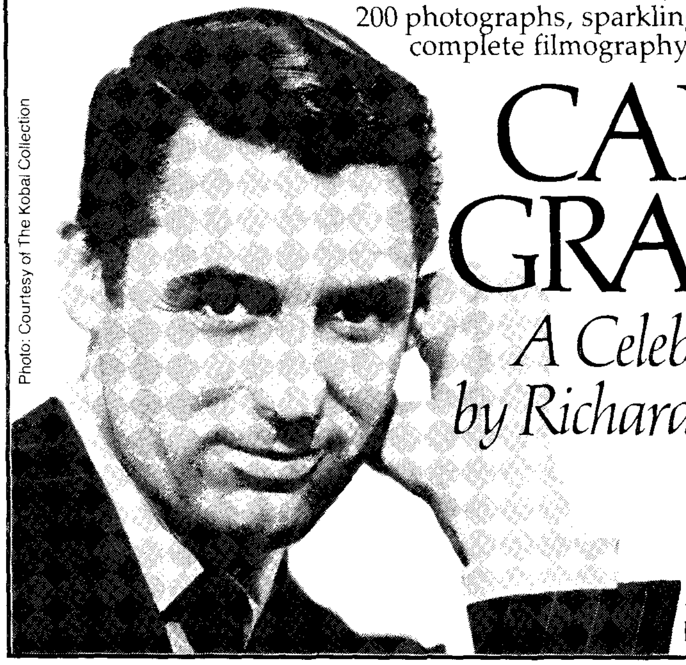

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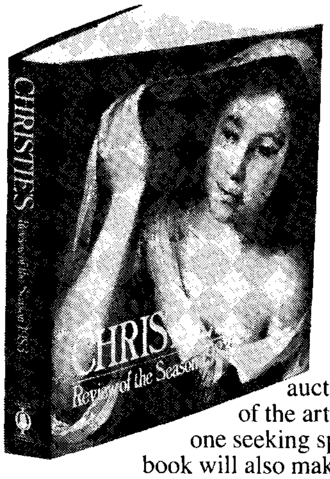

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an American première; I saw it at La Scala twenty years ago), adds psychological depth to the simple story: at Deborah's insistence, Jael deploys her beauty to ensnare the Canaanite general; but she and Sisera fall in love, and, like E. M. Forster, she discovers that love, pity, and compassion are forces stronger than patriotism, revenge, and religious duty. She does kill him, but only to save him from the Israelites' fury and lest he believe she may have betrayed him. To Deborah's question "Did you hear the voice of the Lord?" she retorts, "Not of your God, of another whom you know not." The plaudits of her people ring hollow in her ears. Humphreys, however, left the tale on the Old Testament level, and Handel's humane sympathies, which often transfigured the plain text of both oratorios and operas, worked but intermittently. His Sisera, proposing diplomatic negotiation as preferable to bloodshed, sings in reasonable, admirable tones; and Barak's gloat over Sisera's death, "Low at her feet he bow'd," is set as a dignified exequy—so much so that Hermann Abert was moved to remark, in 1926:

> Before the body of the slain his resentment is silent, and he lowers his spear, so to say, before the dead man, and thinks of him with humane sympathy. Now this is not English, but German, behavior.

Handel's concern with human behavior, with national crises and individuals' reactions to them, makes his oratorios ever topical. But German nationalist criticism of the cosmopolitan composer, an Englishman by choice, can be odd reading. Of Jael's air "O the pleasure my soul is possessing," Alfred Heuss wrote, in 1931:

> The murder is committed in a horrible manner; no German would have done it: Humphreys, the English librettist, gives it extravagant praise. If Englishmen did not then, and do not now, see the point of those harmonies (which is to show how utterly a German abhors such barbarities) it is because they have no physical or mental ears.

Dean, from whom the quotations are culled, remarks that Humphreys simply followed the Bible and that Handel simply had copied out, for Jael, an air from the early Italian oratorio "Il Trionfo del Tempo," in which Pleasure sings to Beauty "You swore never to leave me." It should be added that the harmonies—acerb sevenths in a two-part texture—are disconcerting even today: listeners look twice at their scores to ascertain that Handel

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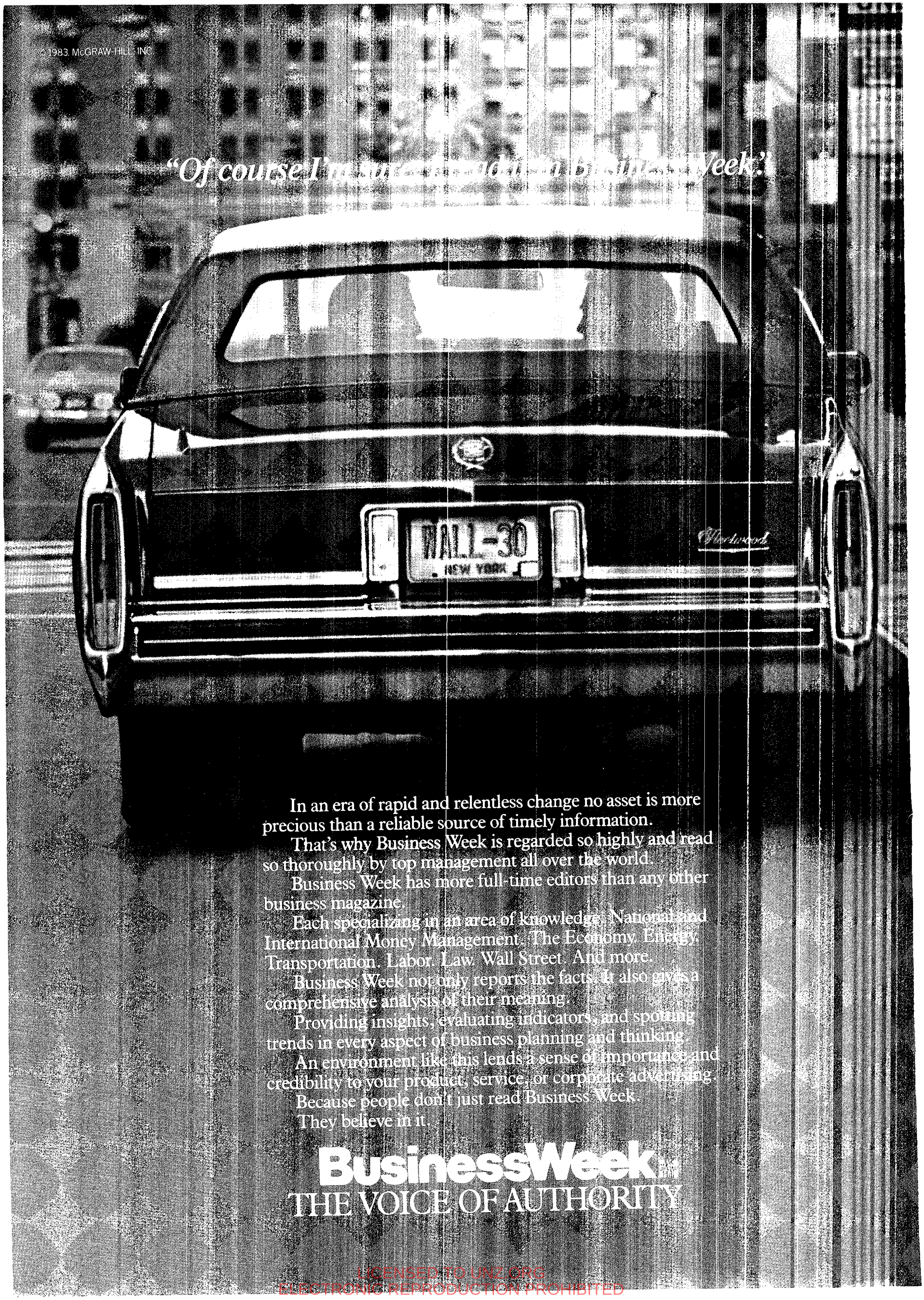

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really wrote the sounds they hear.

"Deborah" was done last week as the climax of the third Maryland Handel Festival, which was held on the College Park campus of the University of Maryland and in Library of Congress auditoriums. It was an exhilarating and successful performance, given in the spacious university chapel, a neo-Georgian temple undedicated to any particular god. The program book contained an enlarged, excellently legible reproduction of the 1733 libretto, with its spare but necessary stage directions. The band—the Smithsonian Chamber Players, twenty-seven strong—played from photocopies of parts prepared for Handel's friend Charles Jennens, and played on eighteenth-century instruments or copies thereof. The chorus carries the burden of the oratorio; the University of Maryland Chorus, directed by Paul Traver, was an expert body—fresh, strong, and athletic in tone, crisp in articulation, quick in response to the emotions of the text. Mr. Traver, who conducted, had the gift both of "presenting" each number as something special and wonderful and of shaping long, balanced spans. This "Deborah" moved more surely, more variously than last year's "Esther," without gaps in the narrative.

The solo parts were composed for Handel's operatic troupe. René Jacobs, as Barak, Senesino's role, was the outstanding Maryland soloist. Earlier, he had given a public master class in the delivery of Baroque vocal music. The rest of the cast, one felt, might profitably have attended this demonstration of the way attention to words, to variety of recitative speeds, to accent, contrast, and phrase can convert bland "oratorio" singing into lively dramatic utterance. His own performance was bright and forward in tone, sharp-cut, arresting, surprising. Miss Nelson, the Jael, was aptly startling in the murder narrative quoted above (a shock seemed to run round the chapel) but elsewhere a shade bland, though always true and musical. Robert Petillo, in a cadet role, revealed an incisive, firmly focussed tenor and a feeling for words which should make him a sought-after Handelian; he was equally impressive, at an earlier concert, as a tenor soloist in the ninth Chandos anthem. The title role—written for Anna Strada, Handel's prima donna of the thirties, his Adelaide, Angelica, Arianna, and Alcina; Berenice; Cleofide and Clio; Deborah; Esther and Elmira; Fulvia; Galatea—seemed miscast. Linda

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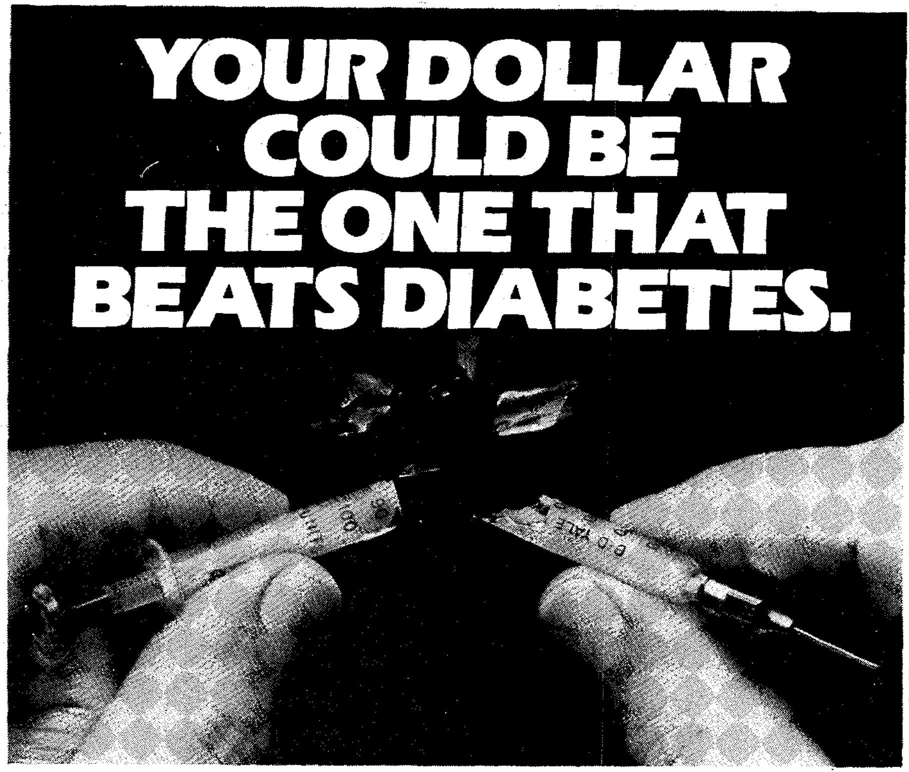

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Mabbs' voice did not flow evenly or easily; the upper range was tense and unsuitably vibrant. Jan Opalach, the Abinoam, has a fine, fluent baritone of pleasing quality and would be an admirable Handelian if he brought phrases forward onto the lips and revelled in distinct vowel colors; his pronunciation tended to be of the kind parodied by Plunket Greene in "Interpretation in Song," which turns the first line of "Paradise Lost" into "Arv mahn's farst desorbairdyurnce ahnd tha frurt." Beverly Benso was a trenchant Sisera but almost overdid the assumption of masculinity.

By Dean standards—those that place Handel's "Saul" beside the "Oresteia" and "King Lear," and his "Hercules" above Sophocles' "Trachinians"—"Deborah" can hardly be defended. But no one has ever denied that it is a feast of stirring, magnificent music. The Maryland performance showed it to be that and more: an animated, grand-scale, coherent realization of the Song of Deborah (Judges 5), partly epic narrative, partly paean.

THE ninth Chandos anthem and the third concerto of Opus 3, played at the first festival concert, provided foretastes of "Deborah" music in other contexts. The theme of the festival's scholarly symposia was Handel's habit of borrowing and "recycling" passages of both his own and other men's music. The matter has excited detective work, charges, and defenses from Handel's day to this. The borrowings vary from brief, striking ideas to entire movements. Examining the evidence can throw fascinating light on the way his musical mind worked: Donald Burrows' paper on the making of the Anthem on the Peace (1749)—tracing false starts, fresh starts, and jigsaw-puzzle connections between fragments of quite different works which lock to form a new, convincing whole—showed it. To the theft charge, Handel's advocates plead, first, that it was common and accepted practice (yet he seems to have pilfered far more frequently than most of his contemporaries), and, second, that—in a metaphor used by Johann Mattheson, who recognized a tune of his own in Handel's "Agrippina"—the composer repaid loans with interest, by making more of the ideas concerned than their inventors had done. (Anthony Hicks, in a paper provocatively entitled "Diamonds Into Pebbles," suggested that of not all Handel's reworkings of his own music can this

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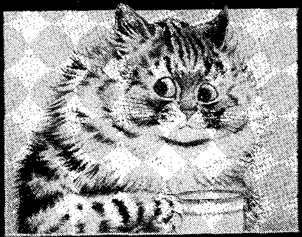

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be said.) The case will not rest so long as every year brings further instances of Handel's borrowings to light. Even his most famous melody, "Ombra mai fu," the start of "Serse," has been shown to grow from Bononcini's setting of the same libretto. The most disturbing Maryland paper was John Roberts' "Handel's Borrowings from Keiser." Handel's indebtedness to Reinhard Keiser, the director of the Hamburg opera during Handel's Hamburg years, has long been recognized: it was pointed out in his lifetime by the critic J. A. Scheibe; in 1902, Chrysander printed Keiser's "Octavia" as a supplementary volume to his complete Handel edition. But the tally of borrowings from Keiser which Mr. Roberts had amassed—and that from just the relatively few of Keiser's numerous operas which survive—goes well beyond anything known before. ("O ruddier than the cherry" turns up all but note for note in Keiser's "Janus.") One rubs one's eyes—if only to blur a picture that forms of young Handel setting out from Hamburg with his head, perhaps his bags, stuffed with the hit tunes he has heard there; winning Italian triumphs by serving them up in cantata, oratorio, and opera; and discovering a "method" that continues to serve him well for the rest of his career.

It is not the whole picture. ("O ruddier than the cherry" is in Keiser only an ostinato bass; it took original genius to make it the melody and add the piping obbligato above it.) One need not start thinking of Handel as merely the Great Arranger. But with each large new revelation of his indebtedness the outlines of the old picture of him must shift slightly. I will hesitate before again calling him one of the great melodic inventors of all time. With eagerness, and some apprehension, one awaits the new catalogue of Handel borrowings on which Mr. Roberts is engaged.

—ANDREW PORTER

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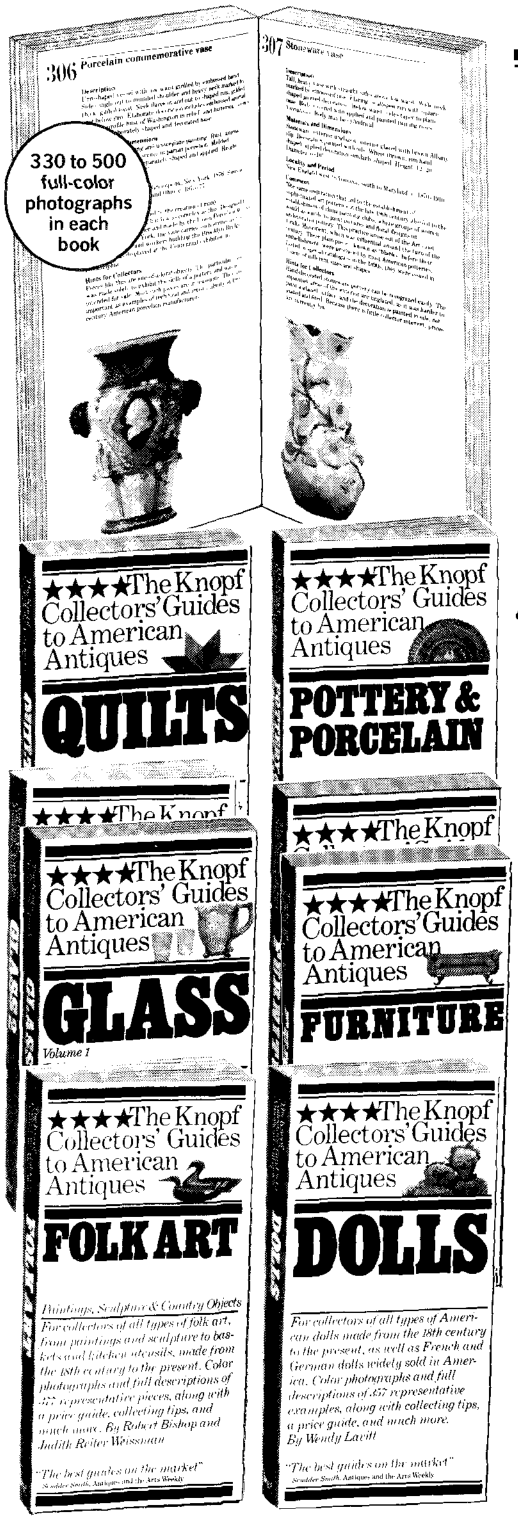
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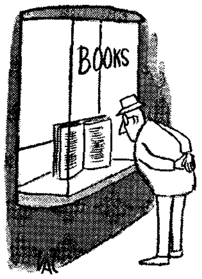
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DISTURBANCES IN THE FIELD, by Lynne Sharon Schwartz (Harper & Row; $15.95). In a typical scene toward the end of this long and thoughtful novel, the narrator and one of her old friends from her freshman days at Barnard, in the nineteen-fifties, are eating lunch in the Museum of Modern Art's sculpture garden. Their conversation touches upon Isaiah Berlin, Schopenhauer, Epictetus, Pascal, Thomas Carlyle, and angst; the phrase "disturbances in the field" (borrowed by psychologists from theoretical physicists to describe the random complications that throw hopes and plans off course) arises as well. The narrator is a pianist with a vast repertoire of philosophical ideas, which she works on again and again with her fellow-alumnae, the way she rehearses Schubert's "Trout" Quintet with her fellow-musicians. She is also a wife and mother managing the usual domestic disturbances. Then disaster strikes. Lynne Sharon Schwartz, in making the life of a busy and urbane woman her subject, has set herself a special sort of challenge, not unlike that of a quintet performing the "Trout," and she succeeds in finding new and important things to say about a field that had seemed familiar.



NUDE BEFORE GOD, by Shiv K. Kumar (Vanguard; $11.95). An eminent Hindu artist obsessed with the prospect of death suddenly finds himself beyond any reason to worry: his wife's lover has drowned him, and his spirit, unstuck from his body (at first washed up on a riverbank, and then laid out and cremated), is free to flit through the air, reading the minds of his murderers, his parents, his mistress, and even his faithful dog. After the regulation thirteen days prior to reincarnation, he is sent before the Hindu god Yama (the Angel of Death to Christians, and Maut Ka Farishta to Muslims), who wonders whether the artist deserves much better than priests, most of whom "get reborn as foxes, parrots, or chameleons." There is something of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" in the way this amusing, earnest fable ends; some readers, in fact, may find Mr. Kumar's ecumenical view of mankind's common bond more appealing than Tiny Tim's.

ROSAMUND'S VISION, by Stuart Mitchner (Little, Brown; $15.95). On a train out of Baghdad, Rosamund Coleridge, an editor from Bristol, England, wins the heart of Charles Chaplin Muldane, a natural ham from New Bristol, New Jersey, with her rendition of "Kubla Khan." Soon she finds herself staggering (undone by an allergic reaction to a blueberry muffin) out of U.S. Customs and into the American counterpart of her home town. A local saying has it that "every night in New Bristol is Halloween;" every night in New Bristol also includes C. C. Muldane's radio talk show, on which he reminds insomniacs that New Bristol's major landmarks—chiefly an enormous statue of a light bulb and the elderly building from which he broadcasts—are worth protecting from "the ogres of Redevelopment and the 'new New Bristol.' " It takes Rosamund a while to warm to the old New Bristol ("The cantilevered maze of wooden back porches," she finally concedes, "had a tottery Elizabethan look to it not unlike that of the surviving almshouses of old Bristol") and the language of its natives (" 'pure New Jersey,' the language of liver and onions"), but it takes no time for the reader to warm to this high-spirited account of her first nine months there, which features a cantilevered maze of New Bristol originals, including Jonah, a bookseller who rummages all day in the belly of his shop; Bad News, a graffiti artist in chartreuse sneakers; Dr. Luck, a handsome and illiterate obstetrician, who fails to impress Rosamund; and a gentle Sikh in a Sunoco jumpsuit.

NOTE: "Overnight to Many Distant Cities," a collection of stories by Donald Barthelme, has been published by Putnam ($13.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "An Amateur's Guide to the Night," a col-

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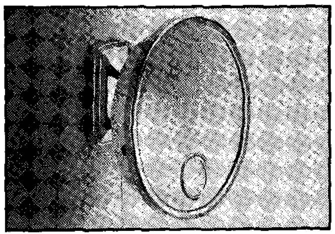

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lection of stories by Mary Robison, has been published by Knopf ($11.95). Many of these stories, too, originally appeared here.

GENERAL

IMMORAL MEMORIES, by Sergei M. Eisenstein, translated from the Russian by Herbert Marshall (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). The great film director finished this autobiography in 1946, a little more than a year before his death, in Moscow, at the age of fifty. In a foreword, he says that the "immoral" of the title describes his intention to write of his life without trying to explain or moralize. He sets out to cover the ground of his own life in his own way. He tells of a proper bourgeois childhood in Riga, Latvia, and of his mother's divorce, when he was eleven, from his stuffy and vain father; then he jumps twenty-odd years to tell of eating zabaglione with Pirandello. A chapter entitled "How I Learned to Draw" begins, "Let me start with the fact that I never learned to draw." He interrupts a narrative of his part in the Russian Civil War to discuss beds. He leads us a merry chase, but he manages to cram in much absorbing information. "I have seen quite a few people in my time," he says proudly, and many of them were famous: Yvette Guilbert, Charlie Chaplin, Nicholas II, Bernard Shaw, Chaliapin, Douglas Fairbanks, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich. There are brief references to the making of "Alexander Nevsky" and "Ivan the Terrible," but a note of constraint marks these last chapters, for, as the translator reminds us, Eisenstein was writing while Stalin was alive, and he had fallen out of favor. The book is well illustrated, with samples of Eisenstein's lively caricatures and drawings and many stills from his films.

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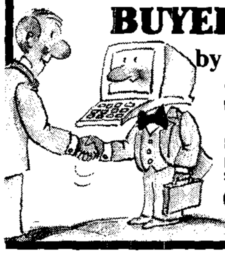

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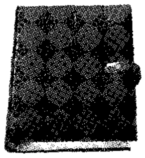

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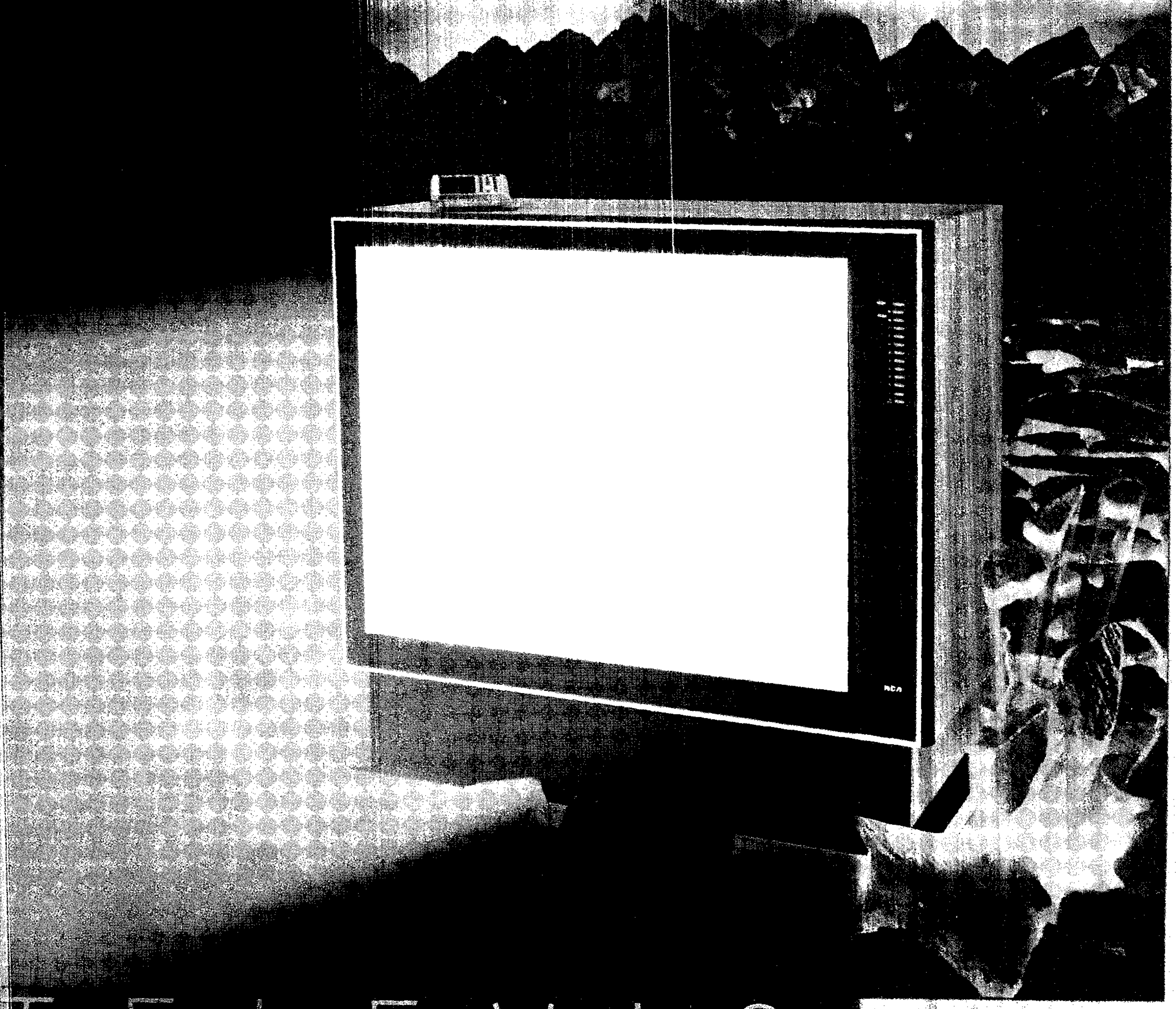

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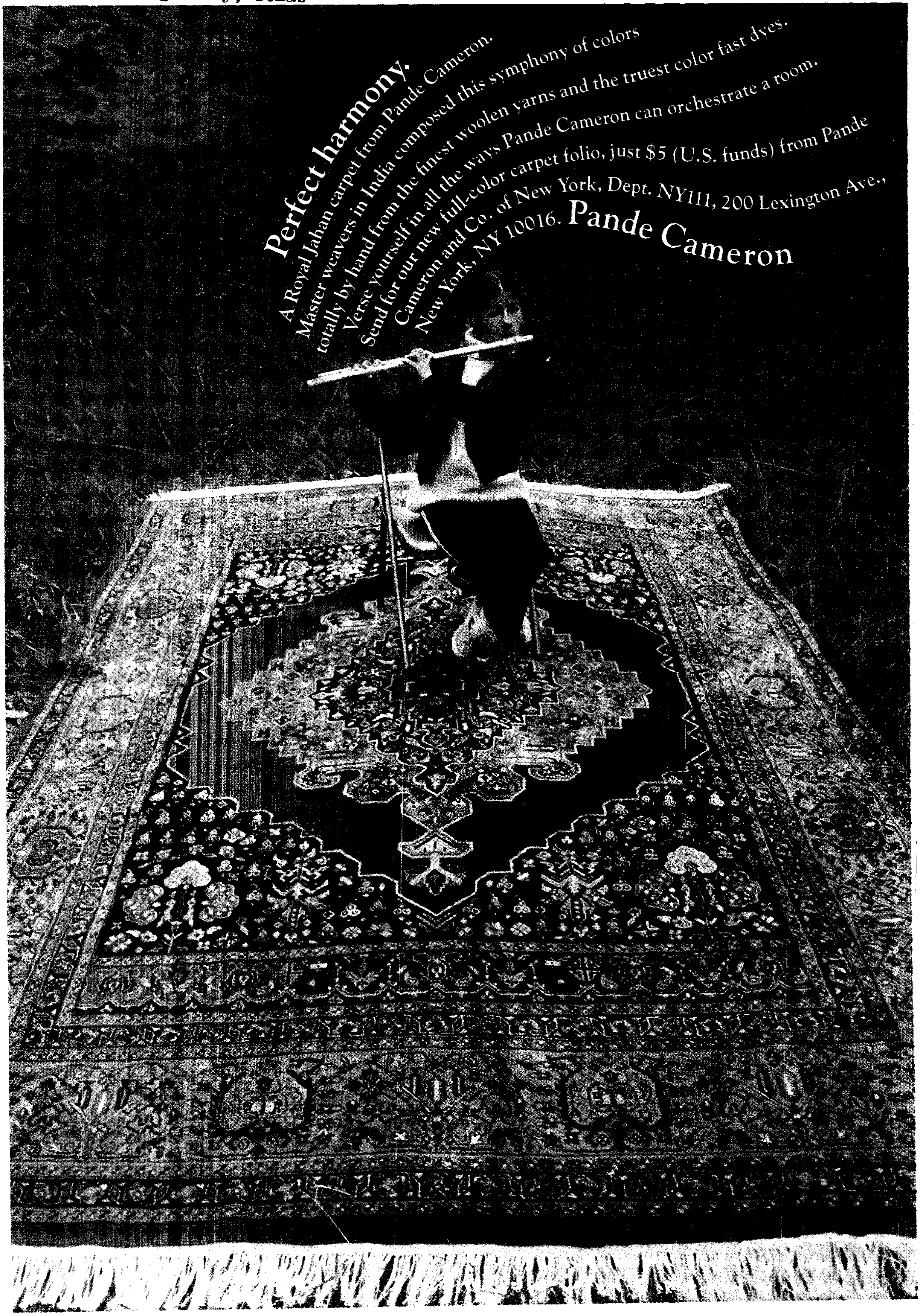

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